

木塚ネロ

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# 二度目の勇者は 復讐の 道を 嗤い歩む

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裏切り王女





# **Nidome no Yuusha**

– Path of Vengeance While Laughing –

**- Volume 1 -**

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**[ Daily-Dallying | Light Novel Bastion ]**

## - STORY -

Ukei Kaito, the protagonist who desperately saved the world after being summoned in another world as a hero to defeat the Demon Lord.

Though he did defeat the demon lord and saved the world, but he was betrayed by the people he trusted as friends and is stabbed to death by a sword.

At that time, he swore.

If there is a next time,  
he would no longer cling to the word called 'believe'.

If there is a next time, he would pay them back as cruelly as possible.

If there is a next time, he wouldn't make another mistake.

「I... All of you... I will absolutely kill you all... 」

After leaving his last words, he died.

And then a voice resounded.

〔System Message: Tutorial Mode has ended. 〕





「まだまだこの程度じゃダメなんだ、  
これじゃあ足りないんだよ」

宇 景 海 人

「もっともっと、」

誰もが目をそらすほどに凄惨な最後を」

ミ ナ リ ス



「ふふっ、本当、他愛のない馬鹿ね」

それは、ほころび始めた毒の花。

女王  
アレシア＝オロレア





「必ず報いを与えましょう。」

決して誰も、

許さず誰

しはしない」





# Chapter 1

## The Hero Swore Revenge

Underhanded, repulsive and detestable... I feel sick.

Every time I look around, each and every person is the same.

They betray while smiling, trample on good intentions while grinning, and administer poison while laughing loudly.

I feel like an idiot for trying desperately to save people like them, but without being able to rewind the time, I can only feel depressed.

It could be said that I am responsible for getting deceived, that's why this conclusion is only natural. However, if someone says I should accept it, then heck no.

"...We did it."

"Geez, you're a monster, really."

"It's finally over. All evil is purified in accordance to God's will."

While the source of life is spilling on the sword stabbed in my chest, my former friends, no, people I thought as friends surround me.

This is without a doubt a punishment, punishment to the me who blindly clung to the word 'believe'.

Therefore, if there is a second time, I won't make any mistakes then for sure.

Therefore, if there is a next time, I'll definitely kill.

I'll kill the princess, I'll kill the knights, I'll kill the villagers, I'll kill the sorcerers, I'll kill the soldiers, I'll kill the Saints, I'll kill the martial artists, I'll kill the assassins, I'll kill the dancers, I'll kill the merchants, I'll kill the King, I'll kill the Queen, I'll kill the nobles.



I will massacre them all, in the most cruel way; in the most sadistic way.

I will keep it engraved in the deepest, deepest, deepest part of my heart, so I wouldn't forget it in the next life.

〔 System Message: Holy Sword of Vengeance unlocked. 〕

As my consciousness starts to fade, such a voice was heard. But my body won't budge even a little bit, I can't do anything.

[Hey, I wonder where did we make a blunder... What should we have done, to live in that game-like time forever... , or maybe, there was nothing we could've done... I wish it turned out differently...]

And then, I remember at the end of the killing, one woman killed another. She too was pierced the same way I was, laughing at her own helplessness, that woman was referred to as the Demon Lord.

"kukuku... ahahaha-ugguukku... bwahahahahaha!!"

A mouthful of blood mixed with her laughter. It truly is a hilarious story, the enemy of the world, the enemy they told us to fight who was considered the hero's true nemesis was the only person that didn't tell a lie. The pierrot was dancing a bit more longer.

"Tch, You still haven't died yet!"

"No, he doesn't have any power to stand anymore. But, the purification of evil will take a little time."

"That's right, he can't even glare at us anymore."

While feeling like they were about to laugh again, thoughts were suddenly surging.

Since he already lost too much blood, pretty thoughts were not settled there. Therefore, words that were engraved only by instinct came out.

"Ah... all of you, I'll absolutely kill all of you by all means..."

*Kachick-* The sound confirmed the total depletion of his HP, and his consciousness sank into the bottom of the dark abyss.



I, Ukei Kaito died.





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[[System Message: Tutorial Mode has ended.

Time Elapsed: 4 years, 112 days, 17 hours, 52 minutes and 35 seconds.

Experience(level) is decreasing over time...

Since the retrogression amount exceeds the accumulated experience points, resetting level to initial value, a deficit of- 20,000 is pooled.

Setting experience point to be locked at level 10.

Retrogression amount exceeded the deficit limit.

Revoking skills which fit to the retrogression amount it exceeds- retrogression process executed.

Retrogression of skills, revoking success. Skills were fully initialized.

Because retrogression amount exceeds skill, attempting retrogression process by revoking the special skill "Spirit Sword".

.....Attempt failed due to the effects of [[Holy Sword of Vengeance]].

Revocation process cancelled, moving on to attempt sealing the key amount of experience points.

Sealing process success. 53 of 58 forms of "Spirit Sword" was sealed.

Offsetting of the excess retrogression amount has ended.

Preparing retrogression to start mode...

...

...Complete.

Commencing retrogression to start mode.]]



## Chapter 2

# The Hero Strikes For The Time Being

“Welcome, thank you for coming, Hero-sa... ga~fu!”

As I opened my eyes, the object of hatred right before me took a full hit.

My fist intuitively punched out and hit the pit of her stomach with my full might. Princess Alesia Aurelia’s silver hair swayed and she staggered a few steps back, crouching down and holding her stomach.

I actually wanted to aim at the face, but because I was lying down, my fist didn’t reach it, and the brunt of the blow wasn’t fully delivered.

“HER HIGHNESS!!” “PRINCESS!!”

Unable to understand the situation at hand, the knights were momentarily dumbfounded and rushed to the princess’ aid in panic. Some immediately chanted low-class healing spells and a faint light wrapped around the princess.

Seeing that spectacle, I wasn’t satisfied at all.

Even though I didn’t use any weapons, though it was a partial hit without any strength, reinforcement magic nor blessings, I couldn’t understand how she took my blow directly without any equipment and got off with just this.

When a question pops out, more questions about the current situation instantly follow.

“Uhh... oh? Where the heck am I? Is this a dream? A revolving lantern?”

Though I should’ve died, I didn’t see anything wrong with my body when I looked down.

Neither the trace nor mark of the sword “Deus Slayer” that should’ve been struck in my chest can be found, not even on the clothes I was wearing.

It was more than 4 years ago, this black clothing I had when I went on a journey in this world for the first time.

It was the uniform of the high school, I, Ukei Kaito was attending.

“You bastard, what the heck did you do!!”

“Even though you are the hero, you can’t harm the princess!!”

Though the knights quickly pointed their swords at me, their pressure didn’t bare any killing intent. They must’ve thought I was still inexperienced at fighting, so the pressure they emit was like a gentle breeze.

I ignored it and promptly tried to grasp the current situation.

I should be at the summoning area inside the castle in the royal capital based on my surroundings.

Just a while ago, I was in the deepest part of Ryuudouden in the depths of the unexplored region, The Dragon’s Tomb.

It should be so far away that the linear distance is 10,000 kilometers. Assuming transfer magic was used, you’d have to do a long-distance transfer more than 10 times, it’ll be so impossible that even the Demon Lord who took pride in her absurd amount of magical power can’t do it in one go.

Then it must be my life flashing before me like a revolving lantern... Nah, illusions which could be considered as reliving one’s life are definitely impossible.

Since that dream, it hits me and this hostility that I sensed gradually resurfaced.

If this wasn’t a dream or a revolving lantern, I unfortunately still couldn’t come up with an explanation for the current situation.

“Oi, are you listening!?”

“Not really.”

“Wh!? You bastard!!”



Like a slap in their face, the annoying knight's cheap pride got damaged with a half-hearted answer. His hostility turned into real bloodlust and pointed his sword.

On the contrary, the serious bloodlust that turns to me becomes like soft warmth for the moment.

While they're thinking that I wasn't really that strong because of that half-hearted answer softening them up, my body reacted and rushed over to them.

"Eh? Wh-!?"

I stepped on his foot and I struck my elbow into his throat, carrying all my weight. I didn't hold back in any of my movements.

I was summoned as the hero for three years.

After defeating the Demon Lord, I was chased for a year, being pursued by the world as a sacrifice in the post-war recovery.

If one is not accustomed to dealing fatal blows and hesitates, then they wouldn't have that long to live.

Furthermore, the knights had stopped moving at the unexpected scene. The guy who came at me slammed into the wall, with a partially crushed windpipe, and was now foaming at the mouth. His body loosened and he was stumbling.

"Ah? The neck was not blown off. Errr~... Was his neck protected by spirit strengthening? Nah, I didn't feel that kind of magic used though... Rather, my body feels heavy? Hmmm?"

A dead silence fills the room and only my voice was heard.

No matter how skilled or strong he was, even though he seemed strong or an expert. Though I didn't use any sort of weapon, it's difficult to think that it was ineffective.

Supposedly, his neck should've been twisted and turned with a *kruryuk*- sound. But in reality, that didn't happen.

"L-Lauren!!"

In a few seconds, the knights broke out of their petrified state and gathered near the fallen knight. They hastily chanted a recovery spell and doused an intermediate healing potion on the fallen knight's throat.

“W-was there something that was unsatisfactory to you, Hero-sa... ma- “

The Princess barely got those words out, as she was recovering from vomiting with a pale blue face that reached her ears. She was intimidated when the bloodlust that I leaked involuntarily filled the room.

With a pale face and somewhat recovered, the princess barely muttered those words. Hearing her caused my bloodlust to unintentionally leak out, intimidating every person in here.

“You can call it something like that, Alesia. As expected of a princess. I don't like just about everything about you, that voice, those eyes, that figure, that attitude, I don't like it at all. I felt sick just from hearing those words from your mouth.”

A knight felt an overwhelming sense of danger and whipped his trembling body to action. He swapped positions with the princess in order to protect her, but little did he know that it was useless.

Because, I who can move with inhuman speed, was no longer there.

“Kyaarghhh! Uggu~... Kku~...”

I slipped pass through the knights and dashed beside someone, then I grabbed its neck with one hand and smashed it against a wall.

“I was but an innocent man who was selfishly summoned, forced into the role of a hero. If I defeat the Demon Lord again, all that's waiting for me is to be blamed for crimes I did not do, and be betrayed and laughed at.”

“Wh... what do you mean... kuh... huff...”

Its very clear to me, I will never forget it.

As soon as the Demon Lord was defeated, the world will turn inside out.

The Saints recognized me as the world's enemy, and the kingdom confirmed it. And all



of the crimes committed behind the scenes were blamed unto me.

Companions who had fought alongside me, friends who I thought shared a close bond with, all of them will betray me without exception.

Without a doubt, the same guys I saved with just a single cry for help would betray me, will throw stones at me, insult me and spit on me.

This princess was also one of those people.

After I defeat the Demon Lord, the world would become my enemy, and all my allies will disappear.

Among them, the princess will pretend to be an ally. She approaches me saying “I’ll help you” and “I’ll give you shelter”.

Life as a fugitive can get tiring. These dramatic changes can get so exhausting that I easily believed those words of help. Only to then get betrayed and laughed at.

While saying that it was a safe place, I was taken to a teleportation gem, where I can use magic to get in, but not to get out. It was a trap room inside a dungeon.

And when I had barely escaped with my life, I had serious injuries that took a considerable time to heal.

“Ah, when you set me up, your ally, that time you told me “I never betrayed you, from the beginning I was never your ally and it should’ve been obvious”. In the first place, a person from a different world is not a human, didn’t you tell me that?”

“Really, I don’t know what you’re...”

They treated me like an idiot. And the truth was that I was an idiot.

I would’ve noticed if I had assessed her properly, that she was hiding her enmity of me. If I had just abandoned the word ‘believe’, then this never would have happened.

Anyhow, I can clearly feel the malice hidden within the princess’s heart now. It is clear even though she seems in pain and confused.

Slight gestures, eye-contact, the breathing pattern, the change in expressions.

These are the ways I gain information to predict the thoughts and moves of my opponents in combat. You can never conceal ill-will from me.

*“Sigh-*, you truly have thick mask under your skin. Well, although I don’t understand the situation, this doesn’t seem to be a dream or a revolving lantern, but either is fine. I’ll leave the difficult things for later.”





Ah, I let out my voice unintentionally.

“I don’t know how long will this bonus time that I have last... I swear...”

My voice started to overflow with delight, my expression broke out into euphoria very quickly, then my heart started to beat faster causing my arm to brim with excitement and act rashly.

“Aa... Ugguhk...”

Then, the animosity from the princess withered rapidly.

I released my hold and the grip I had on her neck loosened. She landed on her rear, looking at me with eyes filled with fear. My figure reflected in her eyes and my expression was certainly distorted and disturbing.

But, it’s good. It’s all good.

I wanted to live in this beautiful world forever. Because it’s a world where oneself can become a hero.

But, the ending result of this world was to be betrayed and framed as a criminal. Becoming a laughing stock.

I was of course pure, but not anymore. I was already broken a long time ago.

I swear, I will have revenge.

The face I must’ve shown to the others must be one filled with insanity, it must counter their idea of honor.

“P-please... H-help...”

“Detestable. Suffer as much as possible, Alesia”

“GYAU!!”

Left, right, left, right... I hit her face until her conscious withered and her face numbed. I hit her so she can suffer as much pain as possible.

“You bastard!, Gya!?”

“Gguuhkk!!”

“Hora! Hora! Hora! Hora!! Your important princess is being beaten to a pulp, can’t you do anything about it? Huh!?”

Caught in the moment where the princess was being clobbered, The knights finally moved and sprung into action, I was encircled by 5, no, 6 knights, this much doesn’t matter to me though.

I drove my elbow into the joint in the leg of a knight, destroying his center of gravity. I then applied pressure to inflict as much pain as possible, the bone was then twisted and broken. I then proceeded to gouge his eyes, crush his ear, and rip his nose into pieces.

“Ahaha... AHAHAHAHA!!”

As usual, my body felt heavy, sluggish, but there is no need to use the Spirit Sword.

It is unfortunate but they’re unworthy to be killed by my Spirit Sword. Also, I didn’t want to kill.

I want revenge.

I want them to suffer.

I want them to suffer as much as they possibly can.

If I can’t, my heart will never know peace.

“AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!”

Their screams of pain and fear were like music to my ears, this sensation can’t be stopped... it feels too good.

The voice doesn’t stop, it wants to torment them until the point of death. If they ever faint, I can just inflict more pain until they wake up again.

It certainly was hell for the knights.

It certainly was hell for the princess.

For me, this was the paradise where all my wishes came true.

The laughter never ends. It will never end.

The screaming never stops. It will never stop.



# Chapter 3

## The Hero Amused Himself By Stomping

“Aa... ugh, gaah...”

“Higguu... Gguukk, Aagh...”

After a few minutes, the room wasn't filled with words but moans. When her reaction didn't please me anymore no matter what I did, I stopped.

Her face was so disfigured that you wouldn't know who it was upfront. All of her fingers were broken, pointing at odd directions.

Finally, when she couldn't handle anymore beating, she curled up and foamed from her mouth.

“Well then, shall we do it again?”

My desire for revenge isn't going to be quelled with just this, but if she's not showing any reaction or whatsoever from the torture, it'll be meaningless.

When I regained my composure after acting violently, I used a healing magic on Princess Alesia while enduring to impulsively stab the short sword in her.

A small amount of magic was absorbed through my hand, and a faint light welled up. That light was from the [Verdant Green Crystal Sword].

I obtained this one form of the Spirit Sword when I fulfilled the requirements in the Forest of the Elves.

The short sword is approximately 15 centimeters long and it's like a green crystal. And if some magic is poured in, there will be a healing effect on the target.

However, it's not an instant recovery. So in the meantime, I will recollect my thoughts.

“I thought it was just my imagination, but why does my body feel heavy...”

What I understood during the battle was that my physical ability has evidently deteriorated. Why that happened, I have a few ideas.

“Hmm... Maybe it’s a curse?”

What pierced me before, the [Deus Slayer] was a sword that has the ability to steal attributes every time you inflict a wound on the opponent, and that debuff effect is why the church treasure it. That time when I had equipped it, the effect of my Spirit Sword was nullified.

My inherent skill [Spirit Sword] has the ability to acquire numerous forms every time I meet a certain requirement for my exclusive use.

Those four years weren’t for naught, among the many forms that I obtained, there’s one that can cure any ailments. So first of all, I have to investigate about how to deal with the sword.

“Status Open”

As if adhering to my voice, a pale semi-transparent board; the status window, emerged. In there was a list of the attributes of the person who called it. Without using some type of appraisal, skill or magic, they wouldn’t be able to see it except me.

In there was amazing information written inside.

Ukei Kaito   17 years old   Male
HP: 531/545 MP: 347/412 Level: 1
Strength: 224 Stamina: 324 Endurance: 545 Agility: 587 Magic Power: 117 Magic Resistance: 497
Inherent Skills: “Spirit Sword▽” “Language Comprehension”
Skills: [Punch Lv1]
Condition: Excellent

ステータス



宇景海人

Lv1

Ukei Kaito

17歳 男

HP : 531/545    MP : 347/412

筋力 : 224        体力 : 324

耐久 : 545        敏捷 : 587

魔力 : 117        魔耐 : 497

固有技能 : 「心剣 ▽」 「他言語理解」

スキル : 『拳打 Lv1』

状態 : 良好





“...What on the earth is this?”

I rubbed my eyes and closed the status window thinking that it was a bug. I shook my head and I opened it again.

“Status Open.”

Ukei Kaito   17 years old   Male
HP: 531/545 MP: 347/412 Level: 1
Strength: 224 Stamina: 324 Endurance: 545 Agility: 587 Magic Power: 117 Magic Resistance: 497
Inherent Skills: “Spirit Sword▽” “Language Comprehension”
Skills: [Punch Lv1]
Condition: Excellent

“...Why?”

There were many strange attributes so I unintentionally muttered that question.

Firstly, my age.

I was summoned about 4 years ago, when I was in my second year of highschool and I was 17 years old, now I’m 21 years old.

What could’ve happened? Had some secret technique been activated? Or not?

Well, I don’t have any problem with this.

Next was level.

I defeated the Demon Lord, and the experience I gained after fighting her was bountiful. It exceeded above 300 levels, and it rose to nearly level 400. Before

departing, the leader of the knights, which was considered to be the Kingdom's strongest person was about level 121, there were also approximately 270 participants during the Demon Lord subjugation, that was also something to consider to know what extent it has risen.

Of course, if my level goes up, the attributes are affected too.

But I've never heard stories where your level decreases, the only case was when you continue to skip training for years.

But I've never heard of a rumor where your level decreases in one go from level 300.

Or rather, in this world only infants are level 1.

Even when I first came to this world, I was at level 3.

And to match my level 1, my attributes had decreased extremely.

And lastly, my skills.

My Perfectionist trait, it's something like a hero correction skill and unlike the inherent skill. If you're suitable and you fulfilled the conditions, then with enough time you can get it.

The skills have proficiency and level. If you train several times they level up, and then you can master it.

Basically you don't have any other choice but to spam the skills until you level up, in other words, my skill [Punch] which I had spammed relentlessly was the fruit of my hard work.

...

"Ahh! Silly me... The [Sky Walk]!!"

The princess' consciousness hasn't come back yet, but most of her wounds were already cured so I interrupted the treatment and cancelled my Spirit Sword.

I kicked the ground, and then kick the ground one more time using magic as my foothold, I jumped to the air.

The skill I hurriedly acquire is [Sky Walk]. With this skill, I can make a foothold beneath my feet, making aerial battles possible.

This skill has helped me on the battlefield. It was certainly activated. It had activated, but...

“Is this a joke...?”

He gasped as he was dumbfounded at the excessively crude activation of the skill. The consumption of magic power and the activation speed, it can’t be compared to my own senses.

“Status Open!!”

Ukei Kaito   17 years old   Male
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Level: 1
Strength: 224 Stamina: 324 Endurance: 545 Agility: 587 Magic Power: 117 Magic Resistance: 497
Inherent Skills: “Spirit Sword▽” “Language Comprehension”
Skills: [Punch Lv1] [Magic Manipulation Lv1][Sky Walk Lv1]
Condition: Excellent

When I opened the status window, the skill that I used just now, [Magic Manipulation Lv1] and [Sky Walk Lv1] were registered.

When I tapped the word [Sky Walk] on the status window, I sighed.

“Sigh-, just as I feared...”

[Sky Walk] Skill Level: 1
Skill Proficiency: 1/10000 A skill to make footholds in the air with magic.



ステータス



宇景海人

Lv1

Ukei Kaito

17 歳 男

HP : 531/545    MP : 297/412

筋力 : 224                  体力 : 324

耐久 : 545                  敏捷 : 587

魔力 : 117                  魔耐 : 497

固有技能 : 「心剣 ▽」 「他言語理解」

ス キ ル : 『拳打 Lv1』 『魔力操作 Lv1』 『天駆 Lv1』

状      態 : 良好

『天駆』 スキルレベル : 1

スキル熟練度 : 1 / 10000

空中で魔力を足場にするためのスキル。



That was written in the status window.

In other words, the skill was treated as newly obtained.

My drained MP proves it.

Like I said before and to put it briefly, the skill level indicates how much you are used to the skill.

When you successfully activate the skill, your proficiency will rise up. And with that, you can use it more efficiently.

To elaborate, when Sky Walk levels up, the MP cost and casting time decreases.

Frankly speaking, a level 1 skill is garbage. Most of them have a consumption rate so bad that you can't use them in actual combat.

Just in case, I checked the other skills

but they were level 1 too.

"It doesn't seem to be an effect... of a curse. If there were a tremendous effect like this, I wouldn't have lasted that long on the battlefield."

Actually, before I had awoken here, if my memory serves me right, I had every skill on advanced level, making it possible to use [Sky Walk] and [Magic Manipulation] while chattering, and fight alone for a year or more.

If there was a sword that has a skill effect that can reset one's level and skills, then there is no need to rely on a hero, because you could just defeat the Demon Lord in one hit...

...Nah, although that's impossible, you could defeat her with ease.

"That moment, before being killed... Nah, I'm going to assume that I survived because I'm still alive. And while I was unconscious, they afflicted me with a new kind of status effect?"

In the status window, it's stated that my condition was excellent, but the status window can be full of flaws so I can only use it as a reference. And my status window

could've been deceived by an obstructive and high level status effect.

That's why, to recognize what type of effect I have on me, I opened my status window again and used the appraisal ability that the Spirit Sword has to obtain a more detailed information of my condition.

If this is really a new type of effect, then I have to grasp the effect without fail, otherwise I won't be able to perceive the requirements to cancel it.

"Well then, Appraisal!

...

...

Apprai... sal?"

And when I was about to chant the appraisal ability that the sword has and use it on my status window, I stopped my movement.

"It, can't, be..."

While making a wry face because of an awful premonition, I tapped the [▽] icon next to the Spirit Sword.

Then, there listed were numerous names of the Spirit Sword where I had overcome innumerable hardships until now.

However, most of them were displayed in dim gray, and next to them was a mark of a padlock. By touching the mark, there indicates the necessary amount of experience required to release that type of Spirit Sword.

"This is a joke, right...?"

I tried to bring out a few of the Spirit Swords that are colored in dim gray, but none of them worked.

It appears like it's only the grey ones, because I can use the ones colored in white.

Again, to the point of dropping tears, this time, she had passed what she can tolerate,

together with the irritation and anxiety, her emotions were going in circles.

While pretending to be unconscious, she attempted to chant a spell from her mouth, so I kicked her to interrupt it.

“Gyaaaaaa!?”

“You really do like surprise attacks, Alesia. For what purpose do you think did I heal you? Don’t die before I give you a beating.”

It seems like that was a low-grade fireball, but because it was in an incomplete state, the fireball exploded inside the mouth of the princess.

Surely, the inside of her mouth had become something very serious, so serious that it feels great.

Although I won’t say it, I want you to oppose me with every being that you have except killing yourself.

Seeing Princess Alesia-sama self-destructing, it’s very fun. It’s very pleasant.

As I thought, taking vengeance for myself is refreshing. While thinking that, I suddenly found a notification on the upper-left of the status window, something that I never saw.

Until now, I never saw that icon once, so I don’t know what type of effect has.

“H~m, what to do...”

“Guahkk... Gau... vuaahh...”

For now, I’m pressing my bored feet against her stomach while she glares me intensely. Enjoying the disfigured appearance and voice of Princess Alesia-sama.

Suppressing my shock for losing many forms of the Spirit Sword, I slowly pressed my right-hand finger on the email icon.



# Chapter 4

## The Hero Writes A Letter

When you read this, you haven't gone senile, but you have already died once.

No, it's not a joke.

I don't know how you died, but you have certainly died once.

When your HP reached zero after you died, you were surely teleported back.

What you experienced until now was the 『Tutorial Mode』.

In the case that a person of another world is transported, they gain an[Unusual Power] in this Earth, in this world.

Due to that, compared to the local people, most of them have enormous power. But many of these people died relatively fast, no matter what ability they had.

They will certainly be killed before long.

Even I do not know which world the God of Earth sends them to, even I can't interfere. Still, although I explained to them that they have to be careful, it appears that only a few could adapt, because far beyond their common sense, their reasoning is from another world.

Thus, I stopped explaining things in advance to people from another world.

What I put to use was the 『Tutorial Mode』.

I guess that being thrown into the situation without any explanation was very confusing, but seeing is believing, so the last present (cheat) of your god was the  
『Tutorial Mode』.

After being teleported, except for a natural death, when your HP reaches zero

and you die, you will go back to the starting point.

Every point of experience earned, every skill you had until now, the experienced time will be taken away and converted into experience points.

In short, a New Game+.

It's because when your character levels up, your skills do not. If you don't exert any effort, like I said earlier, you'll die a painful death. So I believe that I had to let you experience the "tendency to die". That was the best cheat that the God of Earth could do.

In comparison, the magic in your world is very weak. Originally, they are extremely powerless as individuals. And although there is almost no difference between their bodies here, when you cross to another world, an [unusual power] is activated. And you can defeat a slime with your initial value at the most. If you didn't have an unusual power, even you would have nothing more than the power of a Villager A.

So that's why, if you want to survive, then strive, think and train.

Almost all worlds are more dangerous than Earth.

I'm sorry for being an incompetent god, but please, live a happy life.

From the Goddess

---

"I see, so it was really a New Game+."

What came out of the email icon was that letter.

There were certain points where I had doubts, but it does appear to be that a god really exists. Levels and etcetera, seemed to have existed also in Earth, in my former world.

The God of Earth, for the sake of the earthlings that even when they got the cheat skill, they were killed easily. Instead of giving any explanation, they put to use the "Experience it once and then cancel it" method.

Well, I was saved with that, and the various questions that I had were explained.

Now I know what happened to my level, but is the fact that it dropped so suddenly not one of the reasons why you cannot live long?

...Even so.

“Kuhaha...”

Yes, let's be thankful.

Now, I can finish my revenge that I swore that time.

“KUHAHAHAHAHAHAH!!”

My laughter doesn't stop, I'm not in the mood to stop.

I never imagined that there would be another opportunity.

Even so, my yearning for vengeance, and the hatred that I embraced in my heart, is not a lie.

By experiencing it personally, bit by bit, I started to get excited. A shiver of delight is travelling through my body, and doesn't stop.

This is not a dream, nor is there a time limit. I can now finish my vengeance, I can kill them.

After laughing for a while, now I can begin to think clearly.

What I'm going to do, from where should I start.

Even right now I want to crush those people, everyone of them.

At my feet, there is one of them, a target (of my vengeance).

Her mouth is being burned right now by her own fireball, and for the many times that I stepped on her, the dress that she's wearing right now is worn out and dirty.

She finally understood that it's meaningless to oppose me or being obedient. That she

can do naught but glare at me with hate.

Yes, this. This is it. I want revenge.

If I let my impulse control me, then I can deprive them of their lives easily.

If my level has decreased, then like me, their level had too, right?

I have on me the knowledge I gained and the experience from the tutorial mode.

Although I lost my skills as abilities, I didn't lose the technique to control them with my body.

There are still many Spirit Swords that I can use that have an effect that surpass about level 50 status, and in my surroundings, there are still the knights who don't seem to have experience combat; if there are only 10 knights or less then I can entertain them with no problem.

If I hide for awhile while raising my level, then I can go around assassinating those damn bastards before I strengthen myself and leave for a trip.

"It's not good. That way it's not good, because otherwise..."

I suffered for one year.

While my heart is screaming and cracking, the broken pieces that had fallen are now reconstituting themselves over my desire for vengeance.

The time that passed, a thing was growing up, clinging to me, it was like a muddy viscosity, a lump of heat, telling me that it wasn't going to be satisfied with only killing, yelling that it was unforgivable.

Although it was unpleasant to see her face, only this was not enough.

So, I'm not going to kill her yet.

So, it's not going to finish here.

Let's think slowly, I have time, so I don't have to hurry myself when killing her.



I have to let her experience the pain, the painful memories, I have to drown her in a toxic swamp of remorse and agony.

More, more, more, it's necessary for her to suffer more.

Because then, my first vengeance will be completed.

"Aah, I'm not going to kill you right now. Since I have healed you with great difficulty, right? Even though I have thought of many ways to kill you."

I let out a sigh unintentionally. It's very regrettable.

I thought about several things, like letting a small and carnivorous insect eat her body while she was conscious, like having her germinate a seed together with the grown up host, turning it into a tree, eliminating all sensations and leaving only the ability to think.

Either way, it seems that these abilities were sealed with Spirit Sword, so it can't be helped.

For now, I need time.

Slowly and carefully, I need to start the preparations for my vengeance.

Of course, I have to enjoy the preparation.

"First off..."

I healed roughly inside her mouth with the 『Verdant Green Crystal Sword』 to an extent that enabled the princess' ability to speak.

"Hey, there is something that I want to ask you."

"...Who is going to listen a request from a monster like you? "

Really, she is a good target for my vengeance, the princess Alesia.

"Pfft, Ahahahaa"

"Wh- What's so funny!?"

“You know, you react exactly like I was hoping. Never lose those feelings, because if not, my vengeance is going to be boring.”

While I am looking down, grinning and laughing, Princess Alesia is again looking at me with more hostility in her eyes.

“This, lunatic!! Why! Just what the heck did I do...”

“What you did, although you don’t know, I know. I know the pain of being betrayed. I know the pain of being tricked. I know what it’s like to be treated like a fool. I remember all the pain I felt for trusting all of you like an idiot. I remember everything, Princess Alesia Aurelia”

“Uu, guu...”

A glance full of hatred like burning magma and a cold voice like a shining blade.

Maybe the princess didn’t understand the meaning of my words, but she did perceive that I really hate her.

“Now, we are going to talk again, but I have a request.”

*Pa-*, my hand faced the princess.

With no sign of her previous state, she makes a perfect smile.

“If you are not going to listen, it can’t be helped, right? It makes me sad that despite the fact that I healed your mouth for that purpose, but if you don’t want to, it can’t be helped, right?”

As expected? I don’t know anything, I never had a thought about opposing you ?

“Wh-What are you...?”

It appears to be that until just now, more than being perplexed, her anxiety has been rising. She has good intuition.

“Fumu, your chest is going to be an obstacle for writing.”

“Kyaa!? St-stop it!!”

When I sent her flying with a kick, she ended up face down, and I tore to pieces the back of her dress, exposing her back.

“But you know what, the first time I saw you, I thought I saw a beautiful girl, but now I don’t feel anything at all. It’s strange, isn’t it?”

Her radiant silver hair that hangs to her shoulder, her gold eyes, her well-featured face and good proportions, all of that makes her look like a doll.

Just like a template, the so-called beauty of the Aurelia, a beautiful girl.

When seeing this world for first time, the girls here were more beautiful than in modern Japan, and spying them accidentally when they were changing made my heart skip a beat.

But apart from that, seeing their appearance very close, it didn’t make my heart jump or move.

“Snatching by force the chastity of a woman... As I suspected, the people of another world are savage and vulgar beasts...”

“Huh? What are you saying? With an ugly personality of course I’m going to refuse, don’t get confused. Your self-confidence is disgusting.”

When imagining what I said, it really makes me sick to the point of vomiting.

“Wha...!!”

“If you say that you are not going to listen to my request, then I have to write a letter instead of a verbal message.”

“...It, It can’t, be!”

“You see, a verbal message would have been easier, right? But if you don’t listen to my request, then it can’t be helped, so what I have to do is to write a nice letter.”

I gave her a cheerful smile, indicating that she guessed right about what I’m going to do.

“Now, can you please stay still? If not, I’m not going to be able to write a nice letter.”

“No, Igyaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!”

What I had taken out was the [Fire Spider Leg Sword].

A short sword with a length of 20 centimeters including the blade, the Spirit Sword is dyed with scarlet.

This is my second time, this sword could only cause a small fire the first time, so now for this use, it is suitable.

“Fun, fu~fufu~n♪”

“Ugya, gyaaa, it’s hoooot!! Sto, stooooop!!”

In the meanwhile, I’m singing a humming while carving the letter with fire on her back.

“Somebody, somebody heelp mee...”

“Ahaha, nobody is going to help you, like how you had planned every trick, and so that that doesn’t happen, I crushed everyone here.”

Although Alesia is stretching her hand to the knights who are groaning, everyone here have the joints of the elbow and knee facing the opposite direction, so they cannot move. Although they didn’t lose their consciousness, surely the voice of the princess didn’t reached them, thanks to the cries of their own pain when they try to lifting their body.

“Come on, come on, I still hadn’t finished writing even half. After all, I have to think carefully about what I’m going to do. Can you please stop moving?”

I laughed with a smile while I said that.



# Chapter 5

## The Hero Re-Opens Old Wounds

When I finished writing the letter, it put me in a pleasant mood, like being given a gold star, as if everyone else in this room was gone.

The Princess was groaning in the agony of her crushed limbs. And yet, I didn't stop inflicting more pain until she couldn't stand it and lost consciousness for a short while.

Similarly, the knights were groaning due to the extreme amount of pain, and before long, the number of those that couldn't withstand the pain increased, about to let go of their consciousness.

The result, they felt like their heads were afloat and their eyes were like that of a dead fish's; whether they have fainted or not, their resonating moans have died down.

"Ara? This feeling, it also has been a long time."

Having completed my work, I got up and noticed that my vision was disoriented. It was evident that my MP had sharply depleted.

While writing the words with 『Fire Spider Leg Sword』, I restored Alesia's HP with 『Verdant Green Crystal Sword』 so she wouldn't die. Although 『Fire Spider Leg Sword』 hardly uses any MP, the healing of 『Verdant Green Crystal Sword』 consumes a moderate amount of MP.

"Status Open."

Ukei Kaito   17 years old   Male
HP : 531/545 MP : 81/412
Level: 1
Strength: 224 Stamina: 324 Endurance: 545

Agility: 587

Magic Power: 117

Magic Resistance: 497

Inherent Skills: “Spirit Sword▽” “Language Comprehension”

Skills: [Punch Lv1] [Magic Manipulation Lv1][Sky Walk Lv1]

Condition: Excellent

ステータス



宇景海人

Lv1

Ukei Kaito

17 歳 男

HP : 531/545    MP : 81/412

筋力 : 224        体力 : 324

耐久 : 545        敏捷 : 587

魔力 : 117        魔耐 : 497

固有技能 : 「心剣 ▽」 「他言語理解」

ス キ ル : 『拳打 Lv1』 『魔力操作 Lv1』 『天駆 Lv1』

状    態 : 良好



As it was confirmed, the remaining MP is below 20%. As expected, the excessive usage of the Spirit Sword was shown in the current status.

If I don't acquire recovery and consumption reduction skills again, I can't fight like I did before. Should I just raise my level ahead of time or something after all?

"Hmm... Err... Well then. Guess it's about time to go?"

Since I'm about done here anyway, I'll for now slip out of the castle for now and go to the nearest town, then I'll make some preparation to leave the town.

"...It's useless, you can't escape this castle."

"Eh, did she regain her consciousness?"

"More than 500 knights are stationed in this castle. You will be tortured to death."

With damage and recovery skills forcibly applied simultaneously, her bodily senses were paralyzed temporarily. Princess Alesia's voice has become hoarse with the pain.

Because her eyes had strength that belittles me, I realized that she returned back the hostility.

As expected, was it the nature of the princess to have such determination even when I had tormented her that much? She also was still confused, and half of it is probably just a false bravado, but if she's given some time to really recover, I can have more fun. I am in a very good mood.

Princess Alesia, who was looking at me as I pondered in silence, shouted at me whilst thinking she still had the upper hand.

"The fact is that you savage people from another world are so full of yourselves. Ee~, I will not let you off so easily; I will kill you in a way several times more painful and humiliating than that I had suffered from."

Her gaze was filled with glittering heat of hatred.

This is what I wanted. That glare can only be achieved after having recognized that she got rekt.



That glare made her realize that it's possible to push down the pain, disgrace and humiliation to the bottom.

However...

“Well~, if you don't cry, cling and beg for forgiveness, then I cannot help you. Since the likes of you, a hero, can also be useful, then if you make an oath in front of our people as a glorious hero, would you honor the oath and swear allegiance?”

*Sigh-*, such a spoiled child; I was being looked down on as if she was convinced that she was superior with that look and words.

I looked at the princess, and as for me.

“HAAAaaaAAAAAhhh~.....”

From the bottom of my heart, I was truly disappointed; I outrageously heaved an exasperated sigh.

Before, I was naïve and easily deceived, and it saddens and depresses me.

I had no intention of doing it, but even if I cried, clung to her and begged for forgiveness, this princess wouldn't help me. She just wanted to confirm her dominance by seeing my pitiful figure, and either way, after she uses of me, I could easily see that she was brimming with the intention to kill me at the end of torture.

An easy-to-handle heroine, or referred to as *Choroin-san*, and the old me, who seemed to be a super *Choroin-san*, were easily deceived by this princess.

And again, this much pain still didn't sate my thirst for vengeance at all.

Even though she had thoughts of 'using me', I still won't be satisfied with ending it by killing her. In that case, it would be no good.

She still has her uses to consider; however, if I don't kill these people after they looked down on me, and others like this fellow that wanted to trample over me, completely by my own hand, my desire for revenge surely won't be satisfied.

There are several enemies to take revenge on; in order to accomplish a satisfying revenge, it will take a lot of labor and time with one person at a time.

(Well, isn't that nice, I can enjoy this revenge for as long as I can!!)

Imagining that moment, the edge of my mouth perked up unintentionally.

"Wh- What's with that reaction! If you think I'm lying about the knights..."

"Meh, I didn't particularly think it was a lie. The Hero summoning is a secret and must be kept as such, so as ordered, there are layers of soundproofing barriers, magical barriers, and physical barriers set up; so until the hero summoning is a success, there will be no knights from the outside entering this building."

"Why do you?!"

"It's because I've heard it once before~....."

While the stupid-looking princess stared in shock, I recalled the story I heard at the first summon.

"Uhh, so yeah, I'll be going."

The candlesticks were put up on the pillars in preparation for the summoning, and I threw them aside.

Then, one of the stone pavements at the end summoning rattled and opened, which from there appeared a staircase leading to an underground passageway.

"N- Nobody knows about that hidden passage except from the direct descendants of the Royal Family, and yet why!!?"

"Because I heard it before, no, since I am so well informed~."

To deceive me, Princess Alesia also prepared teleportation magic squares beneath the summoning to entrap me; Princess Alesia also told me this secret path.

"Dangerous, I forgot this place was dangerous."

Perhaps because I was able to satisfy a little of my revenge as prelude, I must have almost forgotten about this place.

As I was walking briskly, a nearby knight groans as he rolls like an object on the floor.

“At first, I was going to crush you with my bare hands, however, someone taught me a valuable method to smash that splendid throat at this angle, wonder if it is possible to do? Although using MP will be unreliable, if it’s only the 『Fire Spider Leg Sword』... then I could probably manage.~”

So as I said, when I created a Fireball the size of a ping pong ball at the swords’ bottom point, I threw it in the knight’s mouth and made it burst.

“¢ £ % # & □ △ ◆ ■ !?”

Because there was no need for him to die, the power was narrowed down to the limit, but there was no scream from the Knight, since his mouth and throat was directly burnt by the fire.

“Oopsie Daisy~”

When I dealt the same treatment to the other Knights ensuingly, it became impossible for the Knights to even groan.

“Lastly, you, Alesia. Since it will take a while until we meet again, do you have anything you want to say?

“....., Your name, tell me your name.”

“Nah~ after this though, there shouldn’t be any reason to try hiding my name. Since my name is written... in the letter”

*Woosh~*, the fireball was thrown in the mouth of the Princess.

“I’m called The Two-Eyed Nemesis~”

“Mu~~~~!!”

At any cost, the Princess Alesia showed no weakness of pain, and endured the raging pain without issuing a voice.

All the fingers were removed and not usable. The throat will not be recover for a while, and should buy enough time.

“Ah~, and then as for this, I will accept it. To make up for the things you’ve did, these

military funds.”

I took away the necklace which hung on the Princess’ neck. If I am not mistaken, since this is connected to a distinguished Royal Family, I won’t be currently troubled if I exchange this for money.,

Princess Alesia still glares this way with faint eyes. The tormenting of the prey was pleasant.

Finally, when a sweet smile floated on my face, I went down the underground passage alone with a glance back, feeling good about the events transpiring today.

While I tread the underground passageway, I remembered something from a little while ago, and my head began to grow cold.

As a result, I felt the itchy sensation of an old wound being opened.

Unintentionally sighing, I spilled the words.

“I should’ve thought more carefully on what to call myself... Ku, AHHHH WHAT IS TWO EYED NEMESIS!! And even more so, it wasn’t something I wanted!!”

I personally dug up an old wound with a Chuunibyou name, and until I arrived at the exit, I ended up enduring the sensation that my body wanted to writhe in agony.

# Chapter 6

## The Hero Rekt The Punks

Pushing the rubble out of the way, I exited, finally arriving at bright and spacious open air.

“I’M-!! FREEEEEEEEEE!!”

Having travelled through the long and dark underground passage, I had finally arrived there, where I can praise the sun. I let out a howling cry whilst stretching out my body and basking in sunlight.

These were the outskirts of the Royal Capital’s uninhabited grove.

Taking a deep breath near the stone passage’s exit, the smell of sunshine was incorporated into the refreshing odors of the verdant forest.

I saw the sun for the first time in three months, if you include my first time (though not even a day has passed yet since my second time started). After escaping the place I was killed-, Ryuudouden, I kept hiding. Before, I hadn’t been able to appreciate the sun, which is why I had been moved to tears when I saw the sun.

“Ah~, the sun... it’s great...”

After being deeply moved by the splendor of the world under the blue sky for a bit, a switch flipped inside my head.

My goal was decided. Having suffered from all the guys who tricked and betrayed me, and having had my dignity stamped on to the fullest, I will carry out my revenge.

That said, right now, I lack the power, time and preparation to do so.

As expected of a Lv1, I am limited to a play style without skill correction, and my stamina isn’t nearly enough to take on more than 500 knights.

For the time being, because only the Princess and the Knights in the palace know my

face, I won't need to be very cautious if I leave the town's castle, unlike the time I was being chased after my face became well known for defeating the Demon Lord.

At the least, there shouldn't be a situation where I won't be able to enter a restaurant or inn, or even the town itself, without wearing a long robe to cover my face.

Turning my gaze back to the sun once again, I saw the sun was setting a little. It was approximately an hour past noon. I thought back to the time I was first summoned.

"With the skill of the Royal Court Magician, it will probably take around a full day for the castle to recover enough to report about me in detail. Well, I should have plenty of time if I don't take a detour."

I began to walk leisurely toward the Royal Capital's main street and looked at the cityscape after a long absence.

To be frank, these residents of the Imperial Capital were people who had believed the declaration of The Kingdom and The Church and turned hostile.

I had actually thought I might have wanted to smack their faces really hard like I did the Princess and the Knights when I saw them, but that didn't happen. Maybe it was because the majority were unrelated, ordinary members of the populace, and also didn't incite the treachery either.

Of course, I disliked them at a level of natural thinking: "Aah~, it would be good if these people become unhappy. If only they would fall down and hit their head on a stone and become crippled tomorrow or something." But, rather than spending my resources on them, I had people I wanted to kill even more.

In short, it was an issue of prioritization.

I paused my idle thinking. The first thing we must do concerns the procurement of war funds.

In regard to that, I had something of a prospect.

The heavy necklace that I had swiped from the Princess was kept in the pocket of my uniform.

Even if we disregard the fact that this item came from the Royal Family, with the



mithril, colorful magic gem, and enhancements that apply some agility correction to the owner, the value is still good...

If this was sold, it would be possible to obtain sufficient funds quickly.

Of course, it must be sold carefully.

My current appearance was not noble in any aspect, and, to begin with, there weren't any places that would buy this item nor any market place this can be sold at.

With that reasoning, I didn't head to the people setting up shop facing the main street.

Instead, it was "The Slums," which occupied the corner of the Kingdom's Capital. It was a place shady people went to make a living.

I remembered that, if I entered the appropriate alleyway and advanced in the deserted, dirty direction, I would appear in a place where I'd wonder whether it's the same town before long.

The cracks on and damage to the walls of this dirty, worn-out house stand out, and the smell of poop, piss, and garbage drifts everywhere, as if to scorn the concept of public health.

The people sitting on the roadside had gloomy and sunken eyes, or otherwise their eyes glittered as they glanced for prey to hunt.

Observing eyes and appraising gazes were split half each, and the ridiculing gazes mixed in occasionally must be newcomers to the slums.

The slums in any town are places where amateurs who judge by appearance can't live long.

"Hey, Nii-chan in the unusual outfit, why are you in this place alone?"

"....."

"Oto~, that's unlucky Nii-chan. I'm afraid to say that both the way forward and back are dead ends now. If you want to pass, it's common sense that you're required to pay a toll, right?"

Smirking and laughing, 5 or 6 people surrounded me.

“I’ve always thought about it, but this cliché... No, rather, it’s nice because the conversation would be quicker.”

It can’t be helped, they think this person is an easy target having seen me alone with this appearance, but in general, for what reason do gangs like these pop out during the first time I come to whatever town’s slums?

I know the slums of each town I’ve become well-acquainted with, as a fugitive, I know that they are varied, and the back areas are convenient. So not utilizing the slums during the second time around is something I can’t do, though I feel a little weary at the thought of having to repeat this cliché at every town.

Since I’m alone in this second time around, I thought this was inevitable, but for this kind of development to be heart-throbbing is limited to only the first time, or second time at best.

Anymore would absolutely only be bothersome.

The people in the slums around the area quickly skedaddled in fear of getting involved. A person can only live long in the slums by having both wits and strength.

“I’ll ask just in case, are you my enemy?”

“Haa? What did this wild goose just say?”

“Listen here, just answer me. You are not my particular target for revenge, so I don’t care if you leave because it’s also troublesome to kill you.”

“What, I thought you were an idiot or something for coming to the slums alone, but you’re a genuine self-conceited bastard? He doesn’t understand the reality of the situation, this bastard is a real sitting duck!!”

When the bald, tanned man that seemed to be the leader roared with laughter, the followers also started a large ruckus following him.

“Hey! Lay down all your valuables and goods, then I won’t kill you; I’ll just sell you as a slave!!”

“I see, so this is your answer.”

Since these punks came striking all at once, I step in first and with〔Fire Spider Leg Sword〕, and cut off all their limbs from below the ankles.

“Ga? GiyAAAAAAAAaaaaa!?”

Suddenly having lost both ends of their legs, the entire group of punks, without support, collapsed on the unpaved ground.

“W-What is this, it hurts, IT HURRRRTTTSSSS!!”

“Guuuaaaa. what did- GUKAAA!!!!”

Because I hated being covered in my victim’s blood, I used the〔Fire Spider Leg Sword〕, which produces a high temperature from the sword itself, to cut so the wound is thoroughly cauterized and blood doesn’t spurt out. Another feature of this sword is to quickly transmit the heat to the things it comes in contact with.

The uniform I’m wearing now is what I used as every-day clothing during the first time around. Though immediately after setting out on the journey, I was attacked by night bandits, and it ended up being ragged after repelling them.

My obtaining a sword with a cloth-mending effect after I was abandoned and feeling down were bitter memories.

“Hmm, this time it succeeded. Status Open”

Ignoring the punks’ shouts behind, I checked my status.

Ukei Kaito   17 years old   Male
HP : 531/545 MP : 75/412
Level: 1
Strength: 224 Stamina: 324 Endurance: 545 Agility: 587 Magic Power: 117

Magic Resistance: 497
Inherent Skills: “Spirit Sword▽” “Language Comprehension”
Skills: [Punch Lv1] [Magic Manipulation Lv1][Sky Walk Lv1][Night Vision Lv2][Haste Lv1]
Condition: Excellent

ステータス



宇景海人

Lv1

Ukei Kaito

17 歳 男

HP : 531/545    MP : 75/412

筋力 : 224          体力 : 324

耐久 : 545          敏捷 : 587

魔力 : 117          魔耐 : 497

固有技能 : 「心剣 ▽」 「他言語理解」

ス キ ル : 『拳打 Lv1』 『魔力操作 Lv1』 『天駆 Lv1』

『暗視 Lv2』 『飛脚 Lv1』

状      態 : 良好



As expected, I was able to obtain the skill [Haste]. I must've obtained [Night Vision] when passing the underground passageway.

Like the name states, the skill [Night Vision] allows me to see in the dark, and the skill [Haste] allows me to temporarily raise my agility level by imbuing magic into my legs.

To be honest, just when I started this second time, in other words, a few hours ago when I grasped the neck of the Princess, I also used it when I tried to slip past the knight, I failed and felt a little backlash in my foot.

If it succeeded, a HP knockback shouldn't have occurred, so I probably hadn't acquired [Haste].

Though I didn't recover HP because I didn't rest, my MP that I was recovering through the passage of time had recovered to about 30% or so, but since [Haste] was used, 20% was spent.

It will be hard to train this haste skill with its large consumption rate.

"However..."

Since my magic wasn't consumed all at once, it didn't feel unpleasant, but according to my senses, it hasn't even been a quarter of a day since the second time started.

Even though I understood this in my head, the inability to use the skills that I had treated as an extension of my own limbs was a sensation I was not accustomed to in any way.

"Ah, Oi~, Don't run. Aren't you the leader?"

"GYAAAAAAAAAAAAaaa!!!"

Having lost his feet, with [Fire Spider Leg Sword] I hacked the arms off the punk who tried to flee by crawling away.

"Guaaaa, It's hot, It hurts, Guaaaa!!"

"Hmm, this is alright, not drenching me in spurting blood is a high point."

While I was casually saying this, I observed the man who was still screaming, even now.



Unlike when he was cut, the man whose wounds were cauterized while being stabbed bursts tears, mucus, and saliva due to the pain of having his body burnt.

“If I don’t produce a fireball, most of my magic will not be consumed, there is no blade length so it’s easy to manage, and above all, there’s little blood loss, so he won’t die easily. Until now, I only used it to the extent of making coal, but with this it’s a convenient spirit sword.”

“Mo, mon, monster...”

“Ah, AAaaaAA...”

When I laugh in high spirits, the petrified punks wet their pants with terrible faces.

“Aa, it’s a filthy picture. It’s different for them, but even when I see those expressions of yours, you know.”

Still, my target for vengeance are those who betrayed me directly last time.

Even if I clobbered these guys, I wasn’t happy at all.

“Oh whatever, see ya.”

Saying just that, I infuse magic into 『Fire Spider Leg Sword』 and unreservedly slash at their necks.

With one swing of the sword, the smell of burnt flesh spreads and dripping sounds echo.

“Well, I guess it’s time to go?”

Grumbling to myself in such a manner, left behind in that alley were bodies that were missing their parts below the ankles and above their necks, feet from unknown owners, and faces set into horrified expressions with wounds burned until they were scorching black.

# Chapter 7

## The Hero Is Both A Stalker And Shinigami (1)

“Hah... Hah... Hah... Hah...”

The man was running like there was no tomorrow, he didn't even care about his surroundings.

As he was passing through narrow passages between walls, trunks and twigs scratched at him. Because of this, his arms and legs were grazed.

Nevertheless, he couldn't afford to care for such trivialities.

The small wounds on his body were deemed trivial. His fear had flattened his reasoning a long time ago.

His instincts told him that if he didn't want to be murdered, he had to keep running.

(Shit... This is bad, THIS IS BAD, SHIEEEET!!)

Running out of breath, though his body was begging for rest, his brain commanded him to ignore it and hurry.

The reason why he was running came rushing back with dreadful memories among his now chaotic thoughts.



The man was doing regular duties, just as always, as if it's just a normal day on the job.

People who cannot afford to be seen in the light of day anymore come everyday to these slums.

Notorious criminals who are in the run, orphans who lost their parents, nobles who lost their standing because of family disputes, merchants who failed in enterprises, adventurers who couldn't pay their debts, normal people who are just poor, these are

some of the kinds of people who appear here in the slums.

These slums had become the crucible for people who end up running here because of their dark secrets, and would change the people completely.

However, there is order in the slum.

It is known that without the slum, these guys will flood over to the city, disrupting the public order.

One time, some order of knights tried to destroy a slum and annihilated it, took over it, and succeeded. However, contrary to their belief that commerce would flourish thanks to the disappearance of the slums, the public order worsened instead, and the merchants didn't want to approach the city anymore. From that day onwards, everything went downhill.

That's why there is an unspoken rule among the cities not to interfere with the slums, unless absolutely necessary.

Unless you get lost inside the slums, you can have a better life in a secure environment inside a city that has a slum than one that didn't.

Nevertheless, the slum's activities are overlooked, as decided, to some extent. Although the slums are considered a necessary evil, if the people in the slums interfere excessively with the bright side, the city and the country has no other choice than to intervene.

Also, the slum's side didn't want direct intervention of a city or the kingdom. That's why those who stand at the top manage the lives of the slum.

They adjust the population, and maintain the status quo within the slums.

Also, they try to keep disturbances from happening outside of its borders.

In exchange of accepting problematic subjects, there's an implicit agreement that the events happening inside the slum, under a certain level, will be swept under the rug.

A place that is accepted as extraterritorial, that is what the slum meant.

That's why the man, making use of his abilities he learnt as a former spy, surveyed the

entrances located all around the royal capital's slum, as ordered by the man who stands at the top of it.

If he were to caught sight of a dangerous man, he would grasp all his main characteristics and inform the boss.

If he were to find nobles, riches, or any son of an influential figure that could endanger the slums, he would safeguard them.

By doing that, he prevented the slums to infringe upon the imposed rules, and would protect the slum from possible purges. If the slum were to disappear at some point, it would mean that he would lose his place to live.

That's why, when he sensed the man coming from the grand avenue, as always, he marked the man as a target and started his surveillance.

The age of the boy seemed to be just past 15 years old. He had black hair, a slim figure, and was wearing some jet black clothes. Although his clothes' quality were good, there weren't clothes of that type among those of the capital.

At least he didn't look like someone influential, but from his appearance you could tell that he wasn't someone who was broke, or a criminal.

He could be a noble or a merchant from another town, but he couldn't tell his influence or power. However, he knew that boy wasn't an ordinary person.

"That means, it should be all right if he were to get some deep wounds..."

As the man was muttering to himself, on the main avenue, he saw that there were several hoodlums that appeared and surrounded the intruder. Then, the boy would get assaulted, be injured and saved by the man, as usual.

Those hoodlums and the man were under an agreement. In other words, it was a match-pump approach.

By giving them money periodically, in the case when the man were to judge that the intruder should be left alive, the hoodlums would fake a fight with the spy and at some point they would bail out of there, forcing the intruder to owe the spy a favor.

By doing that, the man would ask the intruder to leave the slums, while the victim

doesn't have complete animosity over the slums.

*"Just when they are about to break 2 or 3 of his bones, it should be the right time to go"* was what he thought as he prepared to go into the fight. Waiting for the best opportunity to intervene the hoodlums attacking the boy, he was left speechless by the following scene.

"Huh? GAAAAAAGH!?"

A scream echoed over. The man, for a moment, couldn't understand the scene as it played out before him.

The hoodlums that were trying to assault the boy collapsed and bent down on the ground. Even the emissary, with the eyes he had trained all his life, couldn't completely grasp the whole incident.

Nonchalantly, he created this scene with ease; and the one responsible for this catastrophe looked like he wasn't particularly interested in this. Before who knows how long, in his hand, there was an edged tool that could as well used as a throwing knife; and using that blade, he pinned the hoodlum leader's arm to the ground to prevent him from escaping. And finally, as the boy decapitated him, the man started to run.

There was no need for an explanation.

He sensed that he was unable to deal with the boy.

A strength that could be considered insurpassable by that of the kingdom's order of knights.

A tough spiritual mind that can take lives without a hint of hesitation, to the point of being inhuman, an outsider of the slums.

That silhouette looked like that of a god of death that reaps the souls of those it chooses.

He didn't know if the hoodlums had talked to the boy about their relation, but he was sure that if the boy were to put his eyes on him, there was no way in hell that he would be left alive.

In any case, the man's instinct was telling him that death was upon him.

As the man tried to cross, as fast as possible, to the other side of the moldy bridge. The former spy, judging that it was impossible to handle the boy all by himself, and being suppressed by his fear, was retreating to inform the man responsible for the slums, as soon as possible.



After some time had passed since he had started running, the man had reached the slum's market.

Straying from a street where there were only crude wares that couldn't be compared to normal goods of the capital, he enters a building through a corner.

Installed in the crude building's interior, there was a reinforced steel door, and on both of its sides, there were two gargoyles enshrined, acting as guards.

The gargoyles looked at him with cold eyes, just as cold as their gray skin that felt roughly like stone.

““What's the password?””

“Haaa, Haaa, [*The master key of the garbage dump.*]”

““You can pass.””

Speaking in concert, both of them synchronized their answer as they both heard the password. As he took a relieved breath, he pushed open the door made of steel.

Inside it, there was a room, unusual for the slums, that was kept clean; even most the furniture and supplies were valued highly, adorning the splendid interior that could even be comparable to that of a middle rank noble's mansion.

In the middle of the room, there were bodyguards who were former knights or adventurers, relaxing while gambling.

“Nnn? What happened Jack, so agitated.”

“Hey Hey, sympathize with him a little. Maybe he ate something bad and he's at death's



door?"

"Hey, youuu... Don't try to cheat within all this commotion!!"

"Tch, you're too sharp-sighted."

Having been called his name, while being surrounded by his colleagues who provide a reassuring atmosphere, laughing, Jack felt that his fear settled down a little bit. Judging that he was safe here, all the tension melted away.

"I need to meet with the boss, it's urgent."

Despite feeling safer, it's not a mistake to inform about his findings as fast as possible.

He didn't know the objective of the boy, but he was sure that he was not a regular lost child. He knew that even though one person's influence shouldn't amount to anything, as a veteran spy, he couldn't leave the boy alone, because he didn't know the impact that the intruder could bring to the slums.

"What? Did the country dispatch a knight?"

"I don't think so... We'll talk later."

Believing that he couldn't explain the situation concisely, as he was a spy, he decided that it would be pointless to try to report inaccurately, he decided to not speak his thoughts too quickly.

Climbing the creaking wood stairs, at the end of the hall, he stood there and knocked on the door.

"[*Who is it?*]"

"Boss, it's me Jack. I want to inform you about something urgently."

"[*The door is unlocked, so help yourself.*]"

"Then, please excuse me."

As he pushed and opened the door politely he saw a 30 year old man with all-back style bleached hair and a monocle, who gave the impression of a clever guy, who was

reading some documents with his long slit eyes.

“Do you mind if I listen while I check these documents?”

“No problem, Boss.”

The man responded that way, not because he believed that his information was of little importance, but because he believed that this man was capable enough to make a wise decision while doing so.

“Houu, It seems like it will take a while. I don’t mind if you make yourself comfortable in that sofa.”

It wasn’t known if he understood the importance of the situation just from the man’s voice, but the Boss’s voice was backed with a serious tone.

“Well, then excuse me...”

As the man was leaning his back against the sofa, he was thinking about how to break the news. The course of events was running through again inside the man’s head, and he was about to open his mouth.

However, before he could make them into words, the boss opened his mouth first.

“Mmm, Jack, you’ve made a mistake.”

Being transfixed prematurely by his boss by the words [*You’ve made a mistake*], even before he told him about the incident, made him freeze in thought.

“Wha, What do you mean by that...”

“Hello, are you perhaps the boss of this slum? “

Just when he was about to ask about it, the door was kicked down while the voice was heard; with the sound *batan*, that voice was erased.

As the door opened, a man entered while his killing intent was retracting into his body as he spoke.

There was a man who acted cheerfully, like a friend who was invited to play over at

someone's house. In his right hand, there was a gargoyle that didn't have its body, while in the other hand, he was dragging the ex-adventurer, who was the companion of the spy, with all his extremities hyper-extended...

"You, thanks for guiding me. Just for that, I'm going to forget about the matter before"

There was the boy with the smile of a shinigami, standing there.

## Chapter 8

# The Hero Is Both A Stalker And Shinigami (2)

I was chasing after the man who was running ahead of me.

I was well aware that the man had made an agreement with the hoodlums who assaulted me. Of course, I also knew about the contents of said agreement. If you want to know why, it's because they did the exact same thing in my first life. I forcibly made him spit out everything he's trying to conceal at that time, such as the management (trades inside) of the city. Through this, I also found the one behind everything.

That's why I was well aware that this man was secretly watching the current situation from somewhere. I've already deduced that he's going to report the situation to the man behind the scenes, Shitty Glasses. So I took the opportunity to use him, and followed him to the place where Shitty Glasses was residing.

Though I remembered the place where I first met the slum boss, but because it's a position often targeted, he uses a magic tool to change the building's location to various points inside the slums. That's why, even if I were to go to the location of our first encounter, it wouldn't necessarily lead me to his hideout.

While chasing him without letting him sense me, I confirmed my status, and I realized that I'd obtained two new skills: [Stalking Lv2] and [Hide Presence Lv1]. As I'd thought, it's far easier for me to learn the skills I knew in my previous life. Although all my skill levels were reset, I already knew how to activate all the skills. Because of this, I think that I might be able to raise all my skill levels waaay faster than expected.

While I was chasing him and pondering about such things, I realized that he seemed to be rather anxious, as he was guiding me to the secret hideout using the shortest possible route.

In my first life, I was surprised about this spy's level of wariness. After all, he was once an intelligence agent of some country long ago. I also had to acknowledge resourcefulness as an information broker. However, he was a coward; particularly, he was a man who prioritized his own survival, running away in the face of danger. He was even scared after sensing my blood lust when I killed those hoodlums, even

though it wasn't directed at him.

Killing each other is an everyday occurrence in these slums. Someone would even decapitate a kid just to obtain a piece of bread, even fighting to death over a rotten fruit. The psychopathic killers who frequently appeared in the slums were often killed by the ones who controlled the slums.

It's an extremely rare case that a day in the slums ends without a single death. Even now, as I pursue the spy, there are people here in the slums fighting over some food.

Just like in my first life, the spy seemed unaffected by the deaths of others. Perhaps he sensed danger encroaching upon him this time when he saw me slaughter those hoodlums. Maybe that's why he thought he would lose his life if he were to be found.

After the man entered the compound, I waited a bit before entering myself.

There was a familiar looking gate made of steel, safeguarded by two enshrined gargoyle statues.

““The password is?”“

“A~h, I had almost forgotten about these guys...”

I scratched my head, thinking for a moment that I had screwed it up. Last time the password wasn't a problem since I'd forced the spy to guide me. I didn't want to make a messy entrance this time, so I decided to follow him secretly, which meant I'd missed out on the password.

The one I'm going to meet now isn't one of my revenge targets. In fact, he was neither my enemy, nor my ally. I repeat, he's definitely not my ally. He's the type of person who will nonchalantly do anything as long as there's some profit. One who partners with someone only for the profits, and will partner with anyone as long as money is involved.

I only know that he will never tell lies. Aside from that, I have no idea of what methods he's going to use. Since the very beginning, he was someone who declared openly that as long as there is gain, loyalties are not set in stone.

A relation only to use and be used.

Even so, he was the most decent one among the ones that I had a relationship with. In addition, he's the one I want to sell the stolen necklace to. There's no benefit for me if I were to appear as a hostile party at the start of sales negotiations with him. If I screw up my first impressions, then he'll take advantage of it during the negotiations.

I needed to act extremely careful when contacting him. If I don't, he would draw information out even without me noticing. This information would end up being bought by other people, mainly information brokers like the spy. I could always just pay a fee to keep it confidential, and he won't talk about it ever again.

With a healthy body, battle wisdom, decency in alchemy, and his analysis comprehension, which is off the charts, Shitty Glasses is by no means an individual that I can neglect.

"Though it may be sudden, could you let me meet with your boss?"

""The password, please?""

It seems the gargoyles didn't have any intention to hold a conversation. Though I didn't think that Shitty Glasses would keep using the same password, I only knew of one. So without any other option, I try using a password from 3-5 years in the future.

".....[*Inverse fur of the Nezulla Rabbit*]"

""Wrong, leave at once. You're an uninvited guest.""

"Sigh-, if I knew at the beginning that it would end this way then I wouldn't have even tried."

The seemingly immovable gargoyles leapt from their pedestals using their stone wings. They moved towards me, as if I had been marked as a target for elimination. The gargoyles opened their mouths and started to invoke magic, but at the same time, I went to confront them head on.

Unlike the dragon-kin breath, which excels in dealing massive damage over a wide area, the breath of gargoyle just goes straight forward like a laser beam, and has a very limited range too. Even with my skills being sealed, gargoyles, which are man-made, are no match for me as they can only do simple movements.

Slipping through the lasers, I hit one of the gargoyles. Its skin was hard, as expected of



a gargoyle, seemingly impossible to break with my current status. Manipulating my mana, I left my legs and eyes strengthened as they already were, and concentrated the rest of my mana to my arm, strengthening it too, albeit temporarily. Although the parts of the body where magic is collected are greatly enhanced, the other parts weaken dramatically. This made it look like a desperate move, but with these pitiful stats, my second chance at life would be gone if I get hit.

Although I could have avoided using this strategy, it would require the use of a spirit sword, a trump card I wasn't keen on revealing. Even if it couldn't be helped that I'd used the 『Fire Spider Leg Sword』 on the hoodlum, I had to consider that he, Shitty Glasses, could be monitoring me through the gargoyles. I wasn't feeling all that eager to give him information right now.

Moreover, these gargoyles are fire-elementals, in other words, they are able to withstand high temperatures. A fearful opponent indeed for fire magicians, who excel at offensive magic. This rendered the blade's small length and heat ability ineffective against the gargoyles. Making the 『Fire Spider Leg Sword』 the worst choice by affinity.

In exchange, strengthening by mana manipulation manipulates the mana internally, saving MP. While it has downsides, this level of attack from the gargoyle won't possibly hit me.

“Guruuuu!?”

“Gugaa!?”

First I struck out at their wings, breaking them, and in doing so preventing them from taking to the skies. While they were still dazed by my actions, I stepped on their arms, sealing their movements. The gargoyles were helpless as I took their legs into my hands and swung them in the ground, causing their heads to split open like watermelons. But the fight wasn't over yet. Gargoyles could continue fighting no matter the state of their body, as long as they had a source of power that is. I gouged their eyeballs, the source of their power, from their shattered heads, silencing the gargoyles.

“Who!? Who the hell are you!?”

There was a lone man of medium build who seemed to have come to investigate the sounds of battle. He unsheathed his sword in haste and came this way. Since it would

no longer go peacefully, I put my finger in the gargoyle's caved in eye socket and threw its body against the man, causing the gargoyle's neck to be ripped off.

"Guuhaaah!?"

Hit by an unexpected way of attack, the man was unable to evade the gargoyle's body and was flung to the wall.

It seemed like his broken bones may have punctured his internal organs. Backed by a wall, he began to slide slowly to the floor, while he coughed blood.

"You bastard... how dare you beat Hamnz!! "

Leaving the man as it is, I entered through the door and spotted another slim man of delicate features, he drew his sword and started attacking me. This time, using the〔Fire Spider Leg Sword〕, I warded his sword off, and while we were at it, using the gargoyle head that I was holding, I struck his knees with it and made him flinch, and I grabbed his arms while I kicked the man's back to dislocate his arms. In the end, I dislocated all his limbs and hyperextended them.

"Guhh... GUAAAAAAAAA!!??"

"You!! You little shit, how dare you!?"

It would become troublesome if more people were to assault me, so I pour a thick and overpowering blood thirst to some of my magic and released it in an aura.

Though the personnel were different, they were bodyguards employed by Shitty Glasses, anyway. At most, they were middle class adventurers, or fallen knights; in other words, muscle brains without magic resistance, so the mana laced with blood lust did the trick.

I looked around, but I couldn't find the man who was monitoring me. It is highly probable that he is reporting about me, inside Shitty Glasses' office, located at the end of the hall on the second floor.

Suddenly looking down, I found the slender man with the hyperextended limbs. Well, I might as well use him instead of the blood lust. It will be impossible to keep up the friendly act, since I broke his gargoyles and injured his men.

I grabbed the slender man by the nape of his neck and climbed the stairs without even caring about the man who has been groaning in pain as he was constantly hit by the stairs.

When I went straight to the room at the end of the hall, there were “Physical and Magical Barrier” and “Sound-Proof barrier” blocking the way. Because both hands were occupied, I had no choice but to kick the door with the maximum amount of my magic, using mana manipulation technique for an instant.

“Hello, are you perhaps the boss of these slums? “

As it was supposed to be my first encounter with Shitty Glasses, I uttered those words to him.

Inside the room, there was Shitty Glasses that looked at me with a calm face which made it impossible to read his mind, and the stalking target, my guide, that looked at me with a pale face.

“Ah, thanks for guiding me. Just for that, I’m going to forget about the previous matters.”

After I say so, I turn my gaze to Shitty Glasses, and put on my business smile.

It’s the start of our negotiation.

## Chapter 9

# The Hero Sells The Loot And Melts Copper

“You know, that door was supposed to be infused with my special barrier. Resistant to both magical and physical attacks, not to mention soundproof. You’re making me lose confidence in my abilities.”

“My bad, my hands were occupied with your poorly trained dogs. So I had no other choice but to kick it open.”

“My apologies for that. I manage the slums around here, My name is Duphein Gull. Now, could you state your business?”

Shitty Glasses, who referred to himself as Duphein Gull, said that with a smile. It was as though he wasn’t unnerved at all by the chaos that had just unfolded right outside.

Although I had expected that he wouldn’t be disturbed at all, his uncaring attitude was still frustrating. It seemed that threatening him would be useless, so I released my grip on both the gargoyle head and the man I was still dragging.

“What, I only want to make a trade. Ah, before we start, I’ll be paying the 50 gold fee for privacy.”

I casually took off the necklace around my neck as I said that, watching as there was a change in Dupein’s eyes.

“...Jack, forget everything you saw and leave this room right now.”

“Yes- EH?”

The face of the man called Jack turned pale as he responded. He was clearly confused by the current situation, and was unable to grasp the meaning behind those words.

“You should already understand the dangers of knowing too much. Please, leave while you still know nothing.”

“Ah!! Y-YES!!”

Jack hurriedly left the room, his quick actions making it seem as though he was kicked out. I turned my attention away from the spectacle, immediately going over and standing in front of Duphein’s desk.

“Well then, shall we start the negotiations? How much are you willing to pay for this necklace?”

“May I examine it first?”

“Sure, look it over as much as you like.”

After saying that, I placed the necklace on Duphein’s desk.

Duphein picked it up carefully, in a delicate manner. He looked at it from various angles, examining every little detail.

He looked over the magic stones embedded in the necklace one by one, carefully inspecting the settings that held them.

“Quite an amazing trinket you have here, all the magic stones have gone through first-class processing. The necklace uses Magic Silver(Mithril) for the chain connecting the settings, doesn’t it? Above all, the magic spells infused into the gems are superb. Automatic HP recovery, small increase in recovery efficiency, visual image recording, auto-repairing(small), I can pay you as much as 30 gold coins for such a splendid item”

“...30 gold coins, right?”

I should explain the currency of this world here. The coinage of this kingdom is divided into 7 kinds as follows: copper, large copper, silver, large silver, gold, large gold, and lastly, white silver (true silver). 10 coins of one grade are equivalent to 1 coin of the grade above it.

*[TL: 10 copper coin = 1 large copper coin]*

Although I can’t say for sure, as there are differences in value, 1 silver coin should be valued at around 1,000 yen if converted to Japanese currency. Large gold and white silver coins are not something that can be seen in everyday life, except for the large-scale transactions that would normally occur between kingdoms or large businesses.

It's common knowledge that private transactions are done with gold coins at most, anything more would be outside the range of everyday life expenses.

Back to the main topic, the price attached to the necklace was 30 gold, which should be around 3,000,000 yen.

Even though it's imbued with several types of magic, the necklace was nothing but a mere trinket, and 30 gold would have been a decent price. However, that price was only for the quality of the necklace.

"Hey, don't you go probing around in my head."

"Tch!!!"

I glared at him as I released a huge amount of killing intent, but unlike last time, I directed it at him.

"You know exactly how to use it, right? So leave the troublesome things alone, if you can't, maybe I will be able to enjoy killing you?"

That's right, there isn't anyone in this room who doesn't know about it. About the fact that the necklace isn't quite an ordinary necklace. Engraved at the bottom of the magic stone of the necklace was a carved seal which indicated that it was an item related to the royal family: that carved seal made it so it can't be used by anyone except royalty, due to an ancient pact with the great spirit. The reason is because the carved seal was made by the king offering his own blood to have the spirit carve it into the pendant.

This necklace was the reason he had driven his subordinate out of the room; to prevent unskillful handling of the situation. It was also the reason why he stated such a low price, to gain information by observing my reaction, which he would then use to try and gain the upper hand in the transaction.

But, this guy doesn't know what this negotiation means to me.

This is all part of my plan for revenge.

Getting funds is nothing but a trivial matter. To be honest, I could still raise funds for the present even if I were to break it into pieces and sell it. But I brought this necklace here because I believed that he would be able to pull it off naturally. If it was him, he could skillfully send this necklace back to the subordinates of the royal family while

earning a hefty profit from it, in other words, he will be a carrier pigeon.

I hinted for him to prepare himself if he became a hindrance by releasing a heavy coercive pressure and bloodlust for an instant, before immediately cancelling it.

Duphein was astonished for an instant but he returned to his usual self immediately afterwards.

“My apologies for the impoliteness. What I needed to know was whether this was genuine. And I only have the power to handle it. It looks like digging for more from you will cost me too much.”

Kukuku, Chuckling lightly, he took off his monocle and wiped it neatly with a cloth.

“Let’s set the price to 350 gold coins. I will give 10 golds coin as a deposit for now. As can be expected, I can’t prepare such a huge sum of money immediately so please come again tomorrow for the rest. For now, I will return this to you.”

“Is that alright? I might run away with the money, you know?”

“If you really are that kind of person, it will just mean that I my eyes weren’t discerning enough. Here, take it.”

After saying that, Duphein passed me a sack of gold he pulled out from his desk.

“If that’s the case, I will take it with pleasure.”

When I picked up the necklace from the desk, I open the sack and lightly tossed one of the coins from inside the sack to Duphein.

“This, what’s the meaning of this?”

“Nothing, that’s just the reimbursement since I broke various things. Also, we~ll “

I raise the edge of my lips as if I was sneering.

“With this you lost your sight of me, isn’t that right?”

“.....You said the price for the information on your name was 50 gold coins, right?”

“Sorry, it’s not for sale anymore. You just missed your chance and there won’t be a second chance.”

After saying that I stuffed the bag with 9 gold coins inside my pocket and left the place.

“...Ku... KUKUKUKU, since something like this happens once in awhile, I never get tired of these slums.”

Duphein, who was left alone, let out a joyful smile as if he was enjoying it.

In his hand was a slime-like lifeform that was wriggling and mimicking a gold coin, made with Duphein’s alchemy.



Things were advancing according to my plan, so I walked toward the main street in a pleasant mood. Although I thought that there would be guys going after me, such things didn’t happen. I advanced from the deepest part of the slums to the main street.

The sun was also located westward, it would only take a bit more for it to set and complete the day. I want to get to the main street as fast as possible and start searching for an inn. When I consider that this will be the first time in 3 months where I will finally be able to sleep in a regular bedroom where the air isn’t humid, and not in barren lands that steal your body heat; I think it is inevitable that my spirits skyrocketed.

“Oops, this reminds me, if I keep it this way, I won’t be able to use it well.”

To stay in a normal inn, you only need one silver coin and will even be able to get change. Unlike Japan and the likes, it doesn’t come with breakfast and the room is small. To begin with, it is a cheap inn, so even if I were to pay with a gold coin, they won’t have any change. And in high class inns where such problems doesn’t exist, it is required to show my personal identification, so that was impossible from the start.

If it’s possible, I want to exchange some gold coins and get several large copper and silver coins, so I started looking around for money-exchanging businesses.

Although the commission of money-exchanging businesses in the main street is cheaper on so many levels, one would have to show their personal identification to



exchange gold coins or above. That's why, I wish to change the money here in the slums, where I can exchange a large amount of money and be forgotten without an inquiry, even if the fee is somewhat expensive.

"I should go to that place."

I went to a money-exchanging business that I chose randomly.

"Yo, lad. Want to exchange your money?"

The man, who definitely matches the name "muscle daruma", called out in a low tone. To think that the exchangers have an extremely muscular build, or maybe he was publicising that he is considered as the rear shield of some random organization.

"A~h, I want to exchange some gold coins."

"Gold coins? How much?"

"Just one is enough. Please change it to large copper coins and silver coins."

The man took out a scale and put the one gold coin I gave him on the right side of the scale, and then placed a counter weight on the other side.

"Indeed, it is a genuine one. Subtracting the commission, it'll be 5 large silver, 23 silver, and 20 large copper coins."

*[TL : 25% commission]*

His share was 25 silver coins altogether.

"That's expensive."

"If you don't like it, you can exchange it on a legal one, I don't mind it either way."

Although the exchange commission in this place was certainly many times higher than the average of the slums, it wasn't too outrageous either. Since I wanted to quickly start looking for an inn, I just shut up. The man took out large copper, silver, and large silver coins in front of me as he was counting them one by one.

And then, I was able to sense hostility from that man, no, it was also mixed with malice.

There was something. Today, my intuition worked way better than normal, but I still stayed vigilant and watched.

“Done, I shouldn’t have made a mistake when counting them. Here, take it.”

However, I couldn’t detect any suspicious actions from that man. As expected, intuition was still nothing but a feeling, however, even though it was illogical, I could still feel some ill-intent from the man, and understood the reason after receiving the money.

“Ha~h, so this was it. HEY.”

“What? What’s the ma-... kk!?”

I grabbed the neck of the man, who was completely caught off guard, and bashed his body into the wall behind.

“B-bbastard... , what?, I gave you *silver coins*, isn’t that right?...”

“Silver coins? You mean this *copper coin*?”

“Wha-...!?”

As I poured a small amount of mana to the silver coins that he gave me, there was a *clink*-, a snapping-like sound was heard and broke the illusion, transforming it back to a blackened copper coin.

All my skills related to magic perception were lost, and the swords which had perception enhancing passive skills, were sealed. So I couldn’t tell that an illusion was cast on the coin in the first place, without touching the coin. Even though I was in a festive mood, I made such a blunder.

“Tch, you are in the wrong for being deceived. This is the slums, you know!? [Force Up]!!”

To think that he didn’t even try to stop and smooth things over... He threw away the chance to mend it over with such a vulgar expression and used physical ability enhancement magic on himself. I thought that he was just a muscle-headed daruma, but he was unexpectedly from the smart faction.

“Geez, Ha~h, this kingdom is really the worst. Every single one of you.”

I feel completely disgusted. Interrupting my good mood, that guy smirking as he glances at me, and above all...

.....Being seen as a guy who can be deceived easily was the most intolerable.

As if I was the same as the previous me who made the wrong choices, as if there was no change from last time.

Thinking that he's the same kind as the targets of my revenge, who thought of fooling me, made my blood boil in rage and I really wanted to rip his limbs apart right now.

"Ha~h, I really want to puke."

I instinctively filled the hand that was being held by his arm with power.

"GAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!! You bastard, why can't I tear it ooooooff!! "

Although he seized my arm, which was holding his neck, and tried to tear it off, it's impossible for this man to get away from me even if he reinforces himself with Force Up and is unbeatable even by the kingdom's knights, since I had already strengthened my arm with mana some time ago.

"Gah~, Kuhhk, H-how...?"

By the way, this method for concentrating magical power isn't well-known in the general populace. Since there's no sign of me invoking magic, he couldn't understand why he couldn't break free from the hand of man who was way more slender than him.

"Ah, that's right, since something good happened to me today, I can let you off the hook."

"Guh, Geho, GEHO!!"

I came up with something great so I said that, smiling and letting him go.

Maybe he reached a point where he understood that he messed with someone he must avoid, but his face paled as he asked me.

"I just have to apologize, right? I was wrong, it was my fault, I will apologize, apologize to you so please forgive me..."

“Well you don’t have to apologize, you just need to take responsibility earnestly.”

While saying that, I put away all the copper coins that I held in my hand for a moment. And without a sound, I took out the [Fire Spider Leg Sword]. This Spirit Sword is really playing an active role today.

“W-wait!! Please wait!!”

Normally, the punishment for counterfeiting money is chopping both arms off the culprit along with huge amount of debt. Although the punishment for counterfeiting money as a matter is, of course, issued with the backing of this kingdom, the culprit will be unable to return their debt due to his lost arms and might try to sell himself as a slave, or commit suicide.

The muscle daruma shouted and panicked because he remembered about such a thing and thought that I would cut off his arms with my dagger.

“What’s the matter, do you think that I will chop your arms off? Don’t worry, I won’t do that. In the first place, there’s no way I can do that with a sword of this size, right?”

Though it’s certain that I have more than enough power to sever them, I said that line while sneering at him.

“See, this little guy has a somewhat interesting ability. Usually, it can only be used as a campfire or grill, however, maybe due to the influence of its former life as a monster, it displays a tremendous amount of power when used against a certain material.”

“Hah? Eh?”

The Prominence Spider was the acquisition condition for the [Fire Spider Leg Sword]. It is a blazing big spider which lives in the lava cave.

They were never required to hunt to get their meal despite being a demon themselves. The staple food of Prominence Spiders are various minerals that exist inside the lava cave, it lowers the melting point of the minerals with its unique flame, which is called *Poison Flame*, then eats the dissolving syrupy minerals. In short...

“As I thought, to atone is to accept punishment of a far worse proportion than what you did. That’s why, I’ll have you eat them all with that lying mouth of yours, what do you think?”

Right after saying that, I broke both his legs and arms so that he couldn't escape.

“G-GYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!”

His hoarse scream resounded through the streets of the slums. However, his nightmare had yet to end.

“Well then, let's start with the first coin.”

I forcibly opened his mouth with something made with a material similar to iron that I casually found close to me.

And as I poured a considerably large amount of magical power into the 『Fire Spider Leg Sword』 that I held in my hand, I placed a copper coin on top of it. The copper immediately melted and slowly slid down the blade of the dagger.

“GyAAAAAAGAHGAAAAAHGAAAAAaa!!!!!!”

The blazing hot liquid dripped down as it emitted a dull light, and it roasted the man's innards.

He won't die easily though.

The 『Fire Spider Leg Sword』 can easily dissolve metals, since it can lower the melting point of the metals.

Though it's hot, it's just about  $300^{\circ}\text{C}$  at the most. If it's just at this degree, the possibilities of him surviving are high.

“Look! Here comes the second coin. There still are 46 left. You can still endure it because of your activated Force Up, right? Oy, the third one is coming.”

With each lump of scorching liquid dripping down, I let out a sneering smile while enjoying the soundless screams of the muscle daruma.

# Chapter 10

## The Hero Is Punishing And Considering, And Crafting An Evil Plan

The surroundings already began to darken as I finished forcing the currency exchanger muscle daruma to swallow all the molten copper coins. Maybe in an hour, the sun will fall completely.

The man, after being forced to swallow, seemed to have used up the last of his remaining strength to withstand it, fell as he was no longer conscious. Right now, he is violently spasming at my feet.

Well, he did continuously use his Force Up until the very end, so it's quite probable that he will survive even if I leave him be. Well, that's only in the case that anybody cared enough to heal him though.

"Mmm, it wouldn't be fair if I were to give him the killing blow..."

I acted as I was stimulated and angered by the memories of those who betrayed me, however, I did clearly declare that "if you swallow all the copper coins, I will forgive you", so I have to abide it, for my own good. If I were to break my vow and use my force, just to calm my feelings, then, I would probably become just like them.

I don't think that there is any possibility that he will ever try to sabotage my revenge. He did pay for his crimes, so any more than this would cease to be "Retribution".

I did become an avenger, but I did not become a demon murderer.

If I were, at some point, to find pleasure in killing; then I would die before I get my revenge as I would transform into someone else. I cannot let that happen. I made a vow to myself to get my "Revenge", so I cannot allow myself to make a single mistake on where I draw the line.

He is the one of whom the target of my wrath is, so I cannot allow myself to screw it up for the second time, not in a one in a million chance.

“Nevertheless, to think that the human body is this resilient...”

To tell the truth, I didn't expect him to survive until the end; this muscle daruma bastard is sturdier than I thought. I predicted that he would die after the 20th coin.

I wanted to use him as an example, so I deliberately made it so that it would be horrifying for the others. However, if I were to leave him alive, I would be categorized in the slum as someone seemingly naive.

Nevertheless, I'm not remotely planning to cure him. So even if the guys who are hiding nearby flock around us, I won't give a damn. In the end, it was just due to the fact that “I let him off because I wanted to”. I don't mind one way or another if he survives or dies because of this. After all, he is still a citizen of this country who doesn't deserve my help.

I took the money that should be mine that was replaced with counterfeits made with illusion magic, which was exactly 5 large silver, 23 silver, and 20 large copper coins, and put them inside the bag full of gold coins.

As I finished packing the coins until it was full, I started to walk away. I never heard of what happened to that man.



“Well then.”

At the edge of the town, the side road 1 to 2 streets away from the main street.

I entered an inn that I chose randomly, and I put the cases I was carrying under my armpits to the ground. The 20 cases that I had bought on my way here are making a sound as if there was glass inside of them.

Inside of the bottles, there was blue liquid which is valued at 4 large silver coins, known as the MP Potion.

“First off, I have to check my status, there is something I'm concerned about.”

Thinking that, I opened the status window.

In this world, there are 3 ways to increase your status abilities.

The first one is the basic body strengthening and training which would fortify and correct the base.

For body strengthening the strength, endurance, and agility status are improved; magic wise, if you were to spend your mana to the limit, then, it could increase your mana capacity. However, the strengthening pace isn't that high even though it shouldn't be ignored.

It doesn't mean that the status will increase exponentially as long as you keep training, instead, it means that there is a limit for races, excluding the species such as dragons which are strong without high levels.

The next one is enhancement through skills. They are mainly divided into two types, ones which are usually active all the time, the 『Passive Skills』, while the other ones are only occasionally active, the 『Active Skills』. It is not like there aren't any exceptions to these two, but it could be basically separated into these two types.

Among them, there are 『Passive Skills』 that can buff the status. There are skills which are commonly known and aren't complicated like [Body Strengthening] or [Endurance Enhancement]. Other skills like [HP Regeneration Improvement] buff the HP. And the skill [Mana Efficiency] enhances statuses such as magic resistance among others.

And to stray off the topic for a bit, contrary to 『Active skills』 like [Sky Walk] or [Haste] which rely on the consumption of HP and MP to operate, simply invoking actions or repetition won't let you earn 『Passive skills』 or level them.

These 『Passive skills』 require several established conditions to level up, for example, the [Tracking Lv2] skill was earned by following the 『Without the target realizing, follow him for 10 minutes or more』 condition. Furthermore, it adds a correction for agility.

Regarding the classification of my soul sword, it can be considered to have both passive and active skills. Using the soul sword as a weapon, the part which uses its special ability could be considered as an 『Active Skill』, on the other hand, there are passive skills that come along with the awakening of a soul sword.

For example, the 『Verdant Green Crystal Sword』 enhances physical strength, endurance, and magical resistance, while the 『Fire Spider Leg Sword』 buffs statuses such as agility and endurance.



However, according to the calculations, the soul sword could only increase [+50] on status while skills buff only a percentage of the status, which becomes something like a bonus as you train your basic abilities.

So, returning to the topic, the third option to increase status is simply to level up. Although physical training increases the fundamentals like leveling, it doesn't come close to leveling.

Leveling up can be only done by accumulating experience, and you can get it from "killing things or living beings who have consciousness or instinct". Of course, that includes humans, and the reward increases proportionately to the difference in status.

Truthfully speaking, there is another way to increase your status, but that hasn't been disclosed to the public, and individuals who are aware of it won't reveal it because of certain reasons, which is why I won't disclose it now.

And because of the experience from the 6 hoodlums and the 2 gargoyles (the bodyguards from Duphein's mansion should have been saved with recovery potions), so I should have earned some, but:

"...I'm still level 1. Why is that?"

When I killed those hoodlums, I thought that it was because of their low level and they were even lower than me who has all the corrections, however, I'm sure that those gargoyles from Duphein's mansion had even higher stats than me. I have proof since I gave them a punch to the stomach that didn't even flinch them. I thought that it was strange so I had no other choice than to touch the part of the screen where [Level] was written.

Then as I looked at the displayed screen, I cast my eyes down in shame.

Actual Level: 1
Experience points accumulated: -20000/150 Remaining earned experience points: 1012

"Dear Goddess of the Earth, it is true that you said the regression from time transition would have to be dealt with, but aren't you overdoing it with the negative points?"

I complained instinctively. I sighed lightly and moved on.

Although there was a display of the actual level and accumulated experience points from time ago, I have never seen the [Remaining earned points] option on the bottom before. I knew instinctively what that was for, but I had to make sure by tapping the display.

Please decide on the experience points to be distributed.

Points left 1012

[[ 0 0 0 0 0 0 ]] YES / CANCEL

## ステータス

現在レベル：1

獲得経験値 -20000/150

獲得した経験値残量 1012

獲得した経験値の配分量を決定してください。

残量 1012

【000000】 YES / CANCEL

【始まりの心剣 ▽】

【火蜘蛛の脚剣 ▽】

【翠緑の晶剣 ▽】

【魔繕の鈎刃 ▽】

【復讐の聖剣 ▽】



“As I thought.”

Selecting the number input field, a dial display appears with a scroll which controls it. It seems that with this, I can decide on the distribution of the experience points. Perhaps, it was changed since the soul swords now need to be unlocked by accumulating experience points.

For the time being, I now know that I won't be able to level up for some time. Because there are a lot of negative experience points, for some time, I will be forced to hunt so I can level up. Even though the level increases, if there is no difference between status, there won't be a juicy amount of points; even if the difference between levels exists, there is the correction done by all the soul swords, so without prey as extravagant as the gargoyles, I won't be able to save experience points.

After closing this tab, I went to open the soul sword's tab.

In an instant, I checked the list which indicates all the soul swords that are available right now.

“So, the ones I can use are the [Soul Sword of the Beginning], [Fire Spider Leg Sword], [Verdant Green Crystal Sword], [Magical Mending Hook Sword], and finally, [Holy Sword of Vengeance], huh.”

To be able to unlock each of the other types of Soul Swords, I need around 3000 or more experience points. Furthermore, the swords require more experience points to unlock as their priority gets higher. However, I'll think about it later.

For a period of time, I'm going to review the properties of the swords which could be the main weapon again, one by one.

“The Holy Sword of Vengeance, so it was like that huh...”

After I revived in my second try, to think that the reason that I became more sensitive regarding evil intentions and hostility was because of its passive skill. So it seems, that something like my sixth sense will alert me if someone is directing such intentions at me. Apart from that, I looked for some of the other details of its abilities.

The conditions for acquisition were indicated at the bottom: those were [1. To swear with absolute certainty, vengeance on more than 10 guys whom you trusted; 2. To be given more than a fixed amount of physical damage in total by those who are targets

for revenge.]]

That's why I was able to obtain this sword at death's door.

"Speaking of which, what happened to that..."

After reviewing the abilities once more, I scrolled down the list of Soul Swords again.

In it, there was a [ [ ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ] ] section that displayed a mystery Soul Sword.

It was added suddenly after I impaled her, the Demon Queen.

It didn't change the display even after my second life, and it doesn't show anything after I select it.

Differing from the other Soul Swords, it is not disabled by a lack of experience points, and neither it is marked with a key mark, but, it is still colored in gray.

"Anyhow, I cannot be this optimistic..."

With my actual status, I will probably be gradually worn down if more than 70 of the king's knights surround me.

I should be increasing my abilities as fast as possible, by acquiring skills to enhance myself. I'm in no position to drop my guard.

"As I thought, I should buy it tomorrow. It should also be of help when I exit the town"

I put all the things in order inside my mind that I require before I leave this town.

Then, after finishing with all the miscellaneous matters, I moved onto the main event.

I put the necklace on the middle of the table and prepare the Lower Grade MP potions within my left hand's reach so I can drink it at any moment. And I grasp a substitute knife blade, the [ [ Magical Mending Hook Sword ] ] which has a key-like shape at the tip of the hook blade.

"Aaagh, I wanted to see it with my own eyes, it's deplorable but there is no option, huh. Wait, no, if I were to ask Shitty Glasses, couldn't he send me the recording without

being discovered?”

It is a merely trivial plan for harassment, however, I certainly want to see with my own eyes, the faces that the king, queen, and the princess make. If I were to twitch it in the direction of excessive acting, it could be of great assistance.

Besides, the time which I spend with the king and the queen is rather short, so I have no certainty of which punishment I should give to them at this point. Although it is dangerous, I should get the information.

I’m reluctant to ask more favors of Shitty Glasses, but under these circumstances, I don’t have any other choice. For my revenge, I would even lower my head to him.

“However... kukukuu...”

I laughed while I thought of the moment when I succeed on my scheme.

It’s not like I’m not tired after all the things that happened today. But my top priority right now is this over taking a rest. Putting it with other words, I won’t be able to sleep without finishing this.

As I poured my mana into the [Magical Mending Hook Sword], I was making progress on my work while humming happily.

# Chapter 11

## The Hero Sing, Overslept, And Negotiate

“Lala～lan♪ lalan♪ la～lanlalalala ♪”

Morning. As the sky, colored black like shadows, slowly bleached, with a complicated lightly mood, I was humming a melody in an eerily enthusiastic manner which echoed within a room of an inn somewhere inside the royal capital.

“lala～, lalanlan♪ lalala～, lala♪”

In the end, because of the several difficult manufacturing processes, I had to reluctantly give up on going to bed that I’ve been missing over the last 3 months. Using my anger as the fuel for my vengeance soul, I gulped magic potions one after another and rushed the project.

Even after all the stuff that has happened, my body and spirit were fatigued, but it felt like they were saying [Aren’t you enjoying it?] as I spent the night immersing myself in manufacturing. The moment I finished the difficult part of the process, I fell into a weird trance. Although I didn’t need to drink the low-grade mana potions anymore, I drank all the remaining ones left, because my mind wasn’t working properly.

Even though I realized that my conscious state was in a dangerous situation, I rely on the adrenaline that was gushing out as I contemplated the modified necklace. Then, humming the rad\*o train\*ng music, I stretched my body. If I were to bathe in the sunlight, I should be able to relax from the high tension of the night work.

[Daily: Not sure why that was censored >.>]

“[You’re so loud!! Do you have any idea what time it is!!]”

“Uooh、 so-sorry...”

Suddenly, there was a loud noise across the other room, and in an instant, I went back to my usual self again. Not only it was a long time ago since I stayed at an inn, but I

also was all alone during my fugitive days, so I completely forgot about troubling other people.

This is bad, the inns at this level have really slim walls, so it's quite possible that they have heard my moody singing. This is terrible; I want to die so badly, it's really embarrassiing!!!

“[I’ve been saying it over and over, shut the fuck up!!]”

After I dived into my bed and rolled over on it, my neighbor hit the wall once again.

It seems that I haven't yet returned to a completely sane state. My creative ability has hit rock-bottom. Really sorry about that. Because I have fallen into despair, I'm going to sleep.

Although it's been awhile since I have slept in a bed, I can't allow myself to completely fall asleep and oversleep. I wanted to prepare a few things before leaving the city.

Even though the princess has ordered them to stay away from the summoning area until the next day, they should have already realized, and she should be receiving treatment right now. I believe that it will take some time to mend those injuries since quite some time has passed since then, but I want to leave the capital at the end of the day.

Seeing the bed with such a regret, I sat down and leaned beside the window where the light of the day could wake me up as I closed my eyes.



I splendidly overslept, the end.

...Well, it's because I never would have thought that it would suddenly become cloudy. What about your first time? There is no way that I would have remembered about the weather of the day after the summoning.

That's why the sun has already risen, and it should be approaching noon. Immediately, I checked out of the villa and decided to postpone preparations for my escape. Then, I ate something from a decent food stall and proceeded inside the slums.



It seems that the warning from yesterday served its purpose, since I was able to reach my destination without any hoodlums' interference.

I passed the currency exchange shop while I was at it, but there were other staff who were attending the place. After they saw my face, they bowed in fright, so I decided to grin at them, but I wonder why they seemed to pale even more.

It's not like I'm here to start a fight. Unless I have a reason that is.

[Daily: Yeah, wtf, I wonder why?]

As I reached the place where the gargoyles are set, as if yesterday's event never happened (on the contrary, they've been slightly enhanced), I realized that I still don't know the secret password.

Without any time to think, the gargoyles told me *“Enter”*. It's great that they have already made some arrangements.

And then, after I reached Duphein's base, the bodyguards from yesterday's incident sent me piercing glances.

“It's not like I'll attack you unprovoked. Don't be nervous, aren't you bodyguards?”

While frowning my eyebrows, I talked to them while mixing in a sigh, but I wasn't able to relieve them from their nervousness. Although it is the proper attitude, since dropping your guard in this slum could be lethal, it's not on the level where being tense will make a difference, so I believe that it's disadvantageous if you exhaust yourself being so tense.

When I went upstairs like yesterday, I found Duphein waiting with a smile on his face, and on his desk, there were 4 bags in which the gold coins were divided almost evenly. And inside the small one, there should be the remaining 40 gold coins.

“With this, there should be currency equivalent to 340 gold coins. Do you want to corroborate?”

“There is no need. The one sitting in that chair isn't someone petty and would take some of the money.”

The real reason is because I considered it a hassle, but I decided flatter him

halfheartedly.

“Without further ado, this is the necklace.”

“I thank you from the bottom of the heart, I got something really valuable. Nh? Kh, this is...”

Duphein, who received the necklace, seemed to realize something. I made sure to apply a disguise which could fool common alchemists and magicians, that’s why people with such a level of perception and intellect are hard to deal with.

“Haah, with this, direct negotiations with the royal family will be impossible.”

“Don’t you think that it will be funny if you shove it on some noble who is a hindrance to you? Besides, from the start, you didn’t even remotely think of using such a high-risk strategy like making direct negotiations with the royal family, so don’t try to fool me.”

It’s something from the last time; originally the royal family, in brief, the actual king, the queen, and the princess tolerate the slum as a necessary evil; however, they don’t want to recognize the existence of the slum. It is because rumors of the demon lord’s existence have been propagating rapidly, that the products have been bought out constantly and the prices have been increasing exponentially, leading to the development of the slum’s infrastructure.

If negotiations were to be done directly, it is obvious that they would push the blame onto the slum and try to tie them up. They would accuse the slum of working with the thief and numerous crime slaves will be born, who will then be forced by the kingdom to work, whittling away their lives for the sake of productivity.

If they were to do that, it is quite obvious that it will instigate a rebellion, but we are talking about royalty who thinks that their status is irrefutably theirs. They have never thought of a possibility that it might initiate a rebellion.

By the way, the first time, when they did something similar behind my back and caused a revolt, they framed me, who had just defeated the demon king, by making the citizens believe that I was the one behind it all. I believe that they will try to shift the blame once again, only this time with a different scapegoat.

“Nevertheless, I crushed the possibility of you gaining a favor from some influential

aristocrat. That's why I'm going to pay you 20 gold coins for the trouble fee, and if you were to accomplish something I request, then I would add 20 more. Are you interested?"

"I don't mind giving you a discount on the trouble fee or additional fees if you teach me how you were able to add all these modifications in only one night."

"I lament to inform you that it is a trade secret. Well then, can you do it?"

"I cannot answer you without hearing the details first."

Duphein shrugged his shoulders a little bit.

"Naturally, my request isn't something so difficult to accomplish. I want you to prepare an alchemic creature like the one that you used to transform into a gold coin to use as my eyes. I want it to be disposable and to be able to magically record a video of what happens at the castle, then disguise itself into something like a bird and return to my side."

"If they are able to discover its source, the repercussions I receive will be large. The additional fee is 80 gold coins."

"That's the time to show your skills, 30 gold coins."

"No, no, it is not about if it's possible or not, but it's about how large the demerits are if I were to fail. 70 gold coins."

"Che-, anyhow, you will use a method similar to how you collect information from the nobles, won't you? Only that, in this case, the target is going to be the royal family. 50 gold coins."

"I consider that the risk between doing it to a noble and to royalty differs greatly. 60 gold coins, also, it seems that the sky is beginning to clear."

Then, in the middle of the negotiation, Duphein who was watching me this entire time, smiles and looks at the window. It looks like he is expressing his intention that he won't budge any more than this.

"...I got it, that's enough. You truly are a greedy glasses bastard."

“Don’t you know that praising me won’t change anything? With this, the negotiations are complete. Well then.”

Duphein laughed as if he was mocking me, and after saying that, he pulled out precisely 40 gold coins, counted them, and put them in an empty bag, which he took out from his desk.

If added to the bag that was partially full, it would be exactly 80 gold coins. 20 from the nuisance charges, and 60 from the result of the negotiation, were collected as the result.

“Thus, this is the radio receiver of the “prying eye”. If it’s activated successfully, it should link and display the recorded video from the transmitting end of the “prying eye”.”

Duphein showed me a little bottle that had a gold-colored substance inside of it which felt like metal.

I picked up the little sealed flask and kept it inside my bag.

“Geez, I’m wondering why it is that the good that I asked for just a moment ago had already been made?”

“I lament to inform you that it is a trade secret.”

Duphein seemed to retaliate because of the conversation of while ago, as he smiled sarcastically and laughed.

“Haah~... Well then, I pray that we won’t meet again.”

Somehow, even though I’m thinking that it will be impossible after all, but I still used abusive language.

“That’s sad. As far as I’m concerned, I don’t mind if you visit me.”

I don’t know how serious Duphein’s response is.

Since I can only imagine that Duphein would always grin like that with whatever response I could give, I decided to leave without saying anything special. I felt that I kinda lost, but I didn’t give it another thought.

Nevertheless, I believe that Duphein will pull it off.

The plan's success solely depends on if there's someone inside the royal palace who could realize the slight difference of the necklace like Duphein; however, she was always wearing the necklace wherever she went in my past life. I don't know if she either has any emotional attachment to it or has a special reason for wearing it, but considering the princess's personality, she will wear the necklace herself without checking it first.

If she does that...

"Ku ku ku, it will be great if she falls into the trap perfectly."

Thinking when it will be the day, my mood became great. I remembered those days where I was living the life of a fugitive, all the time I was running, and running, and all I was thinking of was my survival. Everyday, 24/7, for one complete year, I wasn't able to live a fulfilling life, because I had to be aware of my surroundings and couldn't even get the time to think of unnecessary things.

I've been thankful for the second chance given to me. Imagining the faces that the king, queen, and knights would have when they see the princess's face warped by the agony next to them, I, in a euphoric mood, was walking the slum's streets.

"Ah, to think that it would be this fulfilling just thinking about all of the people I plan to take revenge on."

# Chapter 12

## The Hero Makes Eye Contact

After leaving Duphein's base, I first made my way to the edge of the slums once again.

Although I was going to carefully assess all of the goods I needed to procure the advance payment that I received yesterday, since I screwed up my schedule and had received a generous amount of money before the preparations, I decided to make the bigger purchases first.

Carrying my rucksack stuffed with a sack full of coins (in this world, for all trips on foot, people would normally prepare bags like this), I headed to a part of the slum where there were even fewer people.

Adventurers and employees who changed into filthy clothes were roaming about this street, a really unique business area where it does pay poor people no heed.

This is a black market in which banned articles assemble.

Illegal documents, drugs, stolen goods, curse catalysts, and of course, slaves.

Debt Slaves who lost their place, crime slaves who committed felonies, ransom slaves who were sold for money, and war slaves who were knights from another country that were turned into slaves.

The crime and war slaves are usually forced to work on mines managed by the kingdom. While the rest of them are treated as goods at slave stores.

I don't know how they treat the slaves. The treatment of slaves is all up to the owners, however, they don't usually display the slaves being mistreated or overworked to the point of collapse. Basically, it's because the slaves are expensive merchandise.

Thus, the stores that proudly establish themselves on the capital's main street are slave providers for nobles, which have a lot of quality slaves, but they are required to be bought by nobles, millionaires, or people with letters of introduction from such personage.

So people without connections or the affluence to afford expensive slaves come to buy slaves here in the slums.

I walked around the area aimlessly with the help of my memories from my first life.

As usual, guys who looked rough became pale as soon as they saw me and left the place.

“I was sure that I did *that* to give a warning... but did I overdo it?”

Thinking that maybe it was a strong impetus, I pondered about how much the information has propagated since yesterday.

To tell the truth, that exchanger staff (Daruma) was an ex-adventurer, a key figure in the upper ranks, known for his skill and competency in using magic to enhance physical strength and create illusions. And I, who one-sidedly overwhelmed him, was considered to be a threat in the eyes of the citizens in the slums whose creed was mayhem.

“Well I don’t care, it’s better if annoying people don’t approach me.”

As I was rounding up such thoughts, I reach my intended destination. With that, I found and entered into a random declining slave shop. To accomplish my objectives, it is much more convenient to prevent myself from entering the eyes of the public as much as possible.

Inside the store, there wasn’t anyone aside from me at the counter. After the store manager, who seemed free, evaluated me by looking mockingly from head to toe, he talked rowdily as he didn’t consider me as a guest of honor.

[Daily: Oh boy, here we go again. I feel like I’m reading a CN novel]

“Are you looking for slaves? Excuse me for my impoliteness, but about how much is your budget?”

“I have around 10 gold coins, and I need one person. If you show me the slaves that you could sell me, I will then take a pick by myself.”

Considering my budget to spend for necessary travel goods, and thinking about how much money would I need in the future, I responded with a suitable answer.

By the way, it seems that if you were to buy a slave marketed for nobles from a store on Main Street, you would be spending several gold coins, and depending on the quality, you could end up spending white gold coins. In this slum, you can find everything from cheap to expensive goods, however, the price of a slave is at least 3 gold coins. Since the average slave's price is around 7 to 8 gold coins, if I say that my budget is around 10 coins, I should be able to see most of the slaves.

"Pardon me for my rudeness, but do you really have such a budget on your hands?"

The slave merchant was looking suspiciously in my direction thinking that I wouldn't have that kind of money. If I were a noble's son, I would be buying a slave on Main Street; on the other hand, I look too skinny to be an adventurer. Being able to separate people easily into types from a very young age, he couldn't believe that this greenhorn would have that much cash.

Even though I know his reason for suspicion, I'm still pissed off since he is making light of me.

"...Is this sufficient for you?"

I don't need to restrain myself, so I pulled out a sack of coins from my rucksack and purposely made a noise as I put the sack on the desk while declaring.

"Th-there is no problem at all! I will now lead you to the cages."

The instant that I had proved that I had gold, he changed his attitude splendidly which made me remember that detestable person and strained my face a little bit. However, it won't change anything even if I were to shout at this man in front of me, so I decided to just follow him quietly.

In the inner part of the shop, there were cages with iron bars, which had inside of them humans who are probably slaves with their extremities tied up with handcuffs and with dark gazes.

In this world, the notion of essential things such as nutritional science and hygiene didn't even exist, nevertheless, it was a harsh environment.

I want a slave to use as a disguise the moment I leave the Kingdom's royal capital. In the end, when they assemble personnel to search for me, they only have limited characteristics to identify me with, just my black hair and strange clothing. Also, if



there were two, it would be a lot easier to get out of the city.

There's also one more reason.

It's because I need a practice partner for my skills. There are several skills which can't be trained by oneself. And since I have the Holy Sword of Vengeance, I wouldn't have any problems since I should be able to detect ill intent. However, I don't want to make friends or companions, so that's why I want a slave.

After I use the slave to raise my level skills decently, I will give him some compensation money and free him. And in the worst case where he becomes a thorn for my revenge, then I can just kill him, and I wouldn't have a problem with it either.

Well, disgusting and evil acts like casting away someone after using him/her just like them makes me want to puke, even if he/she is a slave. If the slave doesn't become my enemy, I don't plan to do such a thing.

Since the slave would probably learn the basic skills to survive as he/she will just help me raise my skills' level, it won't end like throwing him/her out defenseless. If we establish a business-like relationship between us, that would be the best. I would like to develop a first class relationship which pays each other's services with justified profit.

That's the kind of thought I was having.

...So, I'll be keeping an eye out until I find that certain slave.

"I would recommend the slaves inside this cage since all of them are hard working. If you want one of those slaves, then it will be a little more expensive but within this cell I..."

"Hey, how about the one hanging in the last cell?"

"Yes? Ah yes, that girl. She is scheduled to be disposed of in the near future. Since I have heard that some honorable nobles who are living in the royal capital prefer that kind stuff, I went to all the trouble of bringing her here. However, she won't quit showing hostility. Even though she's given punishment via the slave seal, she would still show resistance until death's door; so even if her figure is good, since she will try to grab her owner's neck and try to kill the client with the price of her life, nobody wants her anymore."

Inside the royal capital, religious human supremacy has been deeply establishing its roots. Among them, species like beastmen and any other species different from humans have been receiving abuse. However, inside the kingdom, you usually don't see any beast-kin, and the kingdom can't get along with the Beast-kin's kingdom, located on the opposite border of the Empire, sandwiching the Empire together with the Kingdom. Incidentally, the beast-kin's Kingdom has a dogma of Supremacy of the beast-kin, so there's no difference in the treatment of humans in beast-kin's Kingdom, and beast-kin in the Kingdom; it goes both ways.

"Hey, I've decided. I pick her."

"What? But... that is a beast-kin, so even if it's contrary to her look, she could still asphyxiate you with her great physical strength..."

"I don't mind. I will pay you 10 gold coins for her so make a contract already, and I won't complain about it later."

"Haaa~, if that's so, there is no problem on our behalf... Is it your first time buying a slave?"

"Well, it is."

"If that's the case, you have to tattoo yourself with a master crest."

"Master crest?"

"Yes, if you supply mana to the master crest, the carved slave crest will react and cause sharp pain that could restrict the slave's movement to a certain extent."

But first, I returned to the lobby's counter and signed the purchase contract.

Then, to register for the master crest, I signed on another document.

The contract itself is a magic tool with an integrated magic circle, so when one signs it, it burns itself and a magic circle appears on the back of the one who will be the master, making it a convenient tool.

〔System Message: You have unlocked Slave Trainer's Whip Sword.〕

It seems that I got a new soul sword, but I will check it out later.

“Lastly, you have to pour mana on your master crest, directly pile it on her slave crest, and put her under your control, then the contract will be done.”

“With that, doesn’t the possibility of overwriting the contract with another master crest exists?”

“It’s alright. A slave crest will change shape in accordance with the master crest that overwrites it first, and its shape can’t be changed or modified until the contract is canceled.”

Returning to the back room once again, I head to the inside of the cell.

I opened the rusted iron bar door which made a creaking sound and entered the prison cell.

“.....”

Inside the jail, was a slave. A woman of the rabbit-kin with a gag in her mouth, handcuffs in her hands, which tied her at both ends, and an iron ball attached to her leg, which was a countermeasure for escaping, all tied up.

Having wounds all over her body, she was wearing clothes just in case, which were probably painted black with her blood in several places. Her hair had a color that was too dark to be considered orange, maybe a dark flax color, and her long hair, after being deprived of proper care, was losing moisture, being damaged and dried up.

Her rabbit ears, which was proof that she was a beast-kin, were drooped down, and since she was deprived of food for a long time, her body, which you could tell that it had a great figure from her physique, was underfed. Her arms, legs, and face were thin beyond normal, and her eyes showed tiredness.

I didn’t know how long she had been in this state. Her stamina has hit rock bottom, and she is in a state where she couldn’t even groan. Obviously, she wasn’t allowed to take a bath, so her body was filthy all over, and she was in a terrible condition no matter who saw her. However...

“Yeah, as I thought, you have beautiful eyes.”



Yes, even if she was in this state, only her eyes weren't dead.

The blackest of the black, deep within the shadows; a dark flame that engulfed everything like magma.

Body's wounds gouge the soul.

Usually, it wouldn't be weird if she were to relinquish everything, even her consciousness, and fall into despair.

Even after all that, her eyes were bursting with an unyielding heat as if that was her instinct, her intention.

It's really, really beautiful a gaze for revenge.

Touching her skinny face, I looked into her gaze as if I was peering deep into her.

Aside from detecting ill intention and hostility, the 『Holy Sword of Vengeance』 can do one more thing: it can see through others' vengeful souls. This holy sword, let me know about her soul of vengeance.

However, even without such a thing, I would be able to realize it.

It's because her eyes which were full of vengeance were extremely clear without any murkiness.

"Do... n't touch... Hu... man."

Giving a sharp gaze, she showed her teeth with clear intentions of intimidation.

This girl is without a doubt, one of my kind.

A living being who can't be apart from vengeance as they lived.

A being who can't move on without exacting revenge.

Like me, a being who has a burning hot desire compressed deep inside that could perhaps melt everything.

"....."

First off, I should finish with the slave contract.

Storing magic on the back of my hand, I made contact with her slave crest which was located at the nape of her neck.

“Gh-AAAAAAHHHAAAAAH!!”

The slave crest brightened as it reacted with magic, and the carved seal changed its form.

As the light dimmed, the screams from withstanding the pain ceased.

I pulled out HP and MP potions that I prepared for emergencies from my bag, and shoved the contents directly into her mouth.

“NnGhuhh-Gh-uuuu!!”

“With this, you should be able to talk better.”

Since the appraisal soul sword is still sealed, I can’t know of her condition. However, it is obvious that she is under a status problem which lowers all her stats.

HP and MP have some kind of correlation with stamina. If her HP and MP are recovered, even if she wasn’t able to bring out the usual strength within her, she should still be able to move like normal.

“Why...”

“Who do you want to kill?”

That voice echoed softly within the cell.

I just stare at her dark zeal that dwells deep inside her eyes which are the same color as her hair.

I just ask her about her burning desire.

“You, who do you want to take revenge on?”

# Chapter 13

## The Way A Certain Beast Girl Was Broken (1)

“There really isn’t any food to be found, is there...?”

“Seems that way. You’d think that after all this searching we would’ve found something at least...”

North of Aurelia Kingdom, there was an impoverished village that lay just before the border of the neighboring Gligar Empire. One particular year, a young girl—who had just become 15 years old—had gone exploring a snow-blanketed forest. She was accompanied by her childhood friend Lucia, who was of a similar age.

In this region, are extreme variations in temperature for each season. Though this usually resulted in bountiful harvests, once every ten-or-so years the village would suffer a poor harvest.

In such occasions, before winter arrived, the villagers would enter the nearby forest in order to gather and store away the last of its blessings.

This year was one such year; they had once again been hit with a poor harvest.

Though they would usually stockpile food in preparation for winter, the temperature dropped sooner than they had expected. As a result, they were unable to store a sufficient amount of food before the forest became blanketed with snow. In an effort to secure more food, a few men of the village embarked on a hunting expedition. In an effort to help, these two children had gone into what was considered a prohibited part of the forest—after slipping past adults’ loose supervision.

“Minnalis-chan, I’m sorry for making you come here with me. Just because I said that I wanted Keril to have a full belly on his birthday.”

“No, it’s fine. Besides, it was me who proposed that we should enter the forest anyway. I feel the same as you do Lucia, I also want to do it for Keril’s birthday.”

The smallest of the two girls, Lucia, began shaking her wavy shoulder-length blonde

hair, as she attempted to apologize. The other girl simply shook her head, as if saying not to mind it.

The two girls had decided to come here instead of going to their childhood friend's birthday. They were attempting to find something tasty for their friend to eat by entering the forest without telling the adults.

However, the amount of snow that had piled up in the forest this year was more than usual. The trees still had leaves, yet they didn't bear any fruits. Not to mention that the snow concealed both roots and edible wild plants, making their objective much harder to complete.

Regardless, the girls continued to search the interior of the forest from top to bottom. In the village, they had heard about a special fruit that could only be found growing from a certain tree during the cold season. It was said to be extremely delicious.

As the two girls proceeded onwards into the forest, they left a zigzagging trail through the snow. Soon they set foot into the depths of the forest, a place that they were taught to never enter.

"Hey, Minnalis-chan, shouldn't we head back soon?"

"Y-yeah. Even though we didn't find any fruit, I guess we probably should..."

Listening to the unsteadiness in Lucia's voice, the girl began to feel a bit more relieved about her own anxiety.

Despite the appearance of the forest remaining unchanged, there was a noticeable difference in the surrounding atmosphere.

Though Lucia, who was nothing more than an average village girl, wasn't able to perceive the change in atmosphere. The one who was feeling more of it, *the one concealing the powers of a beastman*, was the more sensitive girl. It was her who had accurately sensed the change.

They felt as though they could easily become lost in the new, creepier, atmosphere of the forest; it was as though they were in a completely different place. It had been the girl who initially proposed that they search the forest for the fruit, and now she was the one suggesting that they return to the village empty-handed. For her, it was a bitter thing to have to say.



“Well then...”

“Ah, wait. Look at that Minnalis-chan!!”

Lucia came to a stop, then turned around and pointed at something hanging from a tree just up ahead.

Though it was slightly difficult to see due to the surroundings, there certainly were several yellow fruits—each about the size of a fist.

Lucia, who found the fruits, reported happily to the young girl, and...

“Thank goodness, it was worth coming here! Let’s quickly grab them and leave—... Uhh...”

The girl fell silent in the next few moments, as the blood dripped from her face.

Upon seeing what had her friend looking so concerned for, the other girl also went pale.

“GUGYURURU...”

There was a single goblin off in the distance.

With its diminutive stature, ugly face, green skin, and abnormal reproductive capabilities; the goblin was recognized as a kind of vermin that could be found anywhere. In fact, they would invade and lay waste to the fields around harvest season. Because of this, adventurers are often hired to exterminate them. Though if there were just a few, the men of the village would gather together and drive them out with force. Despite all this, there had never been an occasion where either of the two girls had seen a goblin, not even from far off in the distance. As such, they would not be thought of as any less of an adult if they were to run away from this one. If it was just escaping from a single goblin, even these adolescent girls could manage somehow.

However, it was the color of its skin that was the real problem. Unlike a goblin’s usual green skin, this one had skin that was ultramarine—or deep blue.

“A rare species...”

The average goblin is generally classified as the weakest kind of monster. Adventurers

who would receive quests such as herb gathering would also take on goblin subjugation quests too, as they are one of the recommended targets for first-time combatants.

Even if they're amateurs who had just started to *grow hair*, it would be relatively easy for them to defeat goblins. It was to the extent that they could almost immediately wipe out an entire herd of them without much effort. However, there was a kind of higher-ranked species of a goblin which deviates too much from the strength of the norm is rarely born.

The most famous of these variants are goblin soldiers and goblin magicians. However, there are times when another individual who possess a whole different kind of ability will appear. These variants are called "Rare Species".

One of the young girls had once heard about those types of goblins from a group of adventurers who had visited the village in the past.

There was only one difference between this rare goblin and a regular goblin, its skin was tinted with a dark blue. Unlike the goblins that like warm climates, these goblins would only appear in cold areas. Due to their strong cold resistance, their movements wouldn't be slowed down in cold places at all. In addition, they have enough magic resistance to repel weak magic. Moreover, their abilities and intelligence are higher than normal goblins, and they possess a much more ferocious nature.

"Ice... goblin..."

Unlike the other girl, Lucia didn't know what a goblin was. Despite this, she was still overwhelmed by the goblin's intimidating presence.

Fortunately, the goblin seemed unaware of the two girls. Instead, it appeared to be engrossed in gathering fruits.

"Lucia, calm down and slowly..."

"No, NOOOOOooooo!!"

"Shh! Lucia!!"

Though the young girl who tried to escape calmly had gone unnoticed, it was a different story for Lucia; who could neither endure the fear, nor hear her friend.

Instead she just recklessly fled while screaming in denial.

“Noo, don’t. NOOOOO!!”

“Lucia!!”

The other girl noticed Lucia in an abnormal state of panic. The stories that adventurers occasionally shared with the villagers could’ve been the cause of it.

Nonetheless, even if the girl understood the cause, there still wasn’t much she could do to help Lucia. The girl turned around and chased after her friend. When she looked over her shoulder, she saw that the goblin looking for the origin of the screaming. Upon finding Lucia it started laughing, as it had found a better prey.

When it came down to it, the two girls could do nothing but quickly and recklessly run through the forest. However, the goblin’s speed was obviously much faster than the girls’.

And surely enough, the distance between the goblin and the girls was slowly being shortened. Under the pressure of the life and death situation, Lucia fumbled. She tripped and fell right at the beginning of the snow covered path that they had used to enter the forest.

“Kyaa!!”

“Lucia!!”

“Ugh, uwah.”

Lucia not only sprained her ankle from the fall, but she also ended up getting half her body stuck in the snow. Even if the girl wanted to assist her friend, she wouldn’t be able to. Lucia might be able to stand, but her sprained ankle would slow her down too much for them to escape from the ice goblin.

“Gugyagayagyagya!!”

Upon seeing this, the approaching ice goblin sneered at Lucia.

Though the young girl did have the capability to save her friend. As all beastmen had a hidden power within.

If she held back at all, then the ice goblin wouldn't be defeated; only an all out attack could defeat it. However...

*[Is that clear, Minnalis? You're absolutely forbidden from using your powers in public. If you use them, then the illusion magic will fall apart. You'll expose the ears and tails that serve as proof that you're a wererabbit.]*

*[Why is it bad if I'm found out to be a beastman, Mother?]*

*[...Well, I wonder why that is? Our appearance is only a little different after all...]*

"No, NOOO... don't want to die. I don't want to die!!"

(...I'm sorry, Mother!!)

Upon seeing her best friend screaming, the other girl sprang at the goblin while apologizing to her mother for not being able to abide by her instructions.

"UAAAAA!!"

"Guyaa!?"

The girl's flying kick hit the goblin directly in the stomach.

Due to there being a difference in physique, the goblin was sent flying further into the woods. The goblin had been caught unaware by the attack, and was unable to retaliate.

Had this been a normal goblin, the attack just now would've critically injured it. However, let alone being injured, it had barely even been incapacitated. Though as a goblin with a higher intelligence, it came to understand that fighting back would be a poor decision.

The ice goblin picked itself off the ground and retreated deeper into the forest, giving the girls a hateful glare as it departed.

"Lucia!! Are you okay!? Are you injured?"

"Mi-Minnalis-chan... that..."

Lucia's dazed state had quickly turned into panic upon seeing her friend. The cause of

this panic was the pair of bunny ears that sat atop the girl's head.

As for the beastmen, even though there are some differences between the tribes, their physical ability is generally quite high. This also applies to their MP, or magic power, too. However, the quality of their magic power differs from humans in that theirs is easy to expel once it leaves their body, but it's not suited for long range attacks because of its poor efficiency. Though if they clad themselves with a thin illusion, such a flaw had no significance.

As for this girl's beast tribe ancestry, the wererabbits were exceptionally talented when it came to illusory magic. She had been wearing an illusion all this time, in order to avoid any hardships. However, if she were to unleash the true power of a beastman, then it's inevitable that the illusion would be completely dispelled due to the strength of the magic power emitted from her body.

"Ah, um, this... I'm sorry, Lucia. I kept silent about it for a long time, until now... Please keep this a secret!!"

"Eh!? Ah, s-sure."

The girl gave off a smile of relief in response to the other girl's puzzled nod.

Only after telling her mother that she wasn't a baby anymore, did the girl learn about why beastmen like her had to hide their identity. It was then that she finally understood why the people of this country held contempt for beastmen, and treated any who lived there with disdain.

Until now, Mother's instructions had never been ignored. Yet now she was trusting her best friend with keeping her secret from being revealed.

"With this, it's done."

The illusory magic which had come undone was cast once again to hide her ears and tail from other people.

Though she had spent most of her childhood with her mother, 4-5 years were spent by herself.

"Then, let's return to the village. Though we couldn't find food, if we stay here we're sure to encounter another monster as it's getting dark."

“Ah, You’re right. Let’s go home.”

They returned to the village later that day, just as it had become considerably dark outside.

The two girls were harshly reprimanded by the village chief for entering the forest. However, their punishment would be given out tomorrow, so they returned to their families without issue.

The girl informed her mother, Maris, that she had ignored her instructions. And upon divulging the reason, she apologized. Her mother, a sickly woman who spent most of her time in bed, laughed perturbedly and smiled saying, “Oh, you helped a friend”.

Though the mother laughed sadly at the girl for some reason, it was of little concern. However, having used her beastmen powers for the first time on a monster who was also one of the rare species, the tired girl slept soundly that day.

That night, the girl dreamt of obtaining lots of fruits for the winter. When the morning sun rose the next day, she was woken up and taken to the center village square. For some reason, the girl’s mother was also taken along with her.

“W-what? The punishment that was discussed yesterday? Why is mother...”

A lot of villagers were gathering while the two were being dragged out, confused. While the girl was thinking of why all of those thorny gazes were directed at them, because of what the elder suddenly announced, her mind went completely blank.

“Minnalis, and Maris. Is it true that you’re both wererabbits?”

# Chapter 14

## The Way A Certain Beast Girl Was Broken (2)

“Minnalis, and Maris. Is it true that you’re both wererabbits?”

She couldn’t comprehend the words that she had just heard.

“I’ll ask again. Is it true that you, parent and child, are beastmen?”

The words spoken once again by the village elder penetrated her blank head.

(Whywhywhywhy!? Eh, why did he suddenly say that!?)

What filled her spinning mind was a storm of questions. She couldn’t process the information. She couldn’t understand what was happening.

With her thoughts in disorder, the girl instinctively turned towards her mother as though to ask for help.

Her mother had on a grim expression. Looking as if she had come to some sort of decision, she released the illusion was constantly cast on herself.

The villagers parted simultaneously, and the look in their eyes changed in an instant.

It was the same look they would give the many goblin corpses that they exterminated.

Those gazes were concentrated on them by the villagers who had, until yesterday, treated them intimately like family.

“M-mother...”

Listening to the words that changed one after another, the confusion in her head increased at an accelerated pace.

She looked up in a daze. The village chief’s eyes held a cold gaze she had never once seen before until now, and they were full of contempt.

...Scary.

This terror overshadowed the Ice Goblin she confronted yesterday; those eyes were scary.

“As you can see, we are wererabbits. I’m sorry for keeping quiet about it.”

Seeing the figure of her mother, who had been flung to the bare ground, saying that with her head lowered, she finally understood that the villagers were directing malicious gazes toward her.

“So what Lucia told us was true...”

“Eh, Lucia did!? That... You’re lying!!”

Lucia had promised yesterday. She had said she would keep it a secret.

She surveyed her surroundings, wanting to be told that it was a lie. Her childhood friends stood among the 15~16 villagers.

However, the one she was looking for wasn’t there.

Looking this way as though he was looking at trash was her other childhood friend, Keril. And then, trying to cuddle close to him, spreading gossip without being seen by the boy, was Lucia’s figure.

“Wh... y...? Didn’t you say you would keep it a secret!!”

“Eep!! Keril...”

When the girl spontaneously cried out, Lucia clung to Keril whilst putting on a frightened facade.

“Lucia, it’s alright so calm down.”

Saying that, Keril pat Lucia’s back gently and then glared at the girl with an even harsher look.

“Oi, don’t torment Lucia any more than this!! I couldn’t believe it when I first heard, but you really are the worst!! I misjudged you!!”



“Wha!? Just what...”

“Don’t play dumb!! I heard everything from Lucia!! You’ve always been tormenting her!! She cried, saying you threatened her into silence with that beastman power of yours.”

“Wha...”

She realised that her words had actually ceased, that she had become speechless. Rather than her voice, her thoughts had stopped as though the very existence of words inside her mind had disappeared.

“Village chief, I don’t care what happens to me, however, please... Won’t you please spare this child? At least, at least until this child reaches her 18th birthday...”

Throughout that, Maris hugged her daughter with her head lowered.

Maris had decided to do this yesterday when she heard the story from her daughter. Her daughter would be unable to flee the village while bringing her, as she had a weak constitution. However, she clearly understood that her daughter would, no matter what she said, never leave her behind and escape. Thus, Maris frantically bowed her head for her daughter’s sake.

“Please, somehow...”

“Stop kidding!! This filthy beast!!”

What Maris faced in reply were abusive words and stones picked up off the ground.

“That’s right, stop joking around!!”

“You’ve been deceiving us this whole time, how disgusting!!”

“An animal shouldn’t be imitating other people!!”

Once the first person started, cutting insults and pebbles continued to rain incessantly down on the two.

“Please, just this child...!?”

“Mother!!”

A largish rock mixed in with the pebbles that came flying hit Maris on the forehead, causing her to bleed.

The girl reflexively covered her mother as though to protect her.

The illusion on the girl was also released amid the extreme chaos, and her tail and ears appeared. Even so, the girl simply continued to shield her mother.

The girl’s mother was once affected by an epidemic and managed to recover somehow, but she lost the physical tenaciousness of a beastman and became a mere shadow of her former self. She was weakened to the extent where she would be wounded by having rocks thrown at her by ordinary villagers with no training experience whatsoever.

“Stop, stop it everyone, STOP ITTTT!!”

The girl’s wailing echoed throughout the village square, but it was repressed with a wave of jeers.

“Shut up, the spawn of a monster should stay silent!!”

“Don’t speak with the words of humans, you beast.”

“Die, why are you alive, hurry up and die already!!”

Creak, crack. She understood that a dark fissure was forming in her heart.

It felt like she was *being struck with the pointed stake\** from before.

[Daily: Metaphorically]

Why? What’s the reason? No, it hurts; her heart hurt more than her body.

When she looked around from her crouching position, she saw Keril throwing rocks in support of the villagers, not to mention still glaring at her with an intense look. She also saw Lucia clutching at Keril’s sleeve while hiding behind him so he couldn’t see the twisted, mocking smile on her face.

And then her head, body, and heart finally understood.

She had been betrayed. She had been betrayed, she had been betrayed, she had been betrayed, she had been betrayed!!

“Why, why...”

Tears welled up. The stones hailing down on her body had driven a wedge in her cracked heart. Right before her heart completely broke, the momentum of the rain of stones stopped.

“What is this commotion about!?”

The ones who appeared were the men of the village.

The men seemed to have returned from their expedition earlier than expected, and although it wasn't much, they brought with them some hunted game.

“Fa... ther... *\*sniffle\** Father!!”

Despite her vision being blurred with tears, she still saw her father among the people who returned.

The girl felt reassured; she would be saved with this. Her father was an influential man in the village and was expected to be its next chief.

Relief swelled inside her when she saw him discuss something with the villagers. Ah, she was sure to be saved with this...

“You're wrong!! I have nothing to do with this, I didn't know!!”

“ ”

When she turned around, her world was turned upside-down. It warped and collapsed.

“I was deceived by this woman!! Damn this filthy beastman.”

Her ears turned deaf. Her eyes lost sight. Her nose was ineffective. She couldn't feel a thing.

“What is this. Eh? What... is this...”

Kashan. In the end, she felt like she heard the sound of something breaking.

Then, the girl’s world completely collapsed.



When she came to, the girl was being jolted around on the wagon of a slave trader.

In her dim world, she faintly recalled being sold off for dirt-cheap by the being she thought was her “Father”.

The reason the girl regained her will despite being on the brink of becoming a cripple was because of the presence of her mother beside her.

A parent-and-child beastmen couple, they couldn’t expect decent treatment even as merchandise.

The meals they were given were clearly inferior to the other slaves’. They were whipped and abused for no reason or meaning. They were forced to use the dirty water after the others had bathed, or even kicked and called “smelly” and “dirty” without being given a chance to bathe.

Using the excuse of them being beastmen, and thus having the superior physical ability, they were chained to the moving wagon and made to run while being dragged along.

The feeling of not wanting to become a burden to her weakened mother was the only thing that sustained the crushed girl’s spirit.

However, no matter how much the girl tried to avoid burdening her mother, it was nothing more than pouring water on hot stone. The beautiful girl’s mother became worn-down as though she had been filed with a rasp.

The slave trader chose the girl’s mother as a sacrifice.

Saying, “*the beastmen are being tormented,*” and, “*they receive worse treatment than*

*yourselves,”* he made a display of them to let the other slaves vent.

Just like the slave trader expected, the other slaves sneered when they saw them.

They watched the girl being lashed, watched the mother being lifted up by her hair, and watched the two being sent flying with a kick to the back. They sneered, as though they were watching an interesting play.

It was half a year after the girl had been bought by the slave trader; when they were halfway to the royal capital, the girl’s mother became unable to move.

The girl’s world became hollow once again, and she fell into this vacant world.

She stopped caring about mud being mixed into her food. She became numb to the lashes and abuse. She also lost the motivation to resist when they covered her in mud and called it bathing.

“Tch, so she broke. Brittle despite being a beastman, geez. There are nobles who like this kind of thing so there’s no hope for her future, really.”

The girl simply gazed at the sighing slave trader with vacant eyes.

“At any rate, your mother went and died of her own accord. Why do I have to lose the purchased money for you beastmen, damnit.”

With a jolt, the broken fragments reacted to the slave trader’s words.

(Why...?)

The question arose, like poison gradually welling up.

(Why? What did I do wrong? Since when was I wrong? What should I do to make it better?)

The questions that started to overflow in one go as though spouting out made the wreckage that lost its light change into gooey magma.

(Who’s fault is it? Why am I here? Who am I? What am I here to do? What is this feeling?)

The fragments that remained all turned to magma.

Magma that became a warped, deformed, grotesque shape, as though wriggling, as though twisting around, as though it was churning.

And then the reformed heart had only one genuine emotion.

“Ah, I... want to break them.”

Just as she recognized the words she unconsciously let out, the frozen emotion came gushing forth.

It was hate.

Hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate. Just hate.

*I hate Lucia, I hate Keril, I hate the one who was her father, I hate the village chief, I hate the villagers.*

*I hate the slave trader who made a laughingstock of mother and me, I hate the slaves who sneered at us when we were ridiculed by the slave trader.*

*I'd like to torture, I'd like to injure, I won't forgive them, I'd like to break it, I'd like to twist, I'd like to gouge, I'd like to snatch away, I'd like to pulverise, I'd like to crush, I'd like to smash, I'd like to slash, I'd like to make them choke, I'd like to burn, I'd like to skin, I would like to stab, I'd like to tear, I'd like to kill, I'd like to kill, I'd like to kill, I'd like to kill, KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL!!*

The inside of her heart was simply filled to the brim with just that.

After that, she stopped listening to a single thing the slave trader said.

Each time she showed a rebellious attitude, she was punished through various means, but still the fever that burned inside her wouldn't forgive them.

Even if she was tortured and punished to the point where she could no longer move, even if she was on the brink of death, that fever was the only thing that wouldn't disappear.

Arriving at the royal capital, her glaring hostility did not wane despite pain being

transmitted through the slave crest.

Before long, the days of simply being chained to the wall without sufficient food, clothing, or bathing started. The days where she just deludes herself, fantasizing about achieving revenge with the utmost cruelty in her fantasies. She stopped being given even a single meal a day, as though they thought it was not needed if she was going to be disposed of when those days soon came to a close.

She might die like this. No, she was sure to die.

The fever that did not disappear even when she was on the brink of being able to sense death writhed inside her body.

No matter how tenacious a beastman, if they did not have the minimal amount of food at least, they wouldn't last long. Already her consciousness grew hazy, and she could feel nothing but the heat inside her feverish body.

"Yeah, as I thought, you have beautiful eyes."

Amid that, a voice resonated within her still-burning dim consciousness.

Before her eyes was an unfamiliar person; no ability to think rationally remained, and she could only conclude that he was the same as the several nobles who had turned up when they first arrived in the capital.

Without the strength to rage like she did back then, she could only intimidate him by glaring at him with bare hostility.

But even so, she felt a hint of something familiar in the man's pupils that drew her in for some reason.

"Do... n't touch... Hu... man."

Her mouth, which was bereft of moisture, moved and forced out some words.

"Gu... aaaAAaaaaah!!"

Then, pain ran throughout her body, causing her already hazy vision to flicker even more.

It felt like an old wound was being forcibly gouged out. A scream was squeezed out as though it was wrung out from that part of her body.

Just when she thought the waves of pain had lessened, an unknown bottle of liquid was thrust into her mouth.

“Nng... Ghhhhh!!”

The liquid she was forced to swallow without her having the strength to resist or spit out allowed her emaciated body to recover from its languid state.

Her magic always felt insufficient due to not having decent meals or rest, but now it even managed to recover to about half.

“With this, you’ll be able to talk for a little while.”

The girl couldn’t comprehend the meaning behind the man’s words. Generally speaking, with her cognitive ability restored, she understood that what she was made to drink were HP and MP potions.

Neither of them were things to give to a slave girl. In general, although it wasn’t beyond one’s grasp, they were something that could be considered to have quite a high price.

“What...”

To the girl, this was enough to make her wary of some trap, thus, she received a shock when she heard the words that came next.

“Who do you want to kill?”

The shock was similar to the one from when her mother died, when she was prompted by the slave trader’s words, and realized that her heart had reconstructed itself.

“You, who do you want to take revenge on?”

That man—that young boy seemed no different from herself when she peered into his eyes; the girl understood why she felt a sense of familiarity and was drawn to those pupils.

What was there was something similar to the fever that she had seen burning inside



her for a long time.

The familiarity was natural. As for why, it was because of the eyes that were the same as hers.

That was why the girl spoke spontaneously.

“The girl who was my friend and... the boy who was my childhood friend and... dad and... the village chief and... the slave trader and the slaves.”

“Do you only want to kill them?”

She realized it was a mocking tone of voice, and yet she sensed the signs of him wanting her to speak.

However, such a thing was trivial to the girl.

It was a desire she had repeated in her delusions many times and, before long, had been etched not in her reasoning, but in her instincts.

“It’s no good to just kill them, it’s no good unless I torment, torture, make them scream, slowly deprive them of sleep, then break, break, break them to exhaustion. To simply kill them, that’s too much of a waste.”

Saying that, the girl smiled for the first time since becoming a slave.

The boy before her also smiled at the words that gushed out from the depths of her heart.

# Chapter 15

## The Hero And His Accomplice Are Laughing

“Just killing them is no good. Make them scream from suffering and torment, and when all they want to do is lie down and close their eyes—break, break, and break them some more, push them to the brink until they become completely useless. However, to simply kill them, wouldn’t that be too good a fate for them?”

Tempted by the words of the girl who was laughing as though she was broken somewhere, the corners of my mouth edged upwards.

“Now then, what I have prepared before you are two separate paths that you may choose from. The first path ends with just me and you in a Master and Slave relationship. If you choose this path, after serving the purpose for which I am buying you, I will give you the power to live alone as well as some money, and I will free you from being a slave. If you are skillful enough, you might even be able to find a way to be happy with what remains of your life as well.”

“.....”

“That well-worn lump of emotions, maybe you might become able to crush those painful memories and become able to bury it all deep in your chest and then seal it away. If you can come to do that, then there might be a future in which you might once again find laughter.”

It sounded like a ridiculous tripe.

It was a future neither I nor she wished for.

Still, I continued to say the words clearly and concisely.

I merely told her of one of the possible future outcomes.

What will happen to our future selves, I do not know.

Though the possibilities are good for revenge, one day, you might even be able to live

without thinking about it.

It is for this reason that we were having this discussion.

From here on, I will talk about the other choice available because I could say with certainty that this choice will crush the other.

“Or there’s the other path, which concerns us being comr-... all-...”

Comrade? Ally?

Regardless of the word, it stops before fully forming.

“Hah... I guess it would be different... with me.”

What came out there was an unconscious monologue.

A Partner? An Ally? What I am looking for is neither one of those things.

Such flimsy bonds; in no way are they adequate words to call this relationship.

I need a name to reflect the optimism of the relationship in which we will be bound by.

Therefore, I am sure of the appropriate name for our contract.

It is a name that a person who lives in the clean and just world would absolutely refuse to adopt.

The name of the person who accomplishes the sin of revenge is no doubt the most fitting.

“You and I are the same. Both of us obsessed with vengeance, so how would you like to become my “accomplice” and enjoy our revenge together?”

Saying this, I held my hand out in the air and the construction of the Heart Sword began.

Black lights flew together until the form of a sword took shape, a double-edged sword about 50 centimeters in length.

The edge of the blade got covered in blood, but also tied around it was something like flickering black flames along the whole length of the sword.

When peering into the gloom of the bottomless darkness surrounding the sword, there is only the feel of misfortune, yet it coexists with a divine judgment that can freeze you down to your very spine.

The only suitable purpose for it in battle is to change its form to that of a Long Sword, but for the necessary usage of it here, it needs to remain in this form.

This is the first manifestation of the [Holy Sword of Vengeance], and gripping the hilt, I cut away the chains shackling the girl's hands and then thrust the sword into the floor before the girl.

"If you choose the former, then just turn your back now. If you choose the latter, though, then you must take hold of this sword. However, you must be resolute in this decision! If you take hold of this sword, you will never be able to turn back. You can never again return to that clean world; instead, you will become forever bound to carry out revenge or die trying, no other avenues will remain."

"....."

"Let this sword change the burning anger in the depths of your soul into undying flames of vengeance. Whatever happens, until you exact complete vengeance, you will never be able to stop seeking it out. After that, those you seek vengeance on, I shall as well, for we share our enmity. And as such, the targets of our revenge will increase. It shall come to be that those you hate, I too shall hate. And vice versa. Ah, afterwards, if things go well, you may also learn a peculiar skill that might synergize with you, if I remember correctly."

"...Will you betray me?"

There, in all respects were eyes of the deepest, darkest gloom.

Ah, I understand that look.

I understand why she needs more than a shoddy verbal promise.

"If this contract is made, it will be impossible to harm each other. This isn't something as fragile as a verbal bond: if you die, I die. If I die, you die."

The girl's eyes twitched in reaction.

As well as not betraying, the constraints of not being able to betray the counterpart are there.

Spare me from being betrayed twice.

Also, I am sorry that you became someone who was betrayed in the same way.

If not for this sword's ability, I would never have proposed this plan.

After I finished talking, my hand parted from the sword handle.

"Of course, there is also the path which allows you to take revenge by yourself. The number of those I seek revenge on is many. Furthermore, the number of those I hate is also many, and so it can be seen as a bit of a demerit. Well, I would only be happy to find that you would become my accomplice."

"...Why do this?"

The slave girl voiced a question.

But I knew her thoughts were not of doubt.

It was just a confirmation.

Just further consideration as to whether the other party is also of like mind.

Therefore, I stopped hiding behind words. With a wide grin and looking as if afflicted by a touch of madness, I cackled evilly.

"Isn't it already decided? Rather than alone, wouldn't revenge be much more fun if you shared it with another person? Even if the number of people increases so much, to be able to torment, break, and destroy so many, would it really take up so much of your time? However, I have *no need* of someone who just wants to kill and not truly seek revenge... You aren't like that though, right?"

"Ku... Ahahahahahaha~!!"

And so, that girl, delighted to her core like myself, showed upon her face a smile similar

to mine.

“It’s good isn’t it? That’s right, that is indeed how an accomplice should be! Ah~ certainly, if it’s you, it might be possible. Yes, with you I will definitely be able to have worthwhile revenge! Yes, rather than alone, they will be pushed down into the darkest depths of despair!”

When she finished laughing, a pure smile like that of the Holy Mother lit up her face, and the eyes which were crazy before now had a spark of light in them.

“Then, I don’t need to think any further. Will my desire for revenge not fade away? That’s for the best. To keep those flames burning, all I have to do is forget the pretense about ever returning to those days? It’s impossible for me. When compared to the possibility of returning to those days, it makes me want to puke, and then the number of my enemies increase? I don’t see a problem with that! There’s no way that becoming an accomplice and being able to carry out an even greater revenge isn’t already the best way to go!”

“Then, you should take the sword. The sword will teach you the way.”

Thus, after I said that, the girl put her hand on the hilt and pulled out the 『Holy Sword of Vengeance』 which had been thrust into the ground before her.

In an instant, the 『Holy Sword of Vengeance』, though covered in darkness, cast a flickering light that scorched the eyes.

It was proof that the sword recognized the girl’s desire for revenge. The light that was for the sake of blessing the girl’s revenge.

“Ah, come to think of it, I have yet to hear your name.”

“Name? My name is Minnalis.”

“Is that so, my name is Ukei Kaito.”

“Ukei Kaito... Is this the name of my lord?”

As I said so to the girl, Minnalis, for the first time without the madness, a light picturesque smile came across her face.

And doing so, she put the 『Holy Sword of Vengeance』 against the area around her chest.

“Please treat me well after this, my accomplice, Minnalis.”

“Yes, I will be in your care as well, my lord accomplice.”

As Minnalis tilted the sword so the point was against her chest...

She plunged it deeply into herself.





# Chapter 16

## Appetite Of Hell

As the sword in Minnalis' chest gave off a strong light and faded like faint spores of light melting in the air right after.

It didn't leave any wounds on her body, and the clothes she wore should definitely have been pierced, but there was no tear to be found.

"Ah, I see. So that's the reason for your vengeance?"

"What I saw just now... was that my master's reason?"

Having our paths bound together by the 『Holy Sword of Vengeance』, I understood that mine and Minnalis' personal revenge had been changed and became intertwined into one.

What happened was the vivid experience leading up to our reasons for revenge flowed directly into each other's brain.

It was so realistic that it felt as if it was my very own memory. The insides of my body began to burn intensely as I raged at the feeling of pain and despair that fueled Minnalis' pledge for revenge, as it slowly engraved itself into my being.

But the dark zeal she possessed was not at all inferior to my own.

Minnalis, having felt my reason through the oath of vengeance as well, was completely mortified.

And little by little, our desires for revenge intertwined together, more deeply and more purely until they became one.

When the last spores of dark light from 『Holy Sword of Vengeance』 faded away, all the feelings of revenge that Minnalis harbored became mine, and all the feelings of revenge that I harbored became hers.

“Well, even though I went through with this, it doesn’t mean I fully understand it. It’s more like a joint ownership of our desires for revenge.”

When I looked around, the slaves all looked like targets for revenge, and it made my blood boil, so I naturally began leaking bloodlust.

The slaves who had lifeless eyes also felt the sudden threat to their lives and huddled up in fear.

〔System Message: Title [Master Avenger] acquired.〕

〔System Message: The individual Minnalis has become a [Subordinate Avenger].〕

Because of the System Message, I precisely confirmed the effects of the 〔Holy Sword of Vengeance〕.

Turning to Minnalis, it looked like she’s a little perplexed after sharing the oath of our vengeance, yet she too possessed a somewhat excited face.

“Amazing, is this the power of the sword from before? With this- ah, ahh, to think that it could be even more amazing!!”

Minnalis’ face flushed when her imagination sent pleasurable sensations up crotch her back, and in some respects, it was like orgasmic pleasure, causing the corners of her mouth to twist.

“Status Open • Minnalis”

Minnalis   16 years old   Female   Rabbitkin
HP : 160/208(416) MP : 189/206(412) Level: 18
Strength: 105 (211) Stamina: 111 (222) Endurance : 85 (171) Agility : 139 (278) Magic Power : 123 (247) Magic Resist : 95 (191)

Inherent Skill: [Poisonous Demonic Phantasm]
Skills: [Illusion Magic Lv3][Pain Resistance Lv2][Collecting Lv2]
Condition: Weakened

I was relieved when I found that I was able to examine her status properly.

Obtaining the effects of the [Holy Sword of Revenge] and earning the title of [Subordinate Avenger], I gained the ability to examine the status of the designated person.

In addition to [Subordinate Avenger], it seemed like there were a few modifications to her status. They were mainly adjustments due to her thirst for vengeance which were mostly because of the joint-ownership of each other's revenge and the addition of the title.

While assessing the status of Minnalis, it was as I thought, beastmen have high stats. Despite being in a "weakened" state and having her stats reduced to half, it was comparable to a human's status.

Given that I haven't used the Appraisal Spirit Sword before, I have no idea what abilities it has, but it seems like you could acquire a skill from it. But it seems that only the owner of the skill themselves will come to understand how to use it without any issue.

"So, what will you do next? If it's too painful, you can just take a break and leave it to me, alright?"

"Through hearing things like this, I understand that my master is really this kind of a bully. It's no good to try and settle it like that. Because this is the start of my revenge, please allow me to do it."

"Is that so? Then it's better for you to prepare for the time being. As for that person who ran away, I'll bring him back."

Saying that, I handed over the remaining MP potions to Minnalis. Though from her earlier tone, she might try to use her Innate Skill. I think it's more than likely that those MP potions will be consumed.

So I chased after the man who tried to escape through the streets.



The slave dealer immediately escaped from that place after the suspicious customer in unfamiliar black clothes, who was supposed to only be buying a slave, suddenly took out an ominous short sword.

From the beginning, even if they were suspicious, as long as they possessed money and have the intention of purchasing some goods, then all would be well. The commercial price of the slaves in there were as low as four gold coins at most. Those dealing with large quantities there were the inexperienced ones. So he thought he'd try selling the customer one of the high-priced slaves, but the only one the customer was interested in was the rabbit beastman he had planned to scrap.

Because the cost of food was nothing to scoff at, he kept that beastman tied up in chains until the day came to rid of her, so when a customer showed interest in her, he hesitated on whether or not he should try selling him an expensive slave instead.

However, when he took the moment to consider that it would clearly be profitable if he were to sell something he'd planned to throw away, he then stated that the price was 10 gold and unconsciously smiled.

Things started to go in a strange direction when the customer started talking about forming a contract with the slave. The slave dealer thought it was strange that he forced a dying slave to drink a surprisingly expensive potion. Then, a dangerous conversation he didn't understand all that well started. When the man that was a customer took out a small ominous black and red sword, his sense of danger was triggered.

He understood that that was bad at first glance.

That well-honed instinct that he sharpened in order to trade in the slums was loudly screaming in his head. Gold and slaves, was his life worth all that?

Moved by his instincts, the man cautiously ran away so as not to draw their attention. He jumped out of his own shop carrying only the gold he had stashed for emergencies, hidden in the counter at the storefront.

He rushed towards the hideout that he had prepared beforehand without turning around.

The door to his hideout entered his line of sight after his moving feet was almost entangled while taking multiple detours.

“Oi, oi! Where are you going, leaving your customers like that?”

The man that was his customer appeared right before his eyes with a smile.



“!! Ah, n-no, wait, there’s an urgent matter...”

The slave dealer paled and spat out those words in an instant. Then, he began to run at full speed and jumped into an alley on the side of the street.

Of course, there was no reason to let that man who was a target of his partner’s vengeance to escape. He struck him with a single blow to the back of the head to make him faint. If he didn’t pay close attention in order to not kill him, the man’s neck probably would have been bent in the wrong direction.

I can’t afford to let my emotions control me and steal Minnalis’ prey before she starts taking her revenge.

For the time being, my intention is just to assist Minnalis, leaving her to claim her own vengeance. I guess I should thoroughly understand her feelings before lending a hand.

The [Holy sword of Vengeance] only showed us the memory which was the catalyst to our revenge. The rest of the partner’s memory remained unknown.

If we do not properly talk about it, regardless of how she was tormented, I won’t fully understand her suffering. I would just instantly kill them due to the burning hate.

I raised up the man who fell down and returned to the slave dealer’s building.

There, the slaves had already been relocated into the largest cell, and Minnalis was doing something at the back, in the kitchen. The cell was already housing about twenty slaves, but there was still a lot of unused space remaining.

“Hey, I brought him.”

“Ah, thank you very much, my lord. I have my hands busy in the meantime, so could you throw him in that cage?”

“Hmm? Alright.”

“Guu...!!”

I took the cell key that was hanging on the wall and then threw the man into the open prison cell and hung it back. He seemed to have woken up from the impact of being thrown onto the solid stone pavement, and he then proceeded to look around, trying to figure out his situation.

“Argh, oi, you! What are you trying to do...!?!”

“It’s done~! Ugh, Uuuuu, what is this, I’m getting dizzy...”

Drowning out the man’s voice was another one from the kitchen which possessed a mood unfit for this kind of situation. No, it was a voice in high spirits.

Hearing the voice, he faced the kitchen. Minnalis, who was a little erratic was there with a lovely smiling face wrapped in joy.

“It is because you consumed so much MP all at once... Here, take another MP potion just like the one I gave you a little while ago, drink it quickly.”

“Yesss. Kufufu, hey my lord, could you give it to me mouth-to-mouth?”

“I won’t.”

“Eeh~, why not?”

“Because I’m not thirsty enough to accompany a drunk that has become lost in a high after losing their MP.”

Once you lose your MP, you become drunk due to the magic in the air. If it’s not too much, then the drunkenness would just be a bit of lightheadedness... but in more severe cases, the effect would be similar to someone in high spirits as if they were drunk. Furthermore, even if their MP recovers, it does not mean that those who

become drunk will sober up immediately.

Checking her status, a little while ago her MP was still at 90%, but now, it had fallen below 10%. By the way, the MP consumption of a basic Fire Ball that can be used in real combat was about 10 MP, so it can be said that a lot of MP has been used.

Not to mention that Minnalis obtained a powerful skill, her tension was welling up, and the passion of her hatred was on the verge of spilling out. When she returned to her senses, I'll be considerate and leave her alone.

While thinking that way, I stuffed an MP potion into her mouth just like the first time, and the blue liquid was swallowed in an very erotic way.

"Fuu~, as I thought, my lord is mean."

"Hey, hey, how long are you going to space out for, the main dish is waiting."

"Yesss, kufu- kufufufuu!!"

It seems unlikely that the cheerful Minnalis will need any more help, so I decided to enjoy the subsequent play as a spectator.

Minnalis, as if having happy emotes floating atop her head, turned the gloomy atmosphere of the prison into one of excitement when she brought the prepared food inside.

It's a massive amount of food that looked impossible to be carried in all at once that Minnalis had cooked with the ingredients stored by the slave dealer in the kitchen.

"Well, these are fresh dishes that I made. Enjoy them to your hearts content♪"

From the freshly-made cooking came an appetizing aroma. Naturally, the slaves and the dealer's faces shook with wariness when they saw Minnalis.

"Hmph~, you might say that, but it's not like you can eat it easily, right? Then I will have you, who looked at me and my mother with eyes as if you were looking at dirty filth until we reached the Capital, experience it first."

"Hii-....!!"

Minnalis, while widely grinning, looked at the only man who had the shackles for slaves on with predatory eyes.

With her increasing magic power, most of Minnalis' deep flaxen eyes began emitting a faint sparkling light, turning those areas hazy white.

"Mystify and devour [Poisonous Demonic Phantasm]."

It was like the whispers of a witch.

A gentle, sweet, hollow voice that would charm you.

"Hiii, hiiiaaaahh, what is this, stop, aaaaaaaaaahh!!"

His voice along with his appearance became veiled with white mist.

The slaves around the slave dealer couldn't do anything. Nevertheless, without being able to look away, the voice made his face turn pale in fear of the unknown.

"Guaah, aaaaaaaaaah!! Food, hand me the food eeeeeeeeeeeeeeh!!"

After the white mist that was coiling the man disappeared as if inhaled by him, he started acting crazy.

As if he had forgotten being shackled, he tried to run, tripped over his feet and collapsed; unable to stand up, he started to crawl as if he were an animal. Stuffing the piping hot food in his mouth, the scene of him thrusting his face in the food is one that states that there weren't a shred of human dignity left in him.

"Hmm, this illusion has a stronger effect than I thought. It seems like it did wonders in instilling a sense of hunger but regulating it is difficult."

Minnalis observed the form of the man greedily eating the food while laughing.

That said, he was just eating the food. The target of Minnalis' rage and hatred, who I had thought will be facing a far more miserable experience, and only being done something to this degree left me puzzled.

"Now, I'll have the rest of you become the same. This time it will alright, because I'll instill in you a sense of hunger so you'll slowly... very slowly lose reason... Mystify and



collapse [Poisonous Demonic Phantasm]”

“No, khhhh”

“Ahhhh... Urgh...”

“Argh, ughhhhhh...”

Once again, the white mist appeared and wrapped around the people and entered them. But, this time it did not become a situation like the man losing his reason and rushing to the food.

Still, some began to extend their hands to the food timidly, after a while, their sense of hunger increased gradually until it couldn't be endured any longer, and everyone reached out for the food. Though everyone managed to keep some reason at first, but before long, they began to be crazy about the food.

Minnalis smiled while observing the situation, looking with eyes full of affection. Her eyes, like from someone who planted flower seeds and watered the soil, a glance that awaits for those seeds to bud.

Those buds will soon sprout, just a little more...

“Uuh...? Agh, Gyaaaaaah!?”

“Aah, it's budding♪”

And the one who sprouted first, was the one who she planted the ability on first, the man.

In that moment the edge of her mouth lifted up as if the wickedness that awaited to burst out was revealing itself.

“Guu, gaahh, goaaaegee!!”

The first change that appeared was in his arm, it started to shrink and the color started to be dyed green. Yes, it seemed as if it was a goblin's arm.

The humans addicted to the food now stared petrified at the sight of what's happening before them.

For a moment the man crouched down from the acute pain that ran through his body, he was perplexed by his arm that completely changed but immediately was attacked by the feeling of hunger and started to eat the food again

“Now, please eat more and more. The more food you eat, the closer to a goblin you will become, but that shouldn’t be a problem, right? Soon you’ll feel so hungry that such things no longer matters. Ku fu, ku fufufu ~.”

“No, noooooo.”

“U-ge ~ Ugeeeeeee~ Gue~”

“Gofee~, oga~, goee~”

The majority tried to vomit the food in a hurry when they heard those words.

But that resistance was laughable, as the feeling of starvation grew like a snowball rolling downhill, getting bigger and bigger.

“Aah, guu~, I mustn’t, but, Uguu~, I can’t endure iiiiiiittt!!”

“Ugh~, Gaa~, Ugu~; Whateveeeeerrrr!!”

No matter how much they struggled, they weren’t able to withstand the hunger that has been reinforced with magic, and as if a dam collapsed they started to eat the food again.

Gradually the goblin transformation became more and more apparent.

“Ahh, how miserable, how ungraceful!! What are you feeling now, you all who have fallen below the beastmen you have scorned like monsters? How are you feeling right now? Hey, please answer me, isn’t it cruel to ignore me? Kufu~, Kufufufufufu~!!”

“Gugiiiiiii~!!”

She tramples down the arm of the goblin that was in the cage that she was looking at, through a gap in the cage. It was the arm of the slave dealer.

However, even though he stopped eating for a moment because of the pain from his arm, he immediately went back to eat

“Kufufufu~, hey, are you that crazy about my food as to not let it go anymore? Come come, you can eat as much as you like, there is still more left.”

“Guga~, Gugyaaaaaaaa~”

The sound of them stuffing themselves in anguish and agony echoed loudly in the room.

It was the anguished voice coming from the changes happening to his body.

“Oh, it seems I have another perfect goblin, it’s so nice that they’re eating a lot of my food. Kukuku.”

The first one to sink their teeth into the cooking, was also the first one to have his body changed entirely into a goblin. Although he had been a man with an ugly face before, now it was even more grotesque especially after he had clawed at his distorted body.

“By the way, my food becomes a lethal poison which causes you to die in severe pain if eaten in large quantities you know? How does it feel to know that you will die but are not able to stop eating? Do you hear me, oh but even if you can talk you can only say gugyagugya though.”

Most of them quickly changed from human into a goblin, and all sense of reason had vanished, moving only to gobble down the food.

As they ate, they underwent the goblin transformation and as they turn into goblins, they felt pain from the poison.

At the breakneck pace they were stuffing their faces with food, it was impossible for them to stop even if they understood what was said. It was just impossible for them to stop. With what’s left of their sanity, instinct overrode all reason making it so only their hunger drove them further.

The appearance of the goblin-ified former slaves and slave dealer filled Minnalis with satisfaction.

“Kufufufu!! Die die die!! Suffer, suffer more!! Die after you cannot endure suffering anymore!! Like the time mother died after being defiled in a miserable way. Die in the most cruelest and disgraceful way!! Ahaha... AHAHAHAHAHAHAH~!!”

A goblin who had already completely lost his original form was still suffering, watching it having taken a deep interest in the food, Minnalis stamped down on the back of its neck and twisted her foot from side to side.

[Enzou: she's like stepping on his neck, and pushing his face in the food like she's putting out a cigarette.]

“Hey hey hey, there is still more to be eaten!! Hahaha, Kufuahahah!!”

Minnalis' laughter was filled with ecstasy and for quite some time the laughter reverberated, accompanied by the sounds of the goblins' screaming unceasingly, until only silence fell.



That day, the slave shop in the corner of the slums had been mysteriously destroyed, and the people inside vanished.

A few days have passed and a man came to steal from the slavers since the building was left unattended.

The man who came to steal saw a pile of goblin corpses giving off a strong rotting stench.

# Chapter 17

## The Hero Will Help A Bit (1)

It did not take long for the living beings inside the cell to perish.

They all had turned into a pile of goblin corpses. With that, part of Minnalis' revenge had been completed. Minnalis' passion had been ignited, and now, that same burning passion that had become a part of me cheered in delight and ecstatic joy.

I shook with delight at the sight of those that turned into monsters and helplessly devoured their food even though they knew that it will lead to their demise.

Every time I heard the cries of pain from the slave dealer and the slaves as their bodies gradually warped. And each time I heard their screams of agony from the monster poison. I felt shivers of excitement run down my spine.

"Good, that's really good, Minnalis. Instilling the feeling of starvation, having the food change them into monsters, and then killing them by using the monster poison already inside of it! As I thought, my eyes did not deceive me."

These heartfelt words unconsciously spilled from my mouth.

I was unbearably pleased. This girl thought through about what she needed to do in order to really make them suffer.

Be that as it may, but the words I told Minnalis were not just simple lip service. They resulted from what she had shown me.

The pleasant sensation caused by Minnalis exacting her first bout of vengeance coursed through both our bodies.

"Ah, finally... I've finally gotten one of them, Mother."

In the center of the prison, littered with the corpses of the humans-turned-goblins, was the silhouette of Minnalis with both of her hands to her chest.

Her praying figure exuded a solemn feeling, and her peaceful face showed that she had finally achieved vengeance against one of her targets. This was her first taste of true vengeance.

It was indeed the appearance of a demon of righteous vengeance. As she basked in its afterglow, I simply watched without speaking, knowing I couldn't disturb her.



"Well then, are you ready to go?"

She basked in the afterglow for a while, but I couldn't have let it go on forever, so I tapped Minnalis' shoulder before calling out to her.

"...Yes, thank you. It was because of the power you, my lord, have granted me that I was able to take revenge."

"It's not a big deal. This isn't a one-way relationship. What I want from you is a mutual relationship. Furthermore, from the moment you chose to take revenge, we began carrying our revenge together. Your revenge is my revenge, and my revenge is your revenge. Didn't I say so? That was the contract, and for this reason, we are accomplices."

So I said, but Minnalis shook her head in disagreement.

"I had a choice, but you had the right to decide. And so, I chose you. That's why I offered you this desire for revenge with the same feelings of gratitude. It was thanks to you that I was able to obtain this chance at revenge. I was burning with hatred, yet I could do nothing but wait for death to come. The only thing I have is this desire for revenge that I share with you. Therefore, you may have everything except my revenge."

"No, I don't need anything like that. Just calm down for now."

"Ahh~♪ As expected. My lord is a mean person~♪"

Minnalis approached and pushed onto me as she twined herself around my body.

Even though this girl, that is a head shorter than me, has a ragged appearance, she emitted a strangely seductive appeal with her wet eyes and blushed cheeks.

*Kufufu~*, her bewitchingly smiling face emitted an atmosphere akin to a beast who had found her prey.

Perhaps she was still feeling MP sickness due to the repeated MP consumption and restoration, so her beastkin instincts, that had been restrained by her reasoning, clearly manifested.

(She'll return to normal in a bit, perhaps her unusual sex appeal will recede as well when she's calmer.)

There's no problem with ignoring her when she's drunk, and it'd be a pain to care for her otherwise.

"Let's go, this is only the first part of your revenge. Our revenge has only just begun. Set aside your gratitude until our revenge is complete because these sacrifices are not enough to satisfy my burning hate yet."

"Yes, it is as you say, master. I still haven't used my power's full potential yet. I will try my best to make my cooking even more delicious. *Kufufu~*, ahh, I can't stop having wild ideas!!"

(...Will she, turn back to normal? Is it possible that she will be in this mood every day because of the various things she has suffered through...?)

I was somewhat concerned about Minnalis' condition as we left the building. Noon had just arrived, so it seemed a fair bit of time had passed by. In this world, clocks are expensive, so to tell the time, one would listen to the church bells that rang three times a day. Otherwise, one would have no choice but to attempt to tell the time by using the sun's position.

Confirming that Minnalis was by my side, we walked along the main street, deciding to buy her clothes for the time being.

"Can you hide your ears and tail? If it is unreasonable, then we will buy clothes in the slums to hide them before going to the main street."

"I've recovered quite a lot of my MP, so I can hide them with an illusion."

Skillfully using her magic with ease, in but a moment, her long rabbit ears and tail faded away.

Even with assistance from [Illusion Magic Lv3], performing chantless magic is many times more difficult; her ability is nothing to scoff at.

“.....”

“Hya!? M-my lord!?”

From some time earlier, I realized I had been touching around the area where her rabbit ears were. I groped around until I began to feel a wonderfully soft and fluffy feeling in my hands.

“N~, ah-, no-, not in a place like this...”

“Ah, my bad. I was just curious.”

I came to my senses and removed my hand due to Minnalis’ soft coquettish voice.

The first time I defeated the demons, the only thing I had in my mind was to kill the Demon Lord and return to my original world. Thinking back, it was quite a waste of time.

“Which reminds me, I haven’t talked about what we’ll be doing from now on. I plan to leave this town by the end of today.”

“Huff~, huff~, today?”

Minnalis adjusted her breathing while looking at the sky, saying so in a dubious voice.

That reaction was to be expected. In an hour, the sun was going to set.

The town’s traffic management at the North, South, East, and West gates will all be closed at sundown, making it impossible to enter or exit town.

Furthermore, because it takes about half a day to the nearest town after exiting the gates, barely anyone leaves town after noon has passed.

“From my past experiences, my targets for revenge are numerous. This country’s Princess, the King, the Queen, and the Knight Company too, I think? Though, I already made light greetings with the princess and knights. Probably around this time tomorrow, those guys will be able to speak, so I want to be able to leave this town by



the end of the day because I don't have enough power yet and there is no time to relax. Ah, on that subject, what do you think of my last moments from my past?"

The Holy Sword of Vengeance doesn't allow her to relive every memory, so she shouldn't know about my memories ever since my second run-through started. But if that's the case, then...

"Err, eh? Come to think of it, my lord, are you a ghost? Or a hero? A public menace?? What exactly is this memory..."

"Oh, so it ended at the part where you were killed as well? It's that way for me too, only the important experiences are left. For the time being, there are still a lot of things that need to be explained, so for now, let's go."

Listening to me, she just nodded in confusion.

"I see. So we just need to buy enough food and clothes to get out of town early."

"Hm? Oh, no, you don't have to hurry because I'm not planning to leave until nightfall. More importantly, you accepted the royalty as our enemy more readily than I thought you would."

The Royal Family that is considered to be the absolute reigning body of this country has turned into the enemy. It is the same as making enemies with the entire nation.

"Well, certainly, it was a little surprising at first, but because of your past experiences, we know who the enemy is this time. It doesn't matter who our enemy is as we've decided to get our revenge on all of them, right? Regardless, be it the King, the Princess, the Queen, or the knights, what we have to do hasn't changed."

Seeming to become excited when it was said that we would be turning against the entire country, she ended up smiling.

"...Ah, you got me there. I said something unnecessary. Indeed, I'm pleased that I've got you as my accomplice."

It seems that somewhere inside me, I had still been making light of her. Her will had shown me that she was suitable as my accomplice.

"Ah! Yes, I'm also happy that I was selected by you, my lord, as an accomplice."

For a moment, Minnalis had an embarrassed expression, but she immediately glossed over it with a smile. Her MP drunkenness must have worn off.

“For now, we have to deal with clothing. Since the features of the beastkin can be hidden, then we need to prepare clothes, weapons, and of course, food.”

“How will we leave in the evening, the gates will be closing soon, right?”

“Oh? You don’t have to worry about the gates closing because there is a small hole in the walls that we can escape from.”

“There’s a hole in the ramparts? But...”

Minnalis asked in puzzlement.

Since the castle walls are meant to protect from demon invasions, it’s a big problem if there’s a hole. That’s why the walls have multiple layers of self-repair magic to prevent degradation; a hole that people can pass through wasn’t something someone would think of.

“Be at ease. At this point in time, all you need to do is poke the walls a little and they’ll collapse. I know that fully well.”

# Chapter 18

## The Hero Will Help A Bit (2)

“Such wonderful clothes, is it really alright for me to wear them?”

With the streets of the Royal Capital dyed with the evening sun, Minnalis had changed from wearing her old rags, which, as slave clothing, only had holes to fit one’s head and arms, to wearing light clothes from a thrift store.

Though Minnalis said they were wonderful, in truth, it was only slightly better than what people casually wear.

So Minnalis meant that it was better than the slave clothes she had been wearing, not that she was incredibly happy because they were wonderful. Incidentally, I had also changed into clothes suitable for a regular townsfolk.

“It’s fine because you are beautiful. In this country, we need to hide your ears and tail because grandly displaying those will only attract trash nobles and random idiots.”

I remembered something unpleasant, so I just spat out what was on my mind.

Slaves are generally treated as “things.”

Therefore, when trash nobles see “good things” next to commoners, they try to forcibly make them their own to show off their money and power. There are also those who abused their own power to extort money and acting like hoodlums.

During the first run-through, I had disputes with low-lives like that who were only out to satisfy their own greed. At that time, I met an aristocrat who didn’t even try to hide his greed yet was really good at saving his own neck.

Returning to the conversation, said hoodlums rarely frequent the main street, so there will be few problems. However, if we get involved with the nobles, that will be a problem. Starting a fight which would make us stand out is out of the question. I prefer to be less conspicuous.

Thanks to the forceful recovery from the potion, the pitiful bruises all over her body

vanished. Her black eye vanished as well. Her cheeks might be hollow, but ignoring that unhealthy look, she was still on a level of considerable beauty. Even without the prejudice towards beastkin, if her being a slave was exposed, the possibility of being entangled with nobles was still quite high.

“...Beautiful? I am... beautiful?! Kufu~, Kufufufu~”

“Hmm? What’s wrong? Are there any adverse effects from using the potions to forcibly heal yourself?”

Suddenly, Minnalis stopped walking, and turned her face away while trembling, then spoke in a low voice.

Since HP potions restore the body’s vitality, in the same vein, willpower is restored with MP potions. So “stamina” is also recovered. However, Minnalis’ weakened condition was not an abnormal state caused by magic or poison, it was instead due to being exposed to a harsh environment. It was not something that can simply be removed with potions.

To recover from this weakness, one needs to sleep well and eat nutritious food. Otherwise, the weakness from this abnormal state will continue. Incidentally, a beastkin with advanced physical abilities can recover from this weakened state in a mere three days.

“Sorry, but please endure until we reach the item shop. Even if an abnormal status potion is ineffective, it will become a little easier with a relief potion to reduce the effects. We cannot relax until we leave town.”

Even if I said to drink a potion, its effects were varied.

For example, there are ones that recover HP and MP, ones that temporarily raises one’s status, ones that decrease one’s status instead, ones that nullify abnormal states for a fixed period of time, ones that assist skills by strengthening senses, and ones that have some combination of those effects.

Among the potions concerning abnormal statuses, medicine that targets the source and helps one recover from said abnormal statuses belong to the [Recovery system], and those help weaken the effects of abnormal statuses. Potions of the [Relief system] on the other hand, are more like first-aid.

In her current state, potions from the relief system should be effective on Minnalis. It is only a symptomatic treatment, but it should be able to take effect quite easily.

Or so I was thinking, but Minnalis shook her head as if to say that she was all right.

“No, my body is not in a bad enough state where a potion is necessary. Sure, I do feel a little heavy, but it seems killing those goblins were treated as if I defeated them, so I leveled up. With that, I should be fine within a day.”

Saying that, Minnalis showed a thin smile. But her expression was different, her delicate face reddened.

Sure, something was definitely a little off, but it didn't seem like she would accept the potion either way.

*This is bad, do I have to force her to drink one again?* And while thinking that, I tried to match Minnalis' pace as we walked.

While we were walking I was worried about Minnalis as she seemed to be restless. Certainly, only that much doesn't seem to be a problem. As usual, she showed a perfect smile when she turned her face my way. Although her complexion hasn't returned to normal, it doesn't seem to hinder her very much.

*Because we can't rest immediately after leaving town, we'll have to use a relief potion as expected,* and while thinking that it was better to buy a little bit more, we stopped by an item shop.

There, we bought some low-grade HP potions, MP potions, every type of relief potion for status abnormality recovery, food and water to last us a few days, and a large amount of seasonings.

“Here, a relief potion for your weakened status. Drink it.”

“N-no, I'm fine. I can't take something that expensive.”

“...Just drink it. Don't give me extra work.”

Sure enough, since Minnalis didn't want to take the potion, I ordered as her master for the first time.

I didn't use the slave crest to compel the weakened Minnalis. In the first place, using pain to make somebody obey is something I absolutely despised. However, since it will be troubling if she resists, I narrowed my eyes a little, lowered my voice, and more or

less coerced her in a serious manner.

Now that Minnalis has become my accomplice and has shared desires of revenge with me, she should not be afraid of such coercion that lacks even a fragment of hostility; I want to believe that what I asserted was somewhat out of dignity.

“I am really sorry. I will drink it.”

Finally, Minnalis received the potion. It's not much, but Minnalis looked somewhat awed while drinking it.

For the time being, I checked Minnalis' status, and what was written on the weakened status has changed. Its effects had decreased from a half to a third. Though her complexion again turned red, it seemed to me that walking to our next destination will pose no issue.

The next store we went to was a weapons and armor shop.

I'm fine because I can fight with the soul sword, but it was necessary to buy a weapon for Minnalis and armor for both of us.

Due to the nature of a beastkin's magical power, it's probably best for Minnalis to specialize in close-range combat. That said, there's no need for her to fight unarmed. Even without the beastkin's status, the unique skill Minnalis had obtained, just by looking at its name, was obviously one that inflicts an abnormal condition. Since that's the case, it seems a lot better to use it in combination with slashing-centric swords rather than striking-centric fists.

“Minnalis, do you know how to use any weapons?”

Even though she didn't obtain any other skills, I thought that there may be room for her to learn skills with weapons considering that she had an affinity for a Unique Skill. Though I said unarmed, there are other options like using a talon too. There are many ways to fight, so I want to choose an easy-to-use weapon for starters.

“Um, about that, I only somewhat learned how to swing one from playing with the adventurers who came to the village while escorting merchants... I'm really sorry.”

“Hm? It's not really something you need to apologize for. It's fine because you can still learn. In the first place, I didn't buy you because you are already strong. It was enough

that you satisfied the requirements that I wanted from an accomplice.”

With that, they reached the Weapons and Armor shop.

The store, which was close to the border between the main streets and the slums, had a motley—*read as ratty*—but still warm appearance, and it had a sign out front that was carved from wood with “Rishall Weapons and Armor” written on it.

“Hm, oh, welcome! I’m sorry, but I’m closing soon. You won’t have much time to look around, so how about tomorrow...”

There was an apprentice looking after the shop at the storefront.

Certainly, night was approaching with the sun starting to set. Stores still open were starting to turn on their lights.

“No, we have already decided on what we want. We won’t be long since we’re not after anything special, and we need it before the day is over.”

“If that’s the case... Old man!! There are some customers!!”

Minnalis curiously looked around the shop while the boy who had been instructed to close loudly called for the store owner.

“Haaa!? Send them away! Whether they want weapons or armor, if they take their time choosing, we wouldn’t be able to eat our dinner!”

“Seems that they already decided on what to buy!!”

“Then shouldn’t you just sell it!? Once you’re done, hurry up and close the store!!”

The old store owner seemed to be working at the back of the shop. The boy that had been yelling turned around and came to ask us.

“Then, what did you want?”

“Two sets of armor for beginner adventurers, four sets of repair tools, and also regular longswords and sheaths. And please pick out ten appropriate ones.”

“That many? I’m sorry, but do you have enough money?”

The boy glanced at me in doubt. To afford what we had just requested, we needed more than an average person's monthly salary(roughly two large silver coins). It's obvious that he doubted us since we currently looked like commoners.

Next to Minnalis, I felt a hint of anger rising within her, so in order to hold it down, I decided to speak up first.

"Don't worry, here."

As I said that, I took out one gold coin from a bag and showed it to him, and upon seeing it, the boy was then stared in shock and apologized.

"Is that... gold?! I-I'm sorry, I've said something ru-, something rude..."

"Yes, I just had some money come in recently, so my purse is a little heavy. I'm neither a noble, nor do I work for someone wealthy. So please don't worry about it."

He probably misunderstood and thought that I was working for an aristocrat or someone wealthy when he saw me take out a gold coin (Though my clothes shouldn't have given that impression).

There were, of course, people who maliciously used the influence of their proprietors. If you took the wrong approach to them, you would be set in the sights of said nobles or wealthy men; it was well-known for the normal townsfolk to not get on their bad sides.

"R-really?"

"Really really."

I jokingly said that and the boy sighed in relief as the atmosphere inside seemed to have loosened up.

"Ah, still, I'm sorry for doubting you. I will bring everything out right away. Two sets of armor for beginner adventurers, four sets of repair tools, and ten regular longswords and sheaths, right?"

"Right, then please."

The boy hurriedly brought the necessary items from inside the store and placed them



on top of the counter.

“Here, two sets of armor, four sets of repair tools, and ten regular longswords and sheaths. Five silver coins are two large silver coins and two large copper coins is four... seven, no, eight after that is one silver and five big coppers. So... O-ow!? That hurts!!”

With a dull sound, the boy was struck in the head by a brusque fist while he was desperately calculating the value of the coins.

“How long are you going to take? A calculation like that should be done immediately you moron!”

“Even so, hitting me won’t do anything!! If you hit me too much, I might become even dumber, you know!!”

“Are you arguing with me, you stupid brat!?”

“Owwww!!”

A really slow, old-fashioned blacksmith emerged from further inside the shop. He had a rough-looking muscular body with a stern face and had a beard which was probably caused by the dwarven genes that constituted a quarter of his blood.

“Customer, was there anything else you required?”

It only showed a little, but Minnalis was perceptive enough to notice the fragments of both happiness and sadness from the befuddled emotions I somehow showed.

Because of me, these two were put to death by the princess in my first run-through. During the first time, the princess had hidden country’s absolute contempt towards people other than their own from me. I had mentioned their dwarven heritage in passing, and it seems that they were killed without my knowledge.

At that time, I wholly believed that they only returned to their hometown as the princess had told me.

In the first place, other than a dwarf’s small physique and beard, they didn’t have any other defining characteristics. In addition, because of how diluted their dwarven blood was, you wouldn’t be able to differentiate the shopkeeper and his son from regular humans.

At how dumbfounded I was, the princess sneered at me, saying that it was all thanks to me that she was able to discover them which saved her the trouble of finding the hidden trash.

In truth, I knew it was better not to go here. Even so, I couldn't *not* confirm the existence of the two of them.

I also understood that it was just my cheap sentiments, but if at that time they were alive, if they went against everyone and did not turn into my enemies, I would know that, at the very least, they did not betray me last time.

I deeply resented this country, but it was obviously my fault that I was betrayed and got them killed in the previous run-through. So the idea of apologizing swelled within me.

That emotion swelled in great amounts. It seemed that the shared thirst for vengeance was why Minnalis sensed this. In the first place, I did not know if Minnalis was that sensitive in that regard.

"Hm, no, nothing."

I answered with a single phrase as I shook my head.

"According to what's on the table, it's a total of two large silver coins, five silver coins, and eight large copper coins. The armor made of hide has a fastener used to adjust the size. If it does not fit you, you can pay for it to be adjusted for one silver coin. I wonder why you wanted to buy ten long swords, but if the swords are damaged beyond repair, then those repair kits will be rendered useless. If that does happen, it can still be roughly restored for one silver coin. Aside from that, do you want to hear anything else?"

"No, it's fine. Can we put on the armor here? Anyhow, we have no other places to go to and we're also carrying a baggage, you see."

I said, as I placed the last gold coin on the table and received large silver coins and regular silver coins as change.

"I don't mind. If you don't know how to do it, shall I teach you?"

“I already know how so it should be fine. And I can teach her too. It shouldn’t be that hard.”

The sets of armor composed of average hide armor plus waist armor while the leggings and the gauntlets were made of iron along with the same hide.

After quickly putting mine on, I helped Minnalis wear whatever she didn’t know how to equip.

Though the shopkeeper and attendant wanted to help, Minnalis refused. It’s not like the illusion would cease to function when disturbed, but it’s still better to prevent being found out regardless.

I didn’t think that this father and son will change just from that, but it was better for them to not know. They were really friendly, and I believe that even if they knew about our circumstances, they wouldn’t turn into our enemies.

“Uhh... My Lo-... Kaito-san, the chest, it’s a little tight.”

“Ah. Not good. It seems I’ve put more force than necessary.”

While thinking about some things, I unintentionally tightened her armor too much. And her large breasts were emphasized by the pressure.

In my confusion, I loosened my grip, and from the side, the shopkeeper patted my shoulder and raised his thumb with his other hand.

“Good job!”

“Shut up you perverted old man!! Your son is in front of you so restrain yourself!!”

“??? What did you say? What did you say was in front of me?”

Even in front of his son, he’s still the same as the one from the first run-through, a self-destructing old man. That’s why I was able to quickly get on friendly terms with him, but if not for this, his good points as a perfectly cool blacksmith regrettably need to be thoroughly reviewed.

Finally, Minnalis’ equipment was put in order, and out of the ten swords, Minnalis equipped two of them. The rest were to be brought bound with a cord.

“I’m sorry for intruding on you while you were closing up shop. Ah, right, as recompense, I’ll give you an advice. I still don’t know the reason, but the price for antidotes might suddenly rise from now on, so if you can, try to stock up on those.”

“Hm, is that so? I will take it to heart then.”

“Haha, well if that’s the case, then good... By the way, I’m sorry for the first run-through.”

“Huh? What are you talking about?”

“No, it’s nothing. Just setting something straight. Well then, stay in good health.”

I said so to the shopkeeper who had a strange look on his face, then took Minnalis with me out the shop. Outside, the sun had almost set.

“I will carry the bags since I am a slave.”

“No, we don’t want you to be found out as a slave.”

“Even if it’s not as a slave, I still want to at least carry things...”

“No, having a girl carry heavy luggage while I stay empty-handed will be too conspicuous. Besides, I will carry the bags while you’ll be carrying the food. That should be good already.”

Minnalis looked a little troubled after I said that, but I ignored it.

I need to help her remove that part of her thinking about always looking at our relationship as master and slave. I’d be troubled if she stayed thinking she’s below me forever.

Minnalis wasn’t just a slave, she was my accomplice, the same level as someone to discuss plans with. It will trouble me if she became a pawn who only did what she was told.

All the more after that magnificent display of revenge. We’ll just have to keep adjusting our sense of distance from here on to maintain it.

“Anyway, this means we have everything we need. Watch your surroundings; we’re leaving town.”

# Chapter 19

## The Hero Will Help A Bit (3)

The day has finally turned to night.

At this time of day, a remote farming village with a poor lifestyle that matched the sun should be engulfed in darkness, with only the sounds of the billowing wind and the cries of insects to be heard, but within the capital's main street are bars situated all over here and there with their lights on.

Unlike during the daytime when the people were normally bustling about in the streets, the bars were now filled with noise from adventurers that were out hunting until dusk almost night and merchants striking deals. Waiting for an hour or two would be the best time to fade into the darkness.

And so, we headed a little to the east from the north gate to the other side of the slums near the walls. Now that we were in a place completely devoid of people, the two of us who had put on the black robes we'd bought at the rag shop so we wouldn't stand out, finally poked our faces out of the hoods.

"Alright, we are here."

The night wind was gently grazing the rampart, robbing it of heat with its chilling cold. While being white just like marble, its surface was instead coarse, due to the glittering sand-like materials under the brilliant shine of the moonlight.

The glittering like sand was said to be of starlight stone, which had the property of absorbing mana from the air which was then used to maintain the various spells warding the rampart.

"Master? I don't see anything resembling a hole..."

Minnalis seemed confused while examining the wall; because from her point of view, it didn't even look worn out, let alone bearing a hole in it.

"No no, you can't see the hole right away, we will make it. I said so, right? We will destroy the wall."

“Destroy the wall... that, I’m sorry but that is...”

For knowledgeable people, it was common sense that the town’s ramparts were absolutely sturdy.

There was a common folk story that was told to children regarding the ramparts of the capital, it goes like this: Even the tackle of an Earth Dragon, an A class dragon which was unable to fly but instead has powerful charging capabilities wouldn’t be able to make so much as a dent on those sturdy walls. There also remain records of attacks from rare encounters with powerful monsters that attacked the wall to no significant or visible impact.

The general idea is that there was no way that that could be done, much less by a single person.

The rampart being destroyed by a single individual, is the kind of thing that doesn’t appear even in the stories of drunken adventurers in the bars of any town.

Saying that such walls would fall is an earth-shattering event for human beings who live in the city, precisely because they thought that such a thing is impossible. This is the reason why people can sleep soundly even when they have knowledge that outside the walls are forests, grasslands, mountains, and snowy fields riddled with monsters.

If there was an existence able to do such a thing by itself, it would most likely be treated as an existence from fairy tales.

...he would be treated as a legend, or maybe a monster, I’m not sure, but I was treated as the latter.

“Minnalis, walls are basically only stacked up stones; so why do you think it can withstand the assault of upper-level monsters?”

“As for that, numerous spells had been applied to the walls...”

“Right. In the walls of any town [Self-restoration], [Anti-degradation], [Strength Reinforcement] are used. At the capital [Shock Absorption] and [Magic Damping] are added on top of those in normal towns. Because those magic spells are imbued with a large amount of mana, it maintains the highest level of strength. What provides that mana, are these particles of light; it’s the mana that these starlight stones absorb from the surrounding atmosphere.”

Of course, those details are only known to the people in the so-called privileged class.

Rather, for the townspeople, it was only known as “the amazing wall that won’t be destroyed even if attacked by monsters or an enemy country.”

“In other words, if the mana is insufficient, then the strength of this wall will also be reduced. This thing will just become a stone wall and if it is just a stone wall then it wouldn’t be indestructible, right? Besides...”

I said so with a faint laughter, instead of an ability, the Holy Sword of Beginning can be strengthened by imbuing it with mana.

“Because this guy isn’t the only thing that eats mana, you see.”

“This is...”

Although, I knew that it would become fragile, the wall collapsed easier than I thought. The stone that had separated from the wall fell to the ground, and mixed between the tattered rubble, red, brown, green, transparent and multicolored little maggots were lurking.

Wriggling covered in a transparent mucus, they were twisting themselves on the ground with the sparkling moonlight reflected on them.

Then, from the collapsed walls...

[Mugyamugyamugyamugyamugyamugyamugyamugyamugya  
mugyamugyamugyamugyamugyamugyamugyamugyamugya  
mugyamugyamugyamugyamugyamugyamugyamugyamugya.]

.....almost covering the stone, were hundreds and thousands of maggots.

Unlike the common texture of the wall’s surface, the mucus excreted by the maggots changed the texture of stone walls giving it the feel of a wall of meat made from a living creature.

The stone that was afflicted by the mucus lost its whiteness, changing into the reddish-brown color of the ground.

“By eat, did you mean this?”

“Yeah, it’s a D-class subspecies of the magic eating demons called “Magic Eater” aka “Wall Eater.” They breed and eat mana by dissolving magic minerals with a special mucus, once the food is exhausted they turn back to sand. Since it is a new species,



they still don't have a name, at least it shouldn't."

The insides of the stone rampart were already in a tattered state. The maggots were eating the stone, filling it with holes like a sponge.

At an indiscernible rate, little by little over time, the strongest wall would transform into a wall of sand that crumbles when touched.

"It will become more fragile than a regular stone wall when that happens. So much so that making a hole becomes easy even in the hardest of surfaces."

I said so while I lightly pierced the soul sword towards the wall, the stone along with the Wall Eaters crumbled.

The deeper the hole was, the larger the density of Wall Eaters became. It was basically impossible to perceive whether it was a wall of stone, or of maggots.

"....."

While looking at it, Minnalis fell silent.

Even for a man like me, seeing the marble-like structure painted with red and green patterns, was as if looking through the insides of a gut-like organ with tens of thousands of maggots wriggling around; it is something I would refrain from experiencing again. Let alone a woman like Minnalis, she would definitely dislike a spectacle like this...

"Milord, don't you think that pushing someone down into a hole filled with these maggots would be a good method of revenge?"

Minnalis said so while looking this way with an earnest face.

...somehow, my evaluation of Minnalis seemed to have gone up again, just how far will this accomplice of mine intend to raise her value?

It made me laugh with glee.

"Well, that's also good but don't you feel that it's lackluster to just drop them in? How about putting the Wall Eaters inside the body to breed and eat them from the inside?"

"As expected from milord, that way, it is even better as they will experience the feeling of being eaten from the inside!"

“Better yet, I think we should let them be eaten from the outside as well? Ah, no. That would be boring, how about gradually corroding the flesh?”

“If they are to breed in someone’s internal organs, they can be forced to experience having to scrape out the seeping maggots from within themselves. When I killed earlier today, I wasn’t able to use the poison well and they immediately lost their minds. I would like to try if I can maintain their thoughts without driving them to madness.”

“Even if they die, we could turn them into undead like zombies and it will be possible to transfer the insect’s mouth to mouth! Although it is a problem that the parasites die too soon and would be a waste if we don’t make some adjustments...”

Suddenly, both of us were in high spirits discussing the topic of torture. Two people pondering on a plan is really better than thinking alone. Pondering whether each other’s point of view is a good or bad thing is a good stimulus.

While having a harmonious but dangerous conversation, the hole was widened large enough for a horse to fit through, through the use of the soul sword. The Wall Eaters that were separated from the ground were trampled underfoot, mixing together with the stone that was practically no different from sand now turning pulpy.

“Perhaps, these bugs are your doing, milord?”

“Unfortunately, that isn’t correct. I have only heard of it from others and haven’t seen the real deal before. Look, it’s the outside!”

My mood was as if excavating tunnel under a mountain of sand at a park’s sandbox. And after I exited the hole in the wall, what greeted me was a vast expansive forest.

Somewhere in the forest sparsely shined by moonlight, I could feel something ominous and hair-raising.

“Well, we’re finally out.”

I instinctively muttered. Somewhere I felt relief from making it out of the town. I also doubted it, but in this one year, the thought that the inside of the city was more

dangerous than outside seems to have been instilled in the bottom of my consciousness. I wonder if this is what it's like to have a criminal's mental state.

"Ah, my bad, I almost forgot. Please wait a moment."

Saying so, I went back through the hole again, and hid the hole with adequate leftover stone.

"Milord, let me help. We're going to hide the entrance with scraps, right?"

"Hm? Ah, you're a lifesaver. Seems like the humans here haven't woken up yet as it is so quiet."

The collapse of this place should take at least a few weeks later. If it is found out now, the impact would be too weak.

Besides, I knew exactly what would happen due to my first run-through in this world. So it would be a waste if I do not make it more interesting for the second time.

"We can move those scraps here, but how long can you hide the hole with illusion techniques?"

"...I'm very sorry, I am just a beastman. I can keep it on myself as much as you wish, but I think that if I move away the illusion will fade in about a day even if I use my full strength. Although, I may be able to keep it up if you can bring me here several times a day..."

"No, I cannot afford to let you stay here all the time, there is no problem with only this scrap wood anyway."

With an overwhelming feeling of disgust, I sneered at those slumbering residents.

The residents living around that area are people on the verge of falling into the slums. Even if they were to notice that the pile of scrap had moved, it's not like they are going to bother as they still have their everyday lives to go about.

So long as they have a reason to justify themselves, as well as food and money to make their life easier, they wouldn't hesitate even to sell out their benefactor easily. They are the type of people whose only concern is to not fall into the slums.

The corrosion of the wall was different from the timing during the first run-through, if they didn't see the scrap material, then they wouldn't have noticed it until it deteriorated considerably.

"Well, we killed hundreds of them just to pass through. Don't you think that it kinda can't be helped? That we should "help" them by giving them some time to consume the wall?"

"That's true. I think it's just as what milord says. I think that these maggots are a lot better as living beings than those pieces of trash who spout empty words of gratitude. They made me feel like immediately strangling them to death on the spot if I could."

"If we make a racket here, we won't have time to kill. So we have no choice but to leave it as is for now. Thanks to these guys, those people will somewhat suffer and die, now it wouldn't leave as bad of a taste."

While in the middle of the discussion, we covertly hid the hole with scrap material, there shouldn't be anyone who would purposefully investigate the scraps and expose the hole.

"Ah, right! After this, let's pick these up."

Suddenly recalling the Wall Eaters, we collected a few samples in empty bottles.

Afterwards, we picked up branches and leaves from the many trees outside to hide the hole.

"Now then, we should start heading into the forest a bit. There is an abandoned cabin that was used by hunters a little further in. I have gone there once."

"Yes, milord."

During the first run-through, I often hid in this forest surrounding the royal capital so I have in my mind a rough outline of the terrain. Without hesitation, I took a step towards our destination.

"Once we're at the cabin, we will need to prepare many things. But first of all, We need you to recover from your weakening. Your status being halved is no joke, especially your beauty would go to waste."

Either being cute or beautiful would be convenient for many things, these elements work very advantageously for both combat and negotiations alike.

I even threw my pride away, cross-dressing as a woman, or perhaps better to say I transformed into a woman with the power of the soul sword. And if I can, I want to forget that memory.

But apart from that, even now Minnalis is still beautiful. Once she took proper rest and nutrition and returned to perfect health, her former beauty would definitely return.

“N-no matter how many times you flatter me, nothing will come of it. Even if you talk like that I’m already your slave so...”

“No, I’m not trying to woo you. Don’t make people out to be a playboy.”

“Playboy? What do you mean by a playboy?”

The slightly red Minnalis, made a face as if in wonder. I remembered for a moment the time when she was drunk with mana, perhaps she couldn’t handle flatteries like being called cute, or beautiful.

Well, enough of that, I should answer Minnalis’ question for now.

“Eh, ah-... how do I explain, a playboy is... Perhaps I should first explain what flirting is...? Anyway, for the time being...”

While thinking in what manner to answer, we pushed through the moonlit forest in the night.

# Chapter 20

## The Hero Had The Dishes Stolen By Minnalis

“Haaa!”

“Gyaahhh!!”

The sensation of the sinewy flesh while cutting the bones ran through my hand.

The creature that cried in pain spanned over two meters, it was a monster that looked just like a large wild boar. However, apart from the slight resemblance it obviously differs from a normal wild boar, its bristles were dyed in a vibrant green and protruding from its head was a large black horn the size of a fist.

The creature was a monster was called “Green Boar”, it stood alongside goblins as monsters that beginner adventurers hunt down as a source of income. Their numbers were less than that of goblins (rather, goblins just bred too quickly). Although the power of its blows was slightly stronger than that of a goblin, it’s an easy prey to hunt as its only attack was basically a linear rush.

Above all else, unlike the goblins, their meat could be eaten.

It couldn’t be called appetizing, and no matter what, this meat wouldn’t be anything other than the lowest grade of meat. However, processing it into dried meat allowed it to last for a long time and for the beginners that earned little, it became a reliable emergency ration.

“Gyaaah, Gyaaaah!”

Cutting off its right foreleg as I moved past it, I cleanly decapitated the incapacitated Green Boar with the [Soul Sword of Beginning]. Without thinking, I ended up picking it up from its hind legs to drain the crimson blood that was spewing out. But really though, I’ve secured way too much Green Boar meat and so I just threw it back to the ground without hanging it on a tree.

If I came back in a few hours, the dog-shaped monster, Garms would probably gather, attracted by the smell of blood. Since they were not very smart, they would start eating

the meat of the Green Boar on the spot without paying any attention to its surrounding.

The plan was to gain experience easily using surprise attacks from behind.

“Fuuu, at last I’ve passed 3000...”

For the time being, I checked the amount of experience points I acquired from the earlier battles on my way back to the base where Minnalis was waiting at.

It was now the second day since we escaped from the town’s walls.

I tirelessly hunted the Goblins, Green Boars and Garms, that dwell in the forest surrounding the Royal Capital.

Of course, the purpose was to collect experience points and to increase our combat effectiveness.

If it’s the level of the rabble which made up the princess’ imperial knights that were in the area of the summoning, then I could probably cut my way through even if I was surrounded from the front with twice the number of people. However, unlike the ornamental knights that fundamentally cared only about their appearance and position with only stats to show, it would be impossible with the actual knight corp under the command of the knight Captain.

The former was a group whose parents were aristocrats and raised their levels by leveling in safety, surrounded by their followers. So to speak, they were mascots playing the “Admirable Knight Sirs”, decorations used to appeal to the masses.

The latter, however, was an armed force that exists with the sole purpose of fighting—genuine knights. Charging through monster subjugations and wars as the vanguards, the knights that danced a waltz with the Death God on the line between of life and death. Naturally, their bodies were minced full of scars, and a few even had a look that would make the masses hesitate to call them out as the people’s heroes.

Still, that power alone was genuine.

If I was surrounded from the front by any more than 10 of them as I am right now, there’s probably no choice but to escape whilst being prepared to receive some injuries. Otherwise, what was left would be a scene of me turning into a bloodied corpse, a shadow of my former self.

At the moment, whether it’s levelling up using the experience points, or unlocking the soul sword, my first priority was to hurry it up and get more power within my grasp

once again.

“Though I say that... , this -20,000 is just too much no matter how you look at it, Kami-sama...”

Without thinking, I heaved a deep sigh.

By the way, I’ve killed nearly 50 Goblins, Green Boars and Garms in total over the last two days, and the experience I received amounted to roughly 2,000.

Adding the remaining that I haven’t allocated, the experience points that could be allocated was no more than a meager 3,000 points, which falls far from the 20,000. Moreover, it was because I had a stroke of fortuitous luck and managed to discover several hordes that I could kill nearly 50 of them in two days; it would be difficult to hunt that number on a regular basis.

“Shit, what New Game+? Isn’t this second run-through just a hard mode grind?”

Monsters in the vicinity of the capital were quite weak, and the average level of monsters were about 20. Which was basically about the same level as an adult male who was born and lived within the walls of a city.

Of course, if the levels were the same, it does not mean that their strengths were the same. Basically, the monsters have higher stats even if their levels were the same. Since their combat instincts were strongly embedded in their bones, if ordinary people who have not been trained to fight head on in a one vs one with something of the same level as goblins, they would most likely be defeated.

However, what matters was not the level difference, the point was that it depended on the correction of the difference in stats. No matter how great the level difference, if you kill an opponent that fell behind in stats, you won’t receive as much experience points.

And so, I may be Level 1 right now but with the Soul Sword and the effects of the unidentifiable [Title] both raising my stats, then without any bias from me, it should roughly be about the stats of a Level 50.

Though no matter how much stronger they were to humans of the same level, there definitely weren’t any monsters around these parts other than the [Low Rank] mobs.

“Let’s leave levelling up alone for now. For the time being, I should unlock the [Eight Eyed Transparent Tome Sword].”



After I made the Status Board appear, I tapped on the 『Eight Eyed Transparent Tome Sword』 in the Soul Sword column.

# STATUS

## 【Eight Eyed Transparent Tome Sword】

### Acquisition Prerequisite:

Sever the 『Eight Eyed Crystal』, said to see through all, with any Soul Sword in possession.

### Effect of Acquisition:

Enables the user to 『Appraise』 a target's detailed information.

Once appraised, the information of the defeated monster or item can be read afterwards.

Enables the user to secretly peek into a person's Status Board without permission.

### Passive Effect

Magic Resist +50

Required experience to unlock : 0/3000

Distributable amount of Experience : 3011



After allocating the experience points, the window disappears and in my right hand the 『Eight Eyed Transparent Tome Sword』 appeared.

What settled in my hand was a Soul Sword in the shape of a survival knife, a large knife with a slight curvature. On the opposite side of the blade were jagged notches and in the thick body of the blade were 8 round holes the size of a thumb.

In those holes were embedded crystals that were faintly colored like the 7 colors of the rainbow, and a crystal that was black.

Embedded in the pommel of the grip was a transparent crystal that held a design of a tome inside, and attached to it was a ring made of metal.

Turning the ring a quarter of a turn and the design of the closed tome changed into that of an opened one. At the same time, a translucent green board that had a similar look to the Status Board appeared, it was the Data Board.

# STATUS

Appraisal Catalogue: Monsters

Search : \_\_\_\_\_

## Goblin Class

Goblin

Sword Goblin

Archer Goblin

Magic Goblin

Monk Goblin

Sage Goblin

Red Goblin

Blue Goblin

.....

.....

.....

“Hm? So the data from the first run hasn’t disappeared.”

Just in case, I tapped the screen to display the data on items, and the data was properly displayed.

Turning the ring on top of the crystal in the pommel once again, the Data Board closed and since I didn’t have a scabbard I wrapped the blade with leather straps and hung the sword from my sword belt. That’s because I wouldn’t be able to use appraisal if I recalled the sword. And since it’s a type of Soul Sword that doesn’t use MP while it’s just summoned, I would normally wear it on me in its summoned state.

“Open Status, [Appraisal]”

Next, I used [Appraisal] from the 『Eight Eyed Transparent Tome Sword』 on my own Status Board. Doing so, like the blue Status Board, the green Data Board appeared.

# STATUS

宇景海人

Ukei Kaito

## Hidden Status

Technique : SSS

Thought Processing Speed : SS

Body Recovery Rate : F

Status : Healthy



## Magic Apititude

Fire : 0

Light : 0

Water : 0

Darkness : 0

Wind : 0

Non-elemental : 0

Earth : 0

Non-attribute : 0

## Acquired Titles

Otherworlder | Hero | Bearer of the Soul Sword

Champion of Speed | Impregnable Guardian

Subjugator of the Demon Lord | Enemy of the World

Pinnacle of Technique | Fugitive | One Who Swore Revenge | Master Avenger

Now then, since the information on each of the stats were now all present, let's run through each status all over again.

[HP]

Hit Point.

Vitality shown in numerical value. Taking wounds, succumbing to poison or illness will reduce this. You die when this value reaches 0.

[MP]

Magic Point.

The magical power that exists within the body shown in numerical value. Using spells or skills that include the likes of [Coercion] and [Magic Edge] will reduce this.

[Strength]

The upper limit value of the strength that the body is able to demonstrate.

[Stamina]

The durability of the strength that the body is able to demonstrate.

[Endurance]

The value concerning the reduction in damage to HP received from physical attacks.

[Agility]

The upper limit value of the speed that the body is able to demonstrate.

[Magic Power]

The output power when activating a spell or skill with mana above the minimum required.

[Magic Resist]

The value concerning the reduction in damage received to HP from spells and mana itself.

Up to this point has been the values of the stats normally mentioned in the Status Board. Status Boards cannot be seen by other people, but whilst I can see anyone's, it's possible for others to see the Status Board as long as the person himself has given permission to do so. (That I could see Minnalis' Status at the slave store without permission was because of the effects of the title [Avenger's Master].)

Although the people of this world most likely don't know of this, in truth there were stats that existed outside of these. That is, what's showing right now on the Data Board is the Hidden Status.

Unlike the other stats, these are graded not with numerical values but with SSS being the highest rank stepping down to G being lowest rank. Explaining each one respectively:

#### [Technique]

The stat concerning the technical level of Body Control and similar skills.

The variable that shows what extent of technical mastery is possible.

#### [Thought Processing Speed]

The speed at which the information from the 5 senses, skills, or spells is processed.

The stat shines especially when concerning the speed of thought during a battle.

#### [Body Recovery Rate]

The rank concerning the natural recovery rate of HP, MP.

The speed of the natural recovery from abnormal statuses and recovery of damaged parts of the body are also affected.

And so it goes.

These were displayed precisely because of the [[Eight Eyed Transparent Tome Sword]]. Even if an [Appraisal] spell was used, they won't display.

In regards to magic aptitude, with the [Aptitude Crystal] manufactured and owned by the Magician's Guild an approximate understanding could be made. But, because it's quite costly, people without a lot of money wouldn't try it.

This magic aptitude differs from mana, it affects how quickly the magic of the attribute can level up and ease of which mana is converted into spells.

To make it short, it's easy to raise the skill of spells in the attributes with high aptitude, and when forming spells from mana, controlling it is easy. For example, if one's Fire aptitude is high then the Fire Magic's skill would rise quickly, even difficult magic would be easy to use compared to those with low aptitude, so to speak.

Incidentally, non-elemental magic corresponds to enhancement magic like [Force up] and [Physical Up], and non-attribute magic corresponds to hex magic, illusion magic,



spirit magic, ceremonial magic and such unique magic.

Magic aptitude is an ability completely decided upon birth, afterwhich there was practically no method of changing this.

Now then, it's probably been noted by now—my magic aptitudes are all 0. In short, I can't use magic. In the first place, I can't even form spells from mana.

That said, the unique power of the Soul Sword was similar to that of magic and since I don't need to process my mana personally, and also with it being fine as long as I just insert the mana, there's no problem in particular.

However, on top of most unique abilities eating a stupid amount of mana, they're high-powered and have the weakness of being too large and grand to be flexible in combat, though it can be considered similar to magic when thinking about the quality and scale of most magic spells.

Back on topic, the last is about the titles.

About this, there are parts that even I personally don't understand but just like passive skills, their acquisition seems to be tied to fulfilling some sort of prerequisite.

Titles have varying effects, for example, the title [Otherworlder] earns the characteristic skill of [Language Comprehension] and the title [Hero] grants a growth correction to the experience points obtained and skill proficiencies.

Like before, these titles cannot be seen without the appraisal of the [Eight Eyed Transparent Tome Sword], so essentially there should be no one who knew of them.

"As I thought, the titles were left as they were..."

I couldn't confirm it as I didn't have appraisal at the time, but even then with only a look at my stats and knowing the effects of the Soul Sword I thought that my Endurance, Agility, and Magic Resist stats were a little bit high? Now I can finally confirm it as such.

I closed the Data Board after having confirmed several things and coincidentally arrived at the hunter's cabin that we made into our base.

"Ah, master. Welcome back."

“Oi, didn’t I tell you to rest properly?”

I said with a slight frown to Minnalis who was lightly wiping away a fair bit of sweat. The rabbit-brain that seemed to have forgotten how I had said to rest properly before I left, was practicing a few sword swings in the cleared land in front of the hunter’s cabin.

There’s no one to see right now so the fluffy rabbit ears and tail were swaying about with the illusion magic cancelled.

“I’m fine already, the ‘weakened’ abnormal status already wore off just a little less than an hour ago. More like, sleeping too much would be worse for my body.”

Said Minnalis nonchalantly, it certainly seems like her state of health had made a thorough 180-degree turn for the better.

Just in case, I have a look at it using the appraisal that I got just now.

# STATUS

## ミナリス

Minnalis

### Hidden Status

Technique : F

Thought Processing Speed : E

Body Recovery Rate : D

State : Healthy



### Magic Apititude

Fire : 20

Light : 89

Water : 61

Darkness : 85

Wind : 22

Non-elemental : 38

Earth : 11

Non-attribute : 118

### Acquired Titles

Avenger's Subordinate

Owner of the Poison Demon of Phantom Flames

One who altered Life

As expected of a beastkin, the recovery rate wasn't average.

Incidentally, on the topic of recovery rate, whilst it was possible to raise it with spells and skills, normally veteran soldiers with experience in war were averaging an E rank.

"Certainly, it does look like the weakening already wore off, doesn't it."

Nevertheless, it would seem that Minnalis' aptitude for Light, Darkness, Non-attribute magic was actually pretty high. Though normally it would be said that those with a magic aptitude of 40 and over should aim to become a magician of that particular attribute. However, the beastkin had their natural characteristic of easily having their mana dispersed, otherwise, they probably would have been trained as a backline artillery or even frontline magicians.

Even if mana was formed into spells, that dispersive nature of their mana wouldn't change so that kind of outlook becomes voided.

"Well, let's have food for now."

"Yes, I've made the preparations."

"Mm, thank you."

"As a slave, it's an obvious responsibility."

Back when she was mana drunk, her face would turn red as if she was embarrassed when I praised her, but now with a thorough poker face like she had plastered herself (even though I praised her, it hurts to think that she had no interest in it at all), Minnalis showed me a face full of composure and walked into the cabin.

In the cabin were 2 beds (one of which was a bed made by piling up a mountain with the spoils of the hunters and covering it with a cloth making it an instant bed), a small table, and a small fireplace. It was a simple room.

After I did a little cleaning of the dust covered cabin that been disused for many years when we arrived for the first time 2 days ago, I had Minnalis sleep on the bed after giving her the relief potion for the weakened status. After which she repeated the cycle of eating and sleeping.

Due to her having beastkin's high recovery rate, she's already completely recovered as if the frailness on her body was swept away in one fell swoop.

Her skin and hair had their shine returned and there's not a single sign of the deep

pits carved around her eyes to be seen.

The only issue was that the size of her chest hasn't returned to how it was before, (even though it's obviously already larger than average), leaving her in a subtle state of sadness.

And so, these two days were spent fine tuning and understanding our desires for revenge.

Since the exchanged experiences leading to each of our reasons for revenge from the time of the contract feels like a summary, the emotions, and simple events have without fail burnt into our minds but the details for what lead to these experiences were impossible to be conveyed.

So first, we began with the reasons and targets of Minnalis' revenge.

Betrayed by the one she saved, and those she trusted as friends became enemies.

I did think that anyone and everyone's reasons for revenge would have some similarities but, it was definitely disgusting how exceedingly similar it was to my reason for revenge.

I had no words for Minnalis whilst I was listening to her, nor after she finished talking. "It must've been tough" or "that's unforgivable", I had no such words of comfort to speak of.

Sympathy, pity, and the likes from the unrelated come off as nothing but scornful remarks to those beneath them. Even if the words comes from good intentions, the essence of those words won't change.

That's why, people who hold the same emotions understand more than anyone how humiliating those words of pity were, and that's why they won't say anything.

...The ones that can speak those words are able to only because they are people who have never been inflicted by this pain.

To speak further, this revenge may belong to Minnalis, but at the same time, it was already my own as well. Unfortunately, the time to pity ourselves about our own circumstances had already long since passed.

And so last night Minnalis and I finished our talk up to when we got acquainted. This time it was my turn and I spoke all the way back to my origins.

About how I'm a hero summoned from another world. Having experienced the world once over, betrayed by the princess and my friends, and how I swore revenge. About

how I roflstomped the princess and her imperial knights and escaped after I started my second run.

When I finished the story from start to end, Minnalis couldn't understand any more than about half of the story. With a little help from how she knew about the exchanged experiences, she finally understood it all after explaining in detail several times over.

If you think about it carefully, then with the standards of this world, just the fact that Minnalis who was nothing more than a simple village girl could read and write (it seems from time to time she had the peddlers and their guards teach her) was already excellent.

Most likely, it would make you think Minnalis might make a good lord, wouldn't she?

Beautiful and smart, and on top of that, she's athletic. To have someone who would be called an unattainable flower in the previous world become involved with me as an accomplice like this, such a mystery it is.

"Master, please eat before the food turns cold."

"Nn, alright."

While I rest my elbow on the table, I reflected a little as I sat on the seat cut from a log. A moment later Minnalis came out with a bowl of Green Boar soup garnished with some dried vegetables.

The soup that was made with a salt base had warm steam coming off it and looked very delicious. At the very least, it's mostly likely without a doubt better than what I made for Minnalis.

"Hmmm, what's with this cutlery?"

What we bought in town were forks and we didn't bring any spoons. However, in front of the deep-bottomed wooden bowl holding the soup was a wooden spoon.

"I made these from the branches of a tree. I figured it would be easier to eat with than a fork."

Certainly, because the meat and vegetables in the soup were cut so finely, it might be a little difficult to eat with a fork.

“Heeh, that’s quite handy. Did you also do this kind of stuff in your village?”

“Yes, during winter, it’s because I made wooden carvings to ease the household finances a little. Still, I can’t really make it all that well, so I’m planning on remaking it later.”

“Is that so? Though I thought it was a plenty easy to use spoon...”

In my eyes, I thought it was perfectly fine like that, but Minnalis seemed to have been left dissatisfied.

Well, even if I said it was good craftsmanship, the one concerned about the craftsmanship was Minnalis herself so I thought it was fine even if she personally couldn’t be satisfied with it.

Gathering my thoughts, I promptly began to eat the soup.

“Does it suit your taste? How is it?”

“Nnn, it’s good. Minnalis, so you can cook well, huh?”

Thinking about it carefully, if it were only by appearance, then the food on the first day did look delicious as well (even though it had monster-transformation poison and anti-monster poison in it).

Whilst I was eating the meat and vegetables that were soaked with flavor, without realizing I entered a trance and I ended up drinking up the entire bowl of soup.

“‘Gochisousama’, it was delicious.”

“I’m glad that it suits your tastes but erm, what is this “gochisousama”...?”

“Ahh, it was an act of courtesy back in my former world.”

Having said that, Minnalis showed a little anxiety.

“Master’s former world... erm, will you return to your former world someday?”

“Ah, don’t worry. No matter what happens, as long as my revenge is not finished, I will not return.”

As I answered, Minnalis somehow looked somewhat relieved.

“About that, even if I finish my revenge, manage to put an end to various concerns within me and even discover a way to safely return without putting myself at risk, I most likely won’t be able to return. It’s already probably too late for me to ever reform [to my old self].”

Saying that, I stood up holding mine and Minnalis’ empty bowls.

“Now, it’ll be fine to postpone the unnecessary things until after we accomplish our revenge. Leaving that aside, we should start with solving the problems in front of us.”

“Master, I will clean up so please pass me the dishes.”

“Now, the very first thing that we must do is to increase our strength.”

“Master, I will clean up so please pass me the dishes.”

“Hello, Minnalis-san, are you... Are you listening to me?”

“Master, I will do the cleaning up so please pass me the dishes.”

“.....”

Whilst I faintly smiled, as soon as I passed them over I was overpowered by Minnalis with her two hands stretched out in a manner that wasn’t pulling stubbornly but brought out a mysterious strength. Was the anxious look I saw not too long ago just an illusion I wonder?

“Master, the dishes—will—be—washed—by—me.”

I’m not sure what urged her, but Minnalis slowly informed me with a smile that didn’t even move so much as twitch.

Being pressed by this mysterious strength, I leave the dishes in Minnalis’ hands and with a nod that seemed satisfied, she pulled the dishes towards herself.

“And then, how do you propose we do that after this, Master?”

“A-ah, a-about that.”



To Minnalis who asked as if nothing had happened, for an instant, I thought “Hm? What was I trying to say again?” and with a cough I recollected my thoughts.

“Hmmm, ten days from now, a little further from here is an undiscovered dungeon, We will sweep every monster inside.”

“Eh?”

After the cabin was once again engulfed in silence, Minnalis’ voice unintentionally resounded.

# Chapter 21

## The Hero Terrorizes (1)

Several kilometers northeast of the hunter's cabin that we were in, was a camp that we made into our base.

The dungeon that had its entrance shut by a collapsing rock as soon as it came into existence was a cave-type dungeon that remained undiscovered.

Originally, an earthquake about a month from now would open up the shut entrance, and a veteran adventurer who was leading an adventurer's promotion exam would discover it. From that point on, the dungeon's exploring would proceed henceforth.

The dungeons are formed from metallic spheres called "Dungeon Cores". These cores have a similar nature to golems and are formed through natural occurrences. These objects work by sculpting labyrinths in the surrounding environment.

Additionally, the size of the labyrinth expands as time progress, and so do the monsters in both strength and numbers.

The Dungeon Cores are located in the deepest room, and as if to protect them, the [Guardian], an apparition wearing magical equipment that became powerful from being imbued with the mana of the Dungeon Core, stands guard, awaiting for trespassers.

And so, if the Dungeon Core at the end was destroyed, the operation of the dungeon would halt, after which it would leave behind what was simply a huge empty labyrinth.

Compared to the numerous dungeons scattered around the world, this dungeon would be fairly young. In human years, it would be fine to call it an infant.

In every cave-type dungeon, the light from the outside doesn't penetrate the insides. But in place of that, thanks to the [Luminous Moss] that grows on the walls, vision wasn't impaired in the least. Perhaps there were air vents around, but within the dungeon there also won't be any case where there was a lack of oxygen.

If I must mention a problem then it's only so much so as the characteristic humid and clammy air inside of a cave. And in here, today was about the eighth day we dived into this dungeon.



“KuH, HAAAAAAAAAH!!”

“GYAEEEEEEH!!”

After metal collided against metal for a number of times, the wrist of the [Sword Goblin] swinging around a rusty sword was cut off and with that, it had finally come to an end.

Accomplishing that was Minnalis who cut down with her 7th sword, which it too had started to become awfully chipped like the previous six. Then, without thought a flying kick was sent onto the chest of the retreating goblin.

“Gulh, GYAAAAUUUUUh!!”

“With this, it’s the end!!”

Losing both sword and hand at the same time, the newfound pain further warped the expression on its face that was already ugly at the best of times. Not long after, the goblin had its head separated from its body in one single cut.

Without raising a death throe, the defeated goblin gushed out its green blood and fell.

“Fuu... , ?!!”

Along with the slight sound of air being pierced was an arrow flying towards Minnalis. As if to weave into this instant of an opening without caring for the atmosphere drew near this one strike. It was already too late to evade, and the most she could do was to twist her body and hope for it to miss her vitals.

“See, didn’t I tell you not to be negligent?”

Using [Haste] from a position a little away, I sliced the arrow from below without slowing down. In the shadow of a rocky area a little farther away, the goblin archer could be seen readying its second arrow.

“Those wolves over there, I’ll leave them to you for a while.”

“Y-yes!”

The 5, 6 [Grey Garms] that I was fighting were in a state of confusion from not being about to catch up to the speed of [Haste]. However, within the wolves that had grey fur, was an individual with black fur leading the pack. The [Black Garm] raised a single howl and took control of the confusion.

Seeing the pack that was hurriedly heading over from the corner of my eye, I left the Garms to Minnalis and kicked off from the ground towards a different direction.

“As if I’d let you.”

Faster than the Archer Goblin could release the arrow, I used [Haste] to shorten the distance and split it in 2 halves with a single vertical slash.

“GyauAAH!!”

“Shut it.”

And from there, bringing the sword back I swung the Soul Sword up, and collided it against a greatsword coming from the front, with thickness that could already be called a lump of steel, sending sparks flying. What stood there, completely hidden under the shadow of a large rock was a [High Sword Goblin], it was the individual that was uniting the nearby group of goblins that originally numbered close to ten.

“GYARURUuh!!”

The Goblin raised a growl in irritation as things didn’t go as it wanted. Although it had the same appearance as Goblins, its muscular body was nearly two meters tall, almost twice as tall as a normal goblin.

“It seems your thirst for blood has finally come out, hasn’t it? Then let me tell you this, if you had the brains to do a surprise attack then don’t go shouting on purpose!”

“GuUUH!! GUGaAH!!”

If the characteristic of the skill [Language Comprehension] was to convey the words to others, then my words should properly be conveyed. However, it was a function that didn’t work on anything other than humanoids, so to speak.

It does work on beastmen, elves and the demonkin. However, though there are

techniques to form a mutual understanding with monsters, beasts, and insectoids, the words of the so called “nonhuman” could not be understood.

The same applied for the Goblin in front, the Goblin probably couldn’t understand the words I said.

Even then, perhaps it was able to tell from feel that it was being made fun of, from barely being able to continue locking swords, it raised its voice and swung the greatsword as if to forcefully blow everything away.

“Tch, this ridiculous amount of power...!!”

Surprised that the strength was greater than I had assumed, I cursed.

Whilst I was blown away, I quickly used [Sky Walk] and adjusted my stance in the air.

When I stole a fleeting glance at Minnalis, she was fighting reliably, moving constantly so as to not be surrounded by the Grey Garms and steadily injured her targets; it was perfectly fine to be faithful to the basics.

If Minnalis was fighting well then I couldn’t be showing such a disgraceful display. Using the distance that had opened, I took a peek at its Status to find the source for that strength.

ハイソードゴブリン Lv77			
High Sword Goblin	Monster, Male		
HP	1121/1212	MP	256/256(511)
Strength	1321(521)	Stamina	524
Endurance	347(695)	Agility	527
Magic Power	0(531)	Magic Resist	248(497)
Inherent Skills:	[Fencing Lv4][Greatsword Technique Lv3 (bestowed)]		
State:	Good, Cursed		

“Its state is good with a curse applied, so that means it’s a cursed weapon, huh.”

It’s hard to imagine that the rag around the Goblin’s hips could be anything impressive so I appraised the greatsword instead.

[[Greatsword of Fervent Grudge]]	
A greatsword filled with the grudges and curses of many heavy swordsmen.	
The holder will become an existence specialized towards swinging a sword with great force.	
《Passive Effect》	Strength +800, MP -50%, Magic -100%, Endurance -50%, Magic Resist -50%, Skill [Greatsword Technique Lv3] bestowed

Just as I thought, the greatsword that was in the Goblin's hands was a cursed weapon. It was a weapon perfect for muscleheads, and generally, Goblins do not use magic in battle so it was good combination between weapon and user. Most likely, this Goblin evolved from Sword Goblin to High Sword Goblin thanks to it getting its hands on this weapon.

"So that was the reason it has such strength while not being a Dungeon Boss. How troublesome."

With cursed equipment being rare as they should be, in the almost 4 years I was travelling around in this world in my first run, even I hadn't seen any more than I could count. The equipment grants great power in return for a lot of demerits, even so they choose their users. More importantly, cursed weapons were filled with powerful thoughts, and users without the aptitude will have their consciousness eaten away. Losing itself, just to become a monster that could only rampage about.

Since it's like that, this Goblin probably has the aptitude for it. The fact that its state came out as 'Good' meant that it hadn't been consumed by the sword. Though I knew it was making rational movements, it seemed it was properly controlling the cursed weapon.

"GuGAAAAH!!"

"Shit, it's somewhat of a pain."

It's not like I haven't fought with opponents that had their real strength raised with hex magic and cursed equipment. But, in the first run I had a Saintess amongst my companions, and I had also unlocked powerful Soul Swords with good compatibility. Opponents with curses had poor affinity with the non-affinity magic, holy magic, that the Saintess specialized in, and I was also strong so there weren't any memories of

hardships against them. However, that Saintess was currently a target for revenge, and I've yet to earn the amount of experience points to unlock any powerful Soul Swords making it difficult to defeat it with brute force alone.

"GyaUUUuGAa!!"

"-!! Fuh, -!!"

I slid together the incoming blade with the Soul Sword, dodged with footwork, and used the beginning of a sway to slash superficially and dull the sword brandish. Fortunately, since my [Technique] and [Thought Processing Speed] were carried over from the time of the first run, I could cover for the hopeless difference of the Level 1 stats.

Nonetheless, I couldn't find a large opening, little by little small wounds were inflicted and bit by bit its HP was whittled down.

However, HP was, for all intents and purposes, the remaining life force displayed and if it drops to 0 then it would be dead. For example if the HP was high, but its head falls then the number would immediately become 0.

Conversely, no matter how many small wounds were piled up, to end an opponent with only that would make it a terribly harsh fight.

And, having thought up to that point, suddenly I remembered something.

"...Let's give it a go."

I then skillfully parried every strike and directly met every sword from the front, and when I saw the Goblin warp its face from almost being crushed by force, I then matched the timing of the Goblin's swing of its greatsword and personally jumped back.

In the opening from the created distance, whilst being economical I recovered the mana I had steadily used up by drinking a potion.

I recalled the [Soul Sword of Beginning] and in its place, brought out the [Fire Spider's Leg Sword].

In spite of being properly blown away after our swords met, that I had not been given any serious wounds again caused the Goblin to warp its face in irritation.

However, seeing that the weapon I held changed from what appeared to be a normal sized [Soul Sword of Beginning] to the size of what could be called a short sword of

the 『Fire Spider's Leg Sword』, the Goblin thought that it had become advantageous and once again immersed itself in a sense of superiority and showed an ugly smile.

“GuGyaAAAAUuAAAh!!”

Closing the distance again, the Goblin cut up from below with the greatsword.

Dodging that strike with a half-turn stance, came the roar of the cut wind and the wind shook my bangs. The greatsword that was swung up continued from there to a second strike in an upper stance and came swinging down, to which I was expecting it with the 『Fire Spider's Leg Sword』in a reverse grip.

“Guh...!!”

“Guh, GYAAAH!!”

A high pitched shriek resounded, the Goblin's greatsword and my Soul Sword sounded at the last moment.

That was without a doubt a reproduction of the first run, however, this time it didn't become a display of me being blown away.

“GUGYAUH?!”

“So it turned out well. As I thought this, it's pretty good isn't it?”

I hadn't thought of this way of fighting during my first run, but cursed weapons were just like any other, made of metal.

The part of the greatsword that had met blade to blade was little by little being melted. It was when about half the greatsword had melted did the Goblin notice the predicament and hurried to pull back the greatsword. However, it was already too late.

I released the Soul Sword from my hand and at the same time created footholds in the air with [Sky Walk].

As I twisted my body in the middle of the 3rd jump, precisely on the deep ditch created on the back of the greatsword, I strengthened my leg through magic manipulation and riding the force of gravity, I swung my heel straight down.

“GYGYAAAH?!”

The sound of something hard smashing accompanied the greatsword splitting from



the centre.

The Goblin that seemed to have placed absolute trust in its own weapon was dumbfounded and was looking at the broken sword in its own hands.

“Right there!!”

“GUH, Gaa...”

Without any intention of letting that opening slip by, I quickly brought out the [Soul Sword of Beginning] and imbuing it with a fairly large amount of mana and the intent to kill in one hit, I swung the Soul Sword.

The Goblin that had its windpipe slit lost strength in its body and fell face up. On the ground, tumbled the remains of the broken cursed greatsword that should have been gripped tightly by the Goblin as if it wouldn't part even in death.

# Chapter 22

## The Hero Terrorizes (2)

When, without lowering my alertness, I quickly looked to confirm Minnalis' situation, it seemed that she had already more or less finished up.

Having been slashed many times by a sword imbued with magical poison, the Grey Garms lay on the ground groaning in anguish. The only one remaining was the [Black Garm], the leader of the pack, and even it was showing a weakened state.

It seemed she wasn't negligent and didn't change her way of fighting, prioritizing evasion and wounding the Garms little by little, letting the poison soak in.

"Kufufu, now now, dance, kufu, kufufu!!!"

"...No, so it wasn't fighting cautiously but rather just torture, huh? Right, and she has been using [Poison Demon of Phantom Flame] too much."

It was probably the result of her fighting style, but it seemed that she became mana drunk from overdoing things.

It would seem that Minnalis had a constitution that made it easy for mana intoxication to occur. If she used [Poison Demon of Phantom Flame] too much, she would get completely consumed by the excitement of the battle and let her reason fly off high into the clouds.

Even now she was completely consumed by the excitement of battle and her fighting spirit turned into outright sadism.

"Hey hey, hurry up and sing for me. I'm letting you die with a first-rate poison... Ah! Milord!! Why!?"

"Even if I say it, it's not likely to help, but cool your head a little."

Sighing loudly, I stabbed the Black Garm that had pretty much stopped moving by now, nailing it to the ground.

“Theft is unfair! As an apology, I want a kiss, please. A kiss. A KISS!”

“Stop this silly talk, hurry up and cut off its neck already. I haven’t killed it yet but it’s bound to die soon.”

“Uuuhh, I get it.”

I used one hand to hold back Minnalis’ face, as she had jumped over here and I relaxed it when I felt her leaving.

The Grey Garms around us had already stopped breathing due to the poison. Minnalis brought her sword up and decapitated the Black Garm putting an end to the fight.

“Here, an MP potion.”

“Milord, mouth-to-mouth?”

“.....”

“FUGU!! Ngu, Ngu.”

I ignored the strange scenario created by Minnalis teasing me with upturned eyes and forced the potion bottle into her mouth making her drink it.

With this, after a few minutes, she would probably “Job Change” into a standard issue, usual, cool Minnalis. At the same time, she was gradually getting used to the mana intoxication itself, so that when the combat ended she would return to her normal self, once she recovered her MP.

“Puha, aah. It wasn’t mouth-to-mouth but this is fine too.”

“Aaah, yes, yes. You rest, since I’ll be doing the dismantling now.”

Ignoring Minnalis after this, I quickly took out the newly unlocked Soul Sword [Plump Squirrel’s Pouch Sword] from my sword belt. This Soul Sword’s appearance and feel didn’t exactly suggest the function of “Cutting”. The weapon didn’t even reach fifty centimeters in length even with the handle included and the part that should be the blade was fully covered in light-brown fur lacking any kind of edge. It seemed to lack

any kind of core too, and it might've been more accurate to call it a flabby rod made of pelt.

Its effect was the so-called Item Box. Sacrifice 5% of your Maximum MP and storage without a limit became possible.

Most Soul Swords would disappear and reform within me after separating from my hand for a few minutes. However, this one wouldn't do that, moreover, it could produce several copies of itself. It would even, as long as I allowed it, persist when held by others. And thus, Minnalis also sacrificed 5% of her maximum MP to wield one for personal use.

Once mana was poured into the [Plump Squirrel's Pouch Sword] the cylindrical blade would swell up like a balloon and its furry tip would open like a bell mouth.

I placed the Soul Sword suitably on its side and held the carving knife bought from the Item Shop in one hand, consulting the memories of my first run, I removed the parts proving monster subjugation and other usable materials.

Monsters from a dungeon tended to be taken in by the dungeon shortly after death, so if the dismantling wasn't done promptly they would end up disappearing.

Given that we had suffered a pincer attack from multiple monster packs and had to expend some of our resources in the fight, it would be too wasteful if that happened.

"I should hold onto this as well, just in case, huh."

The two pieces of the cursed weapon [Greatsword of Fervent Grudge], that was used by the High Sword Goblin before it broke in half, were also thrown inside the bag.

At the time I finished with all the work, the first monsters to be defeated in the fight were subsumed into the ground and sunk completely without a trace.

I returned to Minnalis and noticed she was mostly sobered up from the mana intoxication, her heightened arousal triggered by the very tense situation that blew away her reason had died down.

"Erm... My apologies, Milord. To have troubled you again..."

"I don't mind, as despite the intoxication, your basic judgment in battle doesn't seem to be affected. Although, as could be expected, fighting two packs at the same time was quite tiring."

Saying that, I sat down next to the rock that Minnalis sat on.

Originally, we were fighting the Grey Garms pack that had the Black Garm as their leader. I wanted Minnalis to experience a battle in a place with many obstacles, so I chose an area strewn with large rocks, however, as we were fighting, the Goblins happened to come out from a different entrance at just the right time.

The monsters in the dungeons were unlike the ones outside in that aspect, even if the packs were of completely different races, if there were humans present, then they will move together with the humans as their highest priority target. The monsters with good mutual compatibility would end up working together. And in this case, Goblins and Garms had relatively good compatibility.

Like that, the number of enemies doubled and it became a case of me spitting the two groups with Minnalis and confronting them separately.

“For the time being, shall we have a break to eat something? We’ll be going to the Dungeon Core room after noon to capture this dungeon. I’m starting to miss the sunlight already.”

Having said that I took out some dried meat, hard black bread, and water from the [Plump Squirrel’s Pouch Sword]. Although the luminous moss kept the place fairly well lit at all times regardless of time of day, the yearning for the warmth of the sunlight was, predictably, becoming stronger.

It seemed that it was something Minnalis had too felt in her brief time of being locked up in the deepest part of a prison and she made a very small nod.

I put the flask made of leather like cowhide to my lips and moistened my throat dry from all the moving around in battle. This water was obtained from my very first Soul Sword [Water Spirit’s Droplet Blade] unlocked by experience points saved up after entering the dungeon.

This one didn’t have a blade, it was a Soul Sword that had nothing but a handle. It was a weapon that would conjure a thin blade of water created from either taking in water directly or taking in mana.

My maximum MP was low, so handling the weapon without a place with water would be unreasonable but by infusing mana, it would be possible to create drinking water. Thanks to this, the problem of water supply during travels were resolved easily.

After the two of us finished cleaning up the monsters, even though I didn’t expect any more immediate assaults, there wasn’t time to dawdle. Minnalis who had with her

own body experienced the eight days of being inside a dungeon had also quickly finished up with her meal.

“Now then, from here on we’ll head towards the Boss Room. We have meticulously killed all the monsters in the dungeon already.”

The group that had cleared this dungeon in the first run was the Hero Party, with me as the leader, after hardly any time had passed since I had been initially summoned to this world. It was regretful though, that it was a dungeon I had delved in and cleared almost four years ago, so I couldn’t remember the finer details of its structure. Even so, if I walked around for a week or so then I would more or less remember the layout of this place. But right now, relying on the blurry memories, I chose the shortest route leading to the Boss Room and headed out.

On the way, whilst defeating the Goblins and Garms that showed up sporadically, we advanced further and further into the cave system. And the place we arrived at, was the one and only with an outer appearance unlike its surroundings, it was dominated by a pair of giant, metal doors.

“Milord, could this be...”

“Yeah, the deepest part of the dungeon, the [Guardian’s Room] where the core is.”

Stopping in front of the door, Minnalis gulped at the strange intimidation aura released by the door.

“I’ve heard that the [Guardian] that protects the deepest part of the dungeon has strength incomparable to the other monsters that wander inside the dungeon. Will we really challenge it just by ourselves?”

Said Minnalis with a face full of anxiety.

Those nerves were quite natural. In the first place, the conventional theory was that dungeons were places to be challenged by parties of at least four. If the porters for carrying food and water were included in consideration, then two people would look to be severely insufficient.

And also, if it was challenging the [Guardian] protecting the Dungeon Core, then, in the first place, there had never been a case of it being done by a single party. Even if around ten parties with considerable strength came together in an alliance, prepared

perfectly, repeatedly simulated the encounter and confronted the Boss in rotation, suffering some casualties were still to be expected.

That was what the adventurers who have dived into dungeons considered to be a [Boss Battle].

A team challenging the Guardian with only two people would make anyone think they were suicidal or get treated as pitiful loonies with more than a few screws loose.

“Aah, we’ll kill the Guardian, alright. The shards of the Dungeon Core are materials that holds a vast amount of mana. If that was to be used in the creation of an equipment then whatever it was, a super first-class weapon would be made.”

To a country, the dungeons could even become a resource. There were dungeons that, upon discovery, would come under control of a country with the destruction of the core prohibited. That was because once the core was destroyed then the monsters, and the materials associated, would stop spawning.

For the very reason, since this dungeon was yet to be found by a country, while its existence was still unknown I intended to secure its core without fail.

“Is that so... Milord, please rethink this matter!! If we die here, then our revenge will...”

“Oi Oi, who ever said we were challenging it directly?”

I flicked Minnalis’ forehead as she was complaining with a deadly serious expression.

“Calm down. Even I don’t have the least bit of interest in something like crossing swords with it straight on. If it’s the two of us right now. then the chance of winning would be five percent at most. I do want the Core, but if I had to weigh that against our need for revenge, I would never take the latter so lightly.”

“Then, erm, errr...?”

“Enough of this subject. The Guardian will never leave that room while protecting the Dungeon Core. The monster that’s assigned to the role is given powerful equipment from the Core but in exchange it has its agency taken from it, being left only with an order to protect this place. With that being the case, if we just attack from outside their range, then the whole thing will be one-sided and end just like that.”

“From outside? But, I’ve heard before from adventurers that it’ll come out all the way to this hall once the door opens.”

“That’s right. Once the door opens, it is certain to chase to the hall before the Guardian’s Room, in this dungeon it would be here. However, it’s also confirmed that if the door is closed then it won’t chase past the threshold. In that case, it’s fine if we defeat it with the doors closed.”

After saying that, I took out the [Fire Spider’s Leg Sword]. And then I injected mana into it.

“From outside... aah, I see. As expected of Milord.”

“Well, we are as likely to succeed as not and if we fail, we’ll have to give up. This time we mainly came here to teach your body how to fight, though there was the aim of earning experience points too.”

Not only were we in a midst of a hostile country, we couldn’t be sure when other people would prove to be enemies either.

If one aimed to learn how to withstand a sudden assault and polish combat skills to not die, then repeatedly fighting large numbers of enemies in melee was the best shortcut. Now that we couldn’t do anything that would make us stand out, this was the perfect hunting ground.

“That’s why there’s no need for taking huge gambles to defeat this guy. You’ve learned plenty about how to fight, so it’s fine if we just get experience points from the Boss.”

Having said that I proceeded to melt through a part of the door with the [Fire Spider’s Leg Sword].

As expected of the door protecting the deepest part of the dungeon its toughness was even higher than the cursed weapon’s.

“Once the hole in the door is completed, you should pour in long duration poison fumes from [Poison Demon of Phantom Flames] into the room through it. The Guardian will probably not move without an order even if it notices something, but just in case, make a poison that’s colorless, tasteless and odorless.”

Whilst I was saying that, I poured more mana into the Soul Sword as the door was still resisting strongly, even though it began to melt.



With that, the 『Fire Spider's Leg Sword』 had somehow penetrated into the door creating an opening the size of five centimeters.

“Ok, that went well, ah, ah?”

And, I started to feel as if the whole world started to sway around me.

The composed part of my mind informed “Ah, I've become mana drunk” but somehow made it sound as a different person's problem.

“Sorry, Minnaris, up to you now... All seems fine, let me rest now.”

Using what little reason I had, I finished without showing a disgraceful drunken display and entrusting my back to the wall I sat on the ground. As long as the door wasn't opened, the Boss wouldn't come out, and the monsters spawned by the dungeon wouldn't come near the hall in front of the Guardian's Room.

Since the dungeon entrance was deeply camouflaged by rocks, there probably wouldn't be any other adventurers finding the entrance and making their way all the way down here.

“Please leave the rest to me, Milord. Please rest a little.”

I glanced sideways and saw Minnalis cool down the water and carry it to the melted hole in the door, then use [Poison Demon of Phantom Flames] to transform mana into poison before pouring it into the hole.

If Minnalis, a beastkin, used poison magic normal for her kind, then her poison would have spread and acted immediately, however, the one made from her inherent skill [Poison Demon of Phantom Flames] didn't work like that.

The effect of the [Poison Demon of Phantom Flames] skill was the ability to create, by using mana, any amount of poison with various traits in the immediate area of the caster. That poison would not naturally disperse no matter how much time passed and was impossible to remove without the user's permission.

There seemed to be several other facets to the skill, however, that was all that could be utilized currently.

I investigated with Appraisal and there certainly appeared to be other abilities than these two. However, they were only displayed with 『????????』.

This inherent skill was similar to other skills in that it seemed to be the type that

developed, although that process wasn't tied to levels. Some sort of prerequisite and skill proficiency both had to be fulfilled to unlock the additional effects.

*Most likely, judging by the name, it's an illusion type ability and...* While I pondered that, I was suddenly overcome by fatigue and drowsiness.

Even though there was a thread of fatigue being connected to the excitement of continuous battles, I was probably weakened by mana intoxication.

Without even a chance to resist, my consciousness was fell into the void like I was sinking to the bottom of a tranquil lake.

# Chapter 23

## The Hero's Dream Of Despair (1)

“Oy, listen to this. It turns out that the Hero-sama, or rather, that Hero fellow had underhanded connections with the Demonkin. He killed the previous Demon Lord and became the Demon Lord himself. There are outrageous rumors circulating everywhere right now, but it's turned into a big deal behind the scenes.”

“Riiight, I've heard, I've heard. That revolt in the slums from before as well, it was actually Hero-sama, no, would that be Demon Lord right now? Whatever, it's a pain, Hero will do. Turns out that rebellion was a result of the Hero going “Since the residents of the slums are like garbage, make them all slaves already.” and unreasonably pushing for it. I feel sorry for the King since the person who defeated the Demon Lord is said to be that Hero, there is probably no one in the kingdom strong enough that can be dispatched after him.”

“That Hero who became a Demon Lord and the King who bitterly issued that edict as well, they don't seem like they'll compensate those guys for falling into slavery. And it's not like those enslaved guys committed any crimes in particular, they were just a bunch of commoners simply unable to afford food with the sudden price inflation. Truly the scum of the earth.”

“Yeah, having to address a guy like that respectfully just makes me want to throw up.”

The Royal Capital at night, in a bar not far from the main street.

The rain that poured from the dull sky was as if a god tripped over a bucket of water above the clouds.

(Fuckers, talking shit as they please...)

Hidden under a hood deep enough to obscure the eyes I observed the surroundings, while slowly sipping away at the remains of the low alcoholic drink made from a lemon-like fruit juice diluted with water.

What could be heard around me were complaints about the rain making hunting impossible and the wives unwilling to raise men's allowances. I didn't consume

enough alcohol to get drunk so my thoughts turned introspective instead.

That night in a bar was half a year after the very day I killed the Demon Lord with these hands. During that period wherever I went, I could only hear the rumors about the Hero, me, change into the absolute worst kind, their contents deteriorating by the day.

In this different world, the capital, a place that I had probably stayed in the longest, was already completely hostile territory. The day when I began my journey making a big deal about being the Hero had almost become like a dream.

I changed my appearance to look like the opposite gender with 『Mirror Sword of the Heavenly Evil Spirit』. If I didn't make it so no one could tell it was me, then I wouldn't be able to walk in public. Actually, if there was no one who could become an ally, then I probably wouldn't be able to get inside the city in the first place.

By this point, I suffered uncountable of attacks by those who were once allies. And I couldn't even make sense of the reasons behind all those assaults.

The warrior of great moral integrity that who said his dream of becoming the number one Hero couldn't be fulfilled while I was around.

The dancer that was like a reliable sister during the journey who said it was both for the dream of the warrior, her husband, and for the huge bounty that was on my head.

The awkward magician that was concerned about his surroundings during the journey who said that he needed my body as a research specimen in order to leave a mark in history.

The merchant whom I had helped to develop merchandise with modern knowledge who aimed for my life due to being troubled by the possibility of me collapsing their monopoly by imparting that very modern knowledge to other merchants.

The unsociable but animal-loving martial artist on a journey of self-improvement who tried to kill me to raise his level.

The former assassin sent by the royal family saved from numerous crises by his spying ability who spat out without any hesitation that they were to kill me by royal decree while looking at me with cold eyes.

The villagers that were saved along the way who looked at me with eyes clouded by greed as they asked for forgiveness for selling me out for a reward.

And finally, the kind-hearted Saintess that was always there to encourage and cheering someone up who branded me as an “Enemy of God” and “Someone that became the Demon Lord” never divulging the reason for her betrayal even when asked directly.

The Kingdom, the Empire, the Beastdom, and the Republic, the countries that I supposedly protected all became hostile.

A great number of people accepted the government proclamations without any doubt and whenever they found out I was the Hero, they drove me away with curses and stones like a leper.

But even now, I didn’t want to believe that I was betrayed and I wanted to bawl my eyes out.

Hiding myself as a criminal would, after great pains, I made it to the Royal Capital while surrounded by the sea of hostility. All the pain and sadness almost made me give up numerous times.

Even so what kept my breaking heart in one piece was her, the Demon Lord’s, promise.

[I’m sure you’ll return to your home, to your family.]

...That was the promise I had with the girl that had me purposefully kill her.

She was a girl with many things of note.

A timid liar, a coward full of bluster, an obstinate person.

Even when laughing heartily, she was a crybaby.

Even when arrogant and selfish, she was sensitive to how I felt.

A girl that added color to this monochrome world with her overbearing hatred.

I touched the small hemp bag that hung from my neck.

Inside it was her magic core containing enormous, Demon Lord-befitting, amount of mana. The core was to the Demonkin what a heart would be for humans.

The Hero summoning magic required a vast amount of mana.

My summoning consumed the antique treasures passed down within the royal family. Despite gathering many of them together, they had their mana completely consumed and seemed to become absolute junk.

To make up for all that required mana she exchanged her life and handed that magic core over to me. It was something I had always pursued so that I could return to my own world.

It belonged to that girl who, while saying there would be no hard feelings whether it was her win or loss, allowed herself to be killed on purpose at the very end.

[It's a shame, it doesn't seem that I will be going with you to your world. Well, still, it's fine. I had always been getting things from Kaito, with this, as far as my debt goes, we'll be all even. I've said before that I am a woman that properly returns what's borrowed, haven't I.]

"Eh you... You're always overdoing it."

[I'm sure you'll return to the previous world, to your home, to the place where your family is. However, I'd be offended by being forgotten immediately, so for a while live whilst you cry. Make an ultra splendid grave for me and choke on tears while thinking of me. Kaito, because you're always thinking about your family in your own world I'm going to monopolize on you for the time being! Kukuku, ah, like this even death is unexpectedly something to look forward to.]

"Looking forward to? Even when you're a coward? You're doing a very bad job lying right now."

[Right, there's one more thing I wish from you afterward. Live whilst thinking you can die at any moment and finish any and all unfinished business without leaving any unresolved matters behind. I'm giving you my life, if you say goodbye to a life that looks like you randomly threw it away midway through, I absolutely won't forgive you. So prepare yourself since I'll properly watch over you. If you show me a display of a fool, then I'll either be reborn and give you a right smacking or start haunting you as a ghost!]

"It's fine whether you're born again or haunting me, just show yourself, ok?"

The voice of the girl was scorching the inside of my ear and it was losing strength each time she replied.

Several lines of our final conversation passed through my mind.

She was a selfish girl to the end. And I, who had allowed that, was the worst of men.

More so, looking at how I was now the target of the people whose request of “Defeating the Demon Lord” I fulfilled like that.

Coming this far I had absolutely no way of refuting the words “Great Fool” that the girl called me with. Truly, I was an idiotic, foolish, crappy piece of shit. By the time I noticed, it was all too late and I could only regret my choices.

Precisely because of that, I had to protect the promise made at the end no matter what happened. To fulfill my vow to the Demon Lord and achieve the reunion with my family. That was my only support right now.

Before I noticed, the liquor in my glass was gone.

“Hey, missy, you look pretty grim there. Why not drink with us? We’ll make it our treat if you agree.”

“...No thanks. Oy, I’ll leave the money owed here.”

“Ah, OY!! Tch-, what’s with that, that’s no fun at all.”

Brusquely rejecting the invitation of the generous drunkard I left the bar with money for my glass of liquor on the table.

Once I went outside, the robe was struck by large, bursting waterdrops and started to have a hard time keeping the rain out.

This sort of weather was predicted in advance so the pedestrians were scarce.

For now, having sobered up with the use of the [Herb Insect Wing Sword], I headed to the nearest entrance to the slums. The people I had saved from the monsters when the wall collapsed during the *Wall Eaters* attack lived there. They guided me into the royal capital and had provided a hiding place to return the favor from that time.

I had originally intended to return to the royal capital for a couple of days and infiltrate the royal castle on the following night. My aim was the room I was summoned to by the ritual.

The King, Queen, and the knight corps seemed to be absent from the city.

I kind of wanted to ask them why did the Kingdom betray me and whether they really believed the talk about me becoming the next Demon Lord after defeating the previous one. However, in the end, I had prioritized returning to my own world more.

“...It was a good call to sober up fully, huh?”

Without having it look unnatural I left the route leading straight to the hideout and entered a nearby alley instead.

Of course, I was cautious not to expose my original path beforehand.

“Wha-, do you have any business with me? I don’t really recall giving anyone reasons to pursue me.”

For an instant, I forgot I was disguised as a woman and almost ended up speaking as myself.

I asked my question after leading them all the way to a street deserted of people. It was directed at the individuals that shadowed me ever since I left the bar without ever getting too close or falling behind too much.

After that silence fell upon the alleyway.

Just as I was thinking of confronting due to their refusal to reply, a pair of men dressed completely in black from head to toe showed themselves.

“Madam, might you be Hero-sama? If you are, -!!”

Combining [Godspeed], the most advanced skill in Haste, and [Ground Shrink], the most advanced skill in Sky Walk, I moved behind the man before he managed to blink and pressed 『Twin-Edged Blade of Light and Shadow』 against his neck.

“Who told you this? There shouldn’t be a single person in this city able to tie the Hero to this appearance.”

“P-please wait! We’re under orders from the Princess!! We’re here only to confirm the truth behind the rumors of a girl that looked like the Hero!!”

Looking from that angle, I certainly did have a memorable face. And also if my memory didn’t fail me, those guys should be the ones attending the Princess as bodyguards.

“Alesia, the Princess of the Kingdom that betrayed me, eh? What use would she have for me after so long?”

“T-the Princess has not betrayed you!! We are your allies that know your wish!! We



were sent to brave danger so you can return to your world as per the original accord!!”

“.....”

“His and her majesties used the fact that the Theocracy proclaimed you the next Demon Lord to deflect the unrest provoked by their tyrannical rule onto you. The Princess has been stricken with grief over this! Also, the summoning ritual is the royal family’s secret. Anyone can prepare the offerings for the ceremonial magic, however, the ritual itself has only been passed down through oral tradition!! The Princess’ assistance will surely be something of use to you!!”

That certainly struck where it hurt.

I wasn’t well-versed in magic itself. I couldn’t actually use magic on my own, all the magic spells and skills I had access to were fully tied to the Soul Sword.

Therefore, if the things didn’t end up like this, then it would have been fine to ask the royal family directly for the magic to send me home.

Right then my plan was to sneak into the library of the royal castle to search for information. However, if I was to believe what this man had said, then any such attempt was meaningless.

“...So, what did you intend to do with me once you found me?”

“If-, if you would like, I’d like to bring you to see the Princess, even right now if required and... before that, to our safehouse. Don’t worry, we are your friends.”

Could I trust them?

I hadn’t met directly with the Princess ever since we parted as I left for the final battle with the Demon Lord.

Due to her standing it was likely that she couldn’t openly go against the decisions of the King and Queen.

So it might just be possible for me to escape this life on the run I’ve been leading until now that made me feel like I had been trapped in a bog.

“Please, believe me, the Princess was really anxious for the Hero-sama’s life. It’s exactly because of this that we were able to make contact with Hero-sama so swiftly. The Princess has said that she would like to help Hero-sama.”

Those words unintentionally made me struggle for breath.

*Please believe me*, the vision of myself pleading that same thing uncountable number of times overlapped with this man before me.

“...I get it. Take me with you.”

Seeing the Soul Sword removed from his neck and dissipated, the man became visibly dumbfounded and relaxed.

“Th-then, this way. From here on, we will head towards the building within the royal castle where Hero-sama was summoned. From there we planned to jump to the safehouse with a teleport stone and have you wait until the preparation for the Return Hero ceremonial magic is done. Since we don’t really know who might be watching, I’d like to avoid actions that would expose our movements.”

Normally, teleporting in or out of a settlement was impossible anywhere bigger than a village. It’s because numerous magic tools were usually buried within its boundaries as a security measure.

Without them, enemies would have easy time launching surprise attacks and raids during a war.

However, there was a place in the royal capital without such protection. That was the building in the royal castle that I was summoned in. After all having those magical tools there would interfere with Hero Summoning. That’s why in the effective sphere of the building, the method of burying magic tools that disrupt with teleportation was abandoned in favor of procedures that allowed them to be set up and dismantled quickly when a need arose.

“If that is the case, I agree.”

I wanted to leave my thanks to the people that guided me into the city but in the end, I gave up on that. As long as I was treated as the world’s biggest evil, just having connections with me was a dangerous thing in itself. That being the case, it would be better if this matter ended without them being linked to me.

I followed behind the men dressed in black and soon we reached the grove of mixed trees in the royal capital suburbs.

“Oy, aren’t we going to the royal castle?”

“We are. Deep in this glade, there is an entrance to a secret passage that leads directly into the summoning area of the royal castle.”

Having heard that I followed them deep into the trees, soon the two of them began investigating the ground. They found the entrance to the passage in less than ten seconds and raised the square-shaped stone slab.

We were welcomed by a gust of old, stale, damp air and a thick carpet of dust. The stairway paved with stone and the atmosphere created a spectacle truly suiting the very concept of a secret underground tunnel.

“This way. Please, watch your step.”

The men lit the candle lamps that they took out from their bags and slowly descended down the stairs.

From there we continued down a level path for a while. Only noise carried by the stagnant air were the footsteps of the three of us.

After a while, we finally arrived at a dead end. We pushed the ceiling from the inside and I found myself in a nostalgic place, the room that I was summoned into.

“Aah, Hero-sama, you’re safe!!”

And in front of me, just like when I was summoned, I saw Princess Alesia with a smile like a flower.

Swaying, silver hair that extended to her shoulders gave her looks a fragile impression that hadn’t changed much from the time we first met.

She was two years younger than me, but in these three years we have been apart she had grown taller and her body had matured noticeably. However, the impression she gave off hadn’t changed much through all this time.

“Hero-sama, are you injured anywhere?”

“A-, ah, I’m fine. You did well to know it was me with just one look...”

“Your new appearance? I have heard before of the power that the [Mirror Sword of the Heavenly Evil Spirit] holds.”

Saying that she laughed with a familiar smile.

That was a smile that didn't differ one bit from the one I knew. It made me exhale with relief.

Even though I had faith following all the way to here, I had still thought that perhaps the Alesia in front of my eyes, having pride in her magic skills, was the same as the other light magic users and was aiming for my life.

"Though there are various explanations that I would like to offer you, we don't have time for that right now. Please use the teleport stone. This is the only room in the royal capital it will work in when provided mana."

Saying that she handed me a semi-transparent, yellow crystal.  
It was something that I had personally used many times.

"Let's talk after teleporting. I'll teach you the procedure for the ceremonial magic required to return at the destination."

"Alright."

I started pouring mana into the teleport stone that I had received and it started to shine in response.

As mana flowed into the magical array, the teleport formation covered the ground as if to swallow the whole room.

In that instant,

"Fufu, truly, an altruistic fool."

An ominous sneer reached my ears.

Before I could respond as the light was completely obscuring my vision I could for one last time see the Princess' face, this time free of the mask.

# Chapter 24

## The Hero's Dream Of Despair (2)

*Note from the translator:*

*Notable changes from the previous translator:*

*Past tense -> Present tense. This is because the series is written from first person, so present tense is more suitable in my opinion.*

*Ceremonial magic -> Ritual spell. Not much to say about this one; it's just more fitting.*

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In the instant that the teleportation magic takes effect, my reflexes kick in and I pour mana into my emergency protection measure, the 『Severing Sword of Safeguarding』

A huge amount of mana pours into it in that fraction of a second.

My increased thought speed allows me to see each little detail of that process.

Blazing fireballs, sharp icicles, sharp blades of wind that I can't see, masses of rock that could crush anything, spear-shaped missiles of light, dark shadows in the shape of hands.

The mana of over a hundred spells full of murderous intent. I've felt this somewhere before.

I undo the disguise of the 『Mirror Sword of the Divine Devil』 and get ready for a fight.

Beyond the swirling dust and scattered pebbles, I see over two hundred fierce knights bearing scars from their past battles. The knights who are familiar with the battlefield and shared their knowledge about its basics with me, the knight captain who leads them and Princess Alesia whose silver hair is fluttering behind her from the wind produced by the force of the spells cast.

“Really, the fact that you are so durable for such an idiot makes you so difficult to deal with.” (Alesia)

Taking a quick glance at my surroundings, I see that I'm at the center a colosseum-shaped dome that I've seen before - the Guardians' Chamber in the deepest part of the Elegant Maple Ruins that I conquered along my journey before I challenged the Demon Lord.

It wouldn't be strange to think that the Guardians revived long ago, but seeing that they're not here, I guess they've been defeated again. The proof of that is that the Dungeon Core behind the princess is no longer shining with mana. I don't know whether these guys did it or they hired adventurers to do it, but even I had the assistance of the Knights' Order to defeat the boss here. As long as they knew its weak points and how to fight it, I'm sure that it would have been simple for them to defeat it.

"...Alesia, have you betrayed me as well?!" (Kaito)

"Betrayed? You are mistaken; the word 'betray' is used in regards to allies, you know? You were never an ally to me, so I have not betrayed you. After all, there is no way that I would do something as horrific as becoming allies with someone from another world, is there? Ah, this feels so unpleasant, but now I can finally put an end to this act." (Alesia)

Alesia says this with a happy smile.

It is, without a doubt, a truly genuine smile.

"Really, everything would come to an end if you were to die. You are just like a gutter rat. Well, even so, this is the end." (Alesia)

"Alesia... You..." (Kaito)

"Teleportation-type powers do not work in this place, do they? This is not a city, so there is no need to be concerned about collateral damage, either. I do not believe that even you could escape while surrounded by this number of people with the exit sealed." (Alesia)

It's just as Alesia says. In the[Guardians' Chamber], teleportation-type powers... don't work. Even if teleportation is used to enter the chamber, it's impossible to teleport out of it. Even if I were to freely use my movement-type Skills, it's impossible even for me to make it to the only exit while facing this number of truly exceptional knights.

If they were ordinary soldiers or inexperienced knights, then I might have a small chance, but these guys are all the real deal. There's no opening that I can use to cut through this encirclement.

"The fact that you are so foolish was of great help. You were deceived so easily; it is no wonder that you were even fooled by the commoners who were on the verge of falling into the slums." (Alesia)

"W-what... it can't be!" (Kaito)

"Yes, ever since you came to this city, I have been receiving information about you. Did you not know? My informants were very talkative after being offered a mere two or three gold coins." (Alesia)

"..." (Kaito)

[This time, it's our turn to save you.]

[It's only natural to repay those who have helped you.]

The faces of the people who said that to me surface in my mind. Did they betray me as well?

"...Damn it, how can you betray people so easily?" (Kaito)

I feel rage from having been betrayed. And disappointment in myself.

Why did I have no doubts in my mind? It's only been two days since I arrived in the city.

The royal capital has no shortage of outsiders; there are countless people entering and leaving and my appearance was mostly concealed by a large hood. So just where did she get information about a woman who resembled the Hero?

Why didn't I realize where the safe house was?

Teleportation magic could be used in that room, even though you couldn't teleport into the middle of the city from there.

This mistake was caused by the naivety in my heart.

It wouldn't be untruthful to say that it was because I was tired from being on the run. However, letting my guard down like that is what led to my current situation.

"Why, why are you going to such lengths to try and kill me?!" (Kaito)

"Oh, are you trying to buy yourself some more time? Well, I do not mind. I do think that you did your best for a gutter rat. I can engage in a little conversation with you."  
(Alesia)

With these words, she gives me a scornful smile and a small giggle.

I won't die until I go back to my own world, until I fulfil my promise.

As I look around, searching for an opening to turn my situation around, I see Alesia behaving like this.

...What I've seen of her up until now was really all an act.

"The Hero who slew the Demon Lord. The existence of a human with this power is incredibly inconvenient for the Kingdom. The very fact that you live and breathe leaves coals to stoke the fires of independence and rebellion. The people's discontent has been suppressed up until now because of the Demon Lord. That is why for the sake of the Kingdom, you must bear all of that discontent and allow it to be cleansed in a single moment." (Alesia)

"For that reason..." (Kaito)

"That is the official reason that Father and Mother have given. The true reason is simply because we cannot allow you to exist. Ah, how disgusting it is for someone from another world to have the same appearance as us, speak the same words as us and exist in this world. Demi-humans and Beast-people are the most repulsive creatures, but you are something that induces even more disgust. You are truly unpleasant; did you know that I had to hold back my nausea when I came into contact with you?"  
(Alesia)

"...!" (Kaito)



She looks at me with something that is more than just a disdainful, cold gaze.

Those eyes don't even consider me human. It's as if she is looking at some abhorrent filth.

...Her gaze conveys the feelings of repulsion from the bottom of her heart.

However, in the next moment, Alesia's frowning face changes into the flower-like smile that I'm used to seeing.

"Still, this is fine. This is the end, after all. As promised, I will teach you the spell for you to return to your original world." (Alesia)

Alesia gives an amused laugh.

I'm bewildered by the sudden change in her behavior.

"Ah, of course, this is not a lie. Ah yes, let me invoke the [Prayer of Restriction] to prove that I am not lying." (Alesia)

[Prayer of Restriction.]

This is something that users of spirit magic can use on themselves as a method of proving their intent.

If the contents of the restrictions are broken, the caster will pay the declared price as well as losing their spirit magic and the divine protection that it grants.

"I hereby swear to speak only the truth with no falsifications regarding the Ritual of Hero Summoning/Return, with my arm as the price. [Prayer of Restriction.] " (Alesia)

A faint light wraps around Alesia, showing that the restriction has been applied.

With this, Alesia has become unable to lie as long as the light of the [Prayer of Restriction] surrounds her.

The moment she lies about the Hero Summoning/Return spell, her arm will be offered to the spirits and lost forever.

“Now then, shall we talk?” (Alesia)

Alesia gave a smile full of sadistic intent that she has never shown as the princess.

That sight sets off every alarm bell of my sixth sense.

Why is she going as far as to use the Prayer of Restriction to prove that she isn't lying?

Even if she is trying to just make me feel better about dying, what reason does she have to do such a thing?

Unable to read Alesia's intentions, my sense of suspicion grows stronger, but this is a good opportunity.

It's true that I need to find some way to escape, but I'm really desperate gain any information about the ritual spell that could send me home.

As long as the Prayer of Restriction is in effect, she can't lie. Even if she does, I'd be able to tell immediately by looking at her arm.

“The procedure for the ritual is truly simple. Like other ritual spells, the Hero Summoning/Return ritual can be carried out by anyone as long as the corresponding offerings for the ritual spell can be prepared. The offerings required for this ritual is any object containing a vast amount of mana, and the ancient magic circle carved into that place. And what else do you think is needed?” (Alesia)

“What else, you say...?” (Kaito)

What the Hero Summoning ritual spell requires is an object that contains an overwhelming amount of mana, enough to transform numerous magical items that are worthy of being national treasures - for their powers, not because of their historical value - into pieces of junk.

It is possible to use multiple objects to make up the required amount, but even then, each object needs to contain a certain amount of mana to be considered as an offering.

That's what I was told is needed for the Hero Summoning ritual.

The amount of mana that an object can contain is influenced by its properties.

For arms or armor, it depends on the materials they are made of, the techniques used to create them and the crafting skill of the person who made them.

Objects with the power to contain that much mana are rare enough on their own, but if the search is narrowed down to objects that contain the correct type of mana as well, it would be extremely difficult to collect such objects even if an entire nation was to dedicate all of its resources to doing so.

That's why I was entrusted with her magic core, which is in the pouch resting on my chest.

"There's something else that's needed...?!" (Kaito)

"Yes, precisely. There is no way that mana alone would be sufficient for a spell that infringes on the domain of God, is there? Have you not given it any thought at all?" (Alesia)

Alesia gives a sweet, princess-like smile.

And as if not even giving me a chance to think, she speaks in that venom-like voice once more.

"There are four procedures for this ritual spell. First, a [hole] must be opened in the space-time of this world. Second, a [hole] must be opened in the space-time of another world. After that, a [path] that connects the two holes must be created. And the final process is [drawing in] the human that has been chosen as the target of the summoning. Each of these processes requires an offering; mana is merely a stimulant to activate the ritual spell and an offering for the [drawing in] process. So with this being the case, can you imagine what the remaining offerings are?" (Alesia)

"..." (Kaito)

I have no way of knowing what's needed for a ritual spell.

The only offering for a ritual spell that I know of is the large amount of medicinal plants that are needed to cast an anti-poison spell. I've seen a powerful ritual spell before, but I don't know what offerings were used for it. I'm not particularly knowledgeable about ritual spells to begin with.

“\*Giggle\* Well then, let me give you a hint. The price of opening a [hole] in our world is...” (Alesia)

Fear runs down my spine.

“In the place where the [hole] is opened...” (Alesia)

My instincts are screaming at me not to listen, to not allow this to enter my ears. My body aches, telling me to stop these words.

But I suppress my instincts with reasoning. There’s no point in doing something like that, and it’s impossible for me to do so anyway.

And so, the words don’t stop.

“The lives of two hundred people must be offered.” (Alesia)

I feel the blood drain out of my face.

As if pleased by my reaction, Alesia gives a demon-like smile.

“Now then, I will change the question a little. When you were summoned, Beast-person slaves obtained from other nations were used to open a hole in the space-time of this world. So then... [What was the price of opening the other [hole] and the [path?]] ” (Alesia)

What, that’s...

If the requirement for opening a [hole] in this world was that [the lives of two hundred people must be offered at the place where the hole is to be opened] , then...

Of course, in my world, the offering to open a [hole] in my world is...

“Say, Hero-sama. We have talked about it previously, have we not? Can you remind me who the people around you were when you were summoned? Now then, could you please answer the question regarding the [hole?] ” (Alesia)

I was in a classroom in my high school.

So then, the ones who became the offerings that time, were the ones who were there with me...

...The teacher and my friends?

“You’re... lying...” (Kaito)

“This is not a lie. As proof, look, my arm is still here. The two hundred people closest by to you were sacrificed when you were summoned.” (Alesia)

I can hear the sound of something cracking inside my heart.

“YOU FUCKEEEEEEEEERS!” (Kaito)

“”””” [Iron Chains of Binding Thorns!] ”””””

“Gah! Guh!” (Kaito)

In my rage, I unleash a powerful Soul Sword capable of the fastest attacks, but as I move, magic chains tie my body down.

Obeying the mana poured into them by the knight mages, chains with gray thorns attached burst out of the ground and repeatedly wrap themselves around me to form a net. I don’t have a single wound thanks to the [Dark Spirit’s Attire] that I’m wearing, but with this many chains wrapped around me, there’s no way that I can escape.

“\*Giggle\* I did say that I am not lying, didn’t I?” (Alesia)

“Shut up! I’ll kill you! Shit, don’t get in my way!” (Kaito)

I’m seized by a rage that feels like my head is boiling.

I attempt to forcibly throw off the chains that bind my body and tear them to pieces, but though they creak, they show no sign of coming apart.

Watching me struggle, the corners of Alesia’s mouth twist upwards in an expression of true delight.

“...We still have not talked about the offering for the [passage] , you know?” (Alesia)

These words cause me to feel an ice-like chill running up the back of my neck.

“Oi... Oi, wait. There, there’s... more?” (Kaito)

The words formed by my trembling lips have distinct fear in them.

This woman intends to say more. With that delighted, demon-like smile, she intends to say more.

“The threshold between one world and another is the domain of God. There is no way that a human with a body of flesh and blood can cross such a place unscathed.” (Alesia)

I don’t want to hear it, I don’t want to hear it, I don’t want to hear it.

To summon me to this world, these people sacrificed something even more.

“Places under the influence of God apparently etch his power directly upon the soul. That is precisely why that Heroes inherently obtain such powerful abilities. With that said, it would be troublesome to deal with a person who has been crippled by having his soul violated by God’s domain. A [path] is needed to allow a person to pass through to be able to receive that power without being broken.” (Alesia)

After sacrificing two hundred of my friends and teachers, what more has been sacrificed?

And then Alesia speaks these final words.

With the elegance of biting into a small, soft, pleasant, cherry-like, fruit.

“The [ingredients] used to make that path is the offering. Humans who possess souls that do not reject your soul are transformed into the path itself. About five people, perhaps? For example, yes -” (Alesia)

...Parents, siblings, grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins.

I hear a noise that sounds as if my own world is being crushed by the princess’s finger that resembles a venomous claw.

“What are you saying? Eh? That’s, but, it’s...?” (Kaito)

Words spill out of my mouth. I wonder what I’m saying right now.

“They are dead, you know? Your family and the friends around you became sacrifices for the sake of this world.” (Alesia)

Dead? Father? Mother? Mai? Suehiko, Kenta, Haruto and Oogane-sensei?

Why, why why why why why, I can’t go back now, can I?

I promised her that I would go home to my family and return to my normal life, return-

Return return return AAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

“Ahahahaha, that’s the face I wanted to see! I’ve wanted to see that face for the longest time! Ahah, hey, hey, how are you feeling right now? You did say that you wanted to return to your world and meet your family, didn’t you? And your friends? They all died a long time ago; you’re such an idiot! AHAHAHAHAHA!” (Alesia)

The shrill, echoing laughter sounds close, distant, sharp, dull; it creates more and more cracks in my heart.

“I had a lot of trouble suppressing my laughter when you told me that, you know? For just that moment, I forgot my disgust at having to show courtesy to you.” (Alesia)

The world spins. Round and round. Front and back and right and left and up and down is all scrambled and the brightly-colored patterns mix together.

“Stop it, please stop it already...!” (Kaito)

“ [I want to go back to my hometown, back to where my family is. I want to return to the days where I can play around with my friends and eat meals with my family, I want to go back.] It was something like that, wasn’t it? I tried imitating what you said before you went to defeat the Demon Lord; what do you think? Do you think I am talented at doing impressions of people?” (Alesia)

It breaks; it crumbles.

With crackling, rattling sounds, my world twists and cracks; it transforms into something else.

“If you want to go back, you are free to go ahead, you know? If you forcibly rape and impregnate some Beast-people and make five children or so, you will have enough to create a path, won’t you? Well, I would do my best to prevent you from doing such a repulsive thing. I would kill your [materials] , your [children.] It is just so, so disgusting for the monster child of someone from another world to live in this world, even for an instant, so it cannot be helped, can it?” (Alesia)

“! ALESIAAAAAAAAAA!” (Kaito)

With my physical strength and my legs forcibly strengthened by the mana that is responding to my rage, I tear the chains that bind me into pieces.

“Now! Concentrate your firepower!” (Knight captain)

“GUGAAH, MOVE, DON’T GET IN MY WAAAAAY!” (Kaito)

At the knight captain’s command, the knights release their spells. But it’s annoying for these to even be in my field of vision.

I’m burned by fire, struck down by water, cut by wind, beaten by rock, pierced by light and tormented by darkness, but even so, the inside of my head is completely dominated by the thought of impaling Alesia with the sword in my hand.

My thoughts of escape have disappeared somewhere. As long as I’m still able to move, it’s fine. I slip through the openings between the knights’ attacks as they swing their swords at me.

“DIIIIIIIEEEEE!” (Kaito)

I swing the tip of my sword down in rage, towards the princess that I have finally reached.

“Gah, gaugaah.” (Kaito)

“\*Giggle\* You really are a foolish person, aren’t you? To not even be able to see through



this kind of illusion; just how bad can your eyes be?" (Alesia)

The princess that I was supposed to cut to pieces vanishes like mist, and at the same time, multiple arrows pierce me from behind.

With its power drained after I forced myself to run through the storm of spells, my [Dark Spirit's Attire] couldn't completely block those arrows.

"Now then, this is the end. As thanks for dancing conveniently for me, I will kill you with my own hands. Think of it as a privilege. Bring me a sword." (Alesia)

In response to these words, a knight presents his sword to the princess.

Taking that sword in her hand, Alesia slowly steps towards me.

[Say, Kaito.] (Demon Lord)

At a time like this, it's the words of the girl that was called the Demon Lord that come to my mind.

[I would do anything for you, anything you want, if it is within my ability to do so. I would even give you half of this world. So stay by my side. Please.] (Demon Lord)

I couldn't take that trembling hand.

Even though she probably knew that I would refuse. Even though she probably expected that I wouldn't take her hand.

I couldn't take the hand of that girl whose cold tears were spilling down.

I made a mistake, I made a mistake, I made a mistake.

Is this my punishment for that? My foolishness has come back to repay me like this.

[I will definitely return to where my family is.] The promise that she even sacrificed her own life for.

It can't be fulfilled anymore.

Because the place I was supposed to return to had been robbed from me right from the beginning.

“Die. You monster who came from another world, wearing the same skin as us.”  
(Alesia)



Even though I'm on the verge of death, the only thing that surfaces in my mind is a sense of regret.

[Live in a way that you will not have left things undone when you die one day. I am giving you my life; if you live a life that you throw away halfway through, I will never forgive you.] (Demon Lord)

The moment I get the feeling that these words are ringing through my ears is the moment that the princess's sword tries to pierce my heart.

"?! W-what is this?!" (Alesia)

What Alesia pierced isn't my heart. With a crack, the sword that she thrust down crushed... the magic core hanging around my neck.

The magic core that contains the mana of the Demon Lord is unusually dense; currents of mana flow out of it and fill this place.

This immediately provides the Dungeon Core with the mana necessary for the Guardians' revival, which is normally supposed to take several months.

""GYARROOOOH!""

A sharp roar echoes out in the chamber.

Two beasts appear, one is a lion wrapped in red flames and the other is a tiger wrapped in blue flames.

"Kuh, everyone, get into battle formation! We must protect the princess!" (Knight captain)

Despite the chaos caused by the abrupt appearance of these enemies, the knights move quickly.

...If I'm going to run, now's my only chance.

"UOOOOOOOH!" (Kaito)

"Wha-?! Shit, the hero is getting away!" (Knight)

I don't have skills, I don't have shit, I'm just breaking through with only one thing in my mind. I break through the knights' encirclement. Their ranks have already been thrown into disarray by the appearance of the Guardians; they collapse as I run through them.

Increasing my speed with [Shukuchi\*] and [Divine Feet\*], I dash through the air using [Sky Walk] close to the ground. I evade the attacks aimed at me with the smallest amount of necessary movement or simply accept them, suppressing the screams of pain coming from all over my body. And I head towards the only exit to this place.

*<TLN\*: These were initially translated in the previous chapter as "Ground Shrink" and "Godspeed". I don't like these translations for various reasons so I'm changing them (and they should be changed on Daily's version soon as well). For reference, "Shukuchi" is a fairly common term in fictional works to refer to various techniques of rapid movement.>*

"No, he must not be allowed to escape! If he is allowed to even take one step from this chamber -" (Alesia)

In response to the princess's voice echoing from behind me, I tighten the grip of my hand that is holding my Soul Sword without thinking.

Even if I die afterwards, I have to pierce the princess with this sword in my hand...

[If you live a life that you throw away halfway through, I will never forgive you.]  
(Demon Lord)

"! FUUUUUUCK! Scatter them, Cruel Blade - Firebird Burst Lightning Flash Flower!"  
(Kaito)

"Raise your shields!" (Knight captain)

An echoing, thunderous roar drowns out my voice and the voices of the knights, and an explosion filled with purple lightning expands outwards.

Of course, nobody here is inexperienced enough to be hit by this explosion directly, but it succeeds in delaying the humans that stop it with their shields and magic barriers. And since the guys behind me are fighting the Guardians, they have no time to give chase.

“I will not let you!” (Alesia)

“Gugah!” (Kaito)

A fireball released by the princess scorches my back.

But the victor of this battle is me.

“Wai-” (Alesia)

That’s the last I hear of the princess’s voice.

I turn my head as I teleport using my Soul Sword’s power, and the last thing I see is the princess, wearing an ugly, demon-like expression of fury.



I didn’t have any destination in mind when I teleported other than “far away”, and I find myself deep in a forest that I’ve never seen before. The sun hasn’t risen yet and even the moon is hidden behind the rain clouds. The forest is submerged in complete darkness.

The drizzling rain runs down my body, easing the pain of the countless wounds on it.

My back hurts a lot from being burned by the princess's spell. As the thought of treating it runs through my mind, my vision becomes distorted.

Long-distance teleportation consumes an incredible amount of mana. After my level increased, it was almost unlimited, but I suppose I’m suffering from mana intoxication now. At this rate, it seems like it’ll be a while before I can treat myself.

I pull out the arrows, apply pressure to my wounds and try to walk, but I can’t even take the first step.

“...” (Kaito)

The humans that I asked to help me, the humans that I trusted, were my [enemies] right from the beginning.

I believed that I would be able to return to a normal life in my world. The hope that kept me going until now was nothing but a mirage.

I don't know what I'm supposed to do in this world anymore.

I don't know what I should live for.

...I don't know, but -

[Live in a way that you will not have left things undone when you die one day.] (Demon Lord)

My legs feel like they'll collapse any minute, but even so, I take one step forward.

Even if I don't know what I continue living for, I can't die.

Because of her, I came to like this world.

Because of her, I was able to smile in this world.

That very girl told me that she'd never forgive me if I lived my life in a half-assed way.

Even so, if I were to die, she would probably give her usual laugh and say something like, [You are so helpless; foolish until the very end.]

That's why my feet can't stop here.

If I were to die in a way where I gave up before the very end, I wouldn't be able to stay by her side even after I die.

That's why, that's right, I'll walk.

I want her to let me cry a little.

"I'm sorry, Leticia. I couldn't keep my promise. I'm sorry, I'm really sorry..." (Kaito)

These words spill out and disappear into the darkness, never to be heard by anyone.





# Chapter 25

## The Hero Receives News Of Gold Coins

The sensation of floating in dark water.

[The dream ends.]

I understand that I'm in a threshold somewhere between consciousness and unconsciousness.

If I look down, I see an endless darkness, and if I look up, there's a bright, wavering water surface.

"Kaito..."

Suddenly, a flickering shadow appears before me.

The voice that calls my name sounds incredibly distant and hazy.

"Leticia..." (Kaito)

The person that has appeared before me has beautiful hair of a deep, blood-like color that could be described not as red, but as crimson. Her black pupils shine just as powerfully as her hair.

The clothing that covers her body, which is too small to be called that of an adult, is the black dress of the Demon Lord. It's exactly the same as when I saw her for the final time.

This is the 47th Demon Lord, Leticia Lew Harstone.

"Kaito, come and... see me..." (Leticia)

"! Haah, I'm desperate enough to make you say something like that in my dreams?" (Kaito)

I let out words of self-derision without thinking.

How pathetic, to be like this just after seeing some dream reminding me of the past. Just how much am I planning to rely on someone I once killed with my own hands?

“Ah, but you’re right. Just once, I’ll come and see you just once.” (Kaito)

I’ll go and see her properly.

In this second time, she knows nothing about me.

So this is nothing but sentimentality.

I just want to selfishly get my own emotions in order; it’s an act of atonement to satisfy myself.

Even so, I want her to at least forgive me once. After saying one thing to her, I never intend to appear before her again.

So in the words I say to her, I need to convey, [I’m sorry for everything back then] , and [Goodbye, I hope you find happiness.]

“This time, I’ll definitely come to you and say it. I’ll say, [Ah, Demon Lord, I’ll give you half the world, so take revenge with me.]” (Kaito)

In this second time, she won’t even know what we need revenge for. I don’t intend to tell her. I’ll put an end to everything myself.

So it’s obvious that my words will be rejected.

And so they will be my unsightly words of repentance to punish myself.

Even if my words won’t be understood; even if she will reject me.

Because back then, she said those words to me knowing the same.

I’ll definitely come and say these words to you.

Because if I do that, I should definitely be able to give up on you.

Because even if you're not by my side, I should be able to live on without relying on you.

Ah, but –

“It's a little bit of a shame that I can't be by your side after I die in this world a second time, I suppose.” (Kaito)



“...-sama,... to-sama.”

“Mmm, ah... Minnalis?” (Kaito)

My body is being shaken gently, and as I open my eyes, I see Minnalis's slightly-red face.

I realize that I fell asleep. When I succumbed to the drowsiness, I had my back against the wall with one of my knees in my arms, but now I'm lying down horizontally. And actually, whatever is behind my head is dangerously soft.

“Good morning, Goshujin-sama\*. You were having something of a nightmare, you know?” (Minnalis)

*<TLN\*: Means “master”, as most should know. Previously translated as “milord”.>*

“Hmm? Ah, I had a little dream about the past... More importantly, this is...” (Kaito)

“This is, you know, the [Guardians' Chamber] was larger than I thought, so I used my [Poison Demon of Phantom Flames] too much and the mana intoxication...” (Minnalis)

Hmm, since I fell asleep from mana intoxication myself, I guess I failed to suppress it.

When nothing is happening, Minnalis doesn't get carried away; she maintains her position as a slave and keeps her stability.

Perhaps embarrassed by letting me sleep on her lap, she tries and fails to maintain a

poker face and her voice wavers.

...I wonder if it would be bad for me to make fun of her. As a human being, would it be bad for me to do that?

The temptation to tease her is poking its face out in front of me, but I suppress it with my self-control as an adult.

I won't make fun of someone suffering from mana intoxication, nor alcohol intoxication. Messing with someone's behavior while they're drunk is inexcusable. Who knows where or when it could happen to me next.

As I get up and shake my head, the remainders of my sleepiness and mana intoxication disappear.

"How long was I asleep?" (Kaito)

"I believe it was about one hour." (Minnalis)

"I see, is the Guardian dead?" (Kaito)

"No, since I do not see that I have gained any experience on my Status, I believe it has not died yet." (Minnalis)

The hole I opened in the door has been plugged by the Garm furs that we ripped off the dead bodies on our way here. On the other side of the door, I can hear the faint sounds of the Guardian suffering and thrashing around, so the poison is having an effect.

But as a requirement of using this method, I had to be able to open a hole in the door so strong that it's almost impossible to destroy. Guardians like this [Goblin King] generally have a high resistance to status effects, so the poison used needed to be strong enough to break through its resistance and somehow manage to deal some damage.

And I already foresaw that with this level of poison, the weapons, equipment and materials that we could gain from the Guardian would be severely damaged. To claim them, we would need a way to make sure that the poison doesn't degrade, but we would also need a way to safely enter the poison-filled room right after the Guardian

is defeated (If we leave it, the Dungeon will absorb its dead body and everything else, leaving no materials or anything for us to recover).

The reason we chose this method is because with the [cheat that is the 『Fire Spider Soul Sword』] , [ 『Poison Demon of Phantom Flames』 non-diffusing property] and the fact that [we don't need anything other than the experience points] , all of the right conditions have been met.

It's also problematic for the special abilities of my powerful Soul Swords being seen by others, there's no need to worry about that in this case.

"For now, I guess I'll think about how to assign my experience points while we wait for the Guardian to die." (Kaito)

Since I haven't dealt any damage to the Dungeon boss myself, I won't receive any experience points. In other words, the experience that I've obtained in the Dungeon up to this point is all I'm going to get.

At present, I have 15,231 experience points remaining.

Along the way, I put 3,000 experience points in the 『Round Squirrel's Pouch Sword』 , 3,000 in the 『Water Fairy's Droplet Blade』 and 31,000 in the 『Herb Insect's Wing Blade』 , which means the total amount I earned is around 50,000. If I was in a state with no experience debt and could simply spend all of it on leveling up, I would have almost reached level 60.

And there's something that I realized thanks to the 『Water Fairy's Droplet Blade』 and 『Herb Insect's Wing Blade.』 I realized that my abilities are sealed in tiers, and I have to unlock them in these tiers.

Just like how the 『Water Fairy's Droplet Blade』 has the ability to provide the fire-venom of the 『Fire Spider's Leg Sword』 with an overwhelming bonus in its ability to melt metal, it also has the ability to allow me to control the temperature of the liquid at will. But it seems that this ability isn't unlocked unless I put more experience points into it.

The same thing applies for the 『Herb Insect's Wing Blade』 ; it was a sword that could increase my resistance to each different status effect and cure them as well, but the ability to cure each status effect requires separate experience points to unlock.

I spent 3,000 on unlocking the Soul Sword and on unlocking the resistance to poison, then 2,000 on each of paralysis, sleep, petrification and charm, and 20,000 to unlock the special ability that allows me to share these effects with people that I want to, so 31,000 in total. The ability to share the effects with others used to work on up to ten people, but with the amount that I've unlocked now, it seems that the limit is three people.

Well, I don't have a shred of intention of gathering a large number of random followers like I did the first time, so there's no problem.

For now, I think about how I'm going to allocate the remaining 15,000 experience points that I have.

I consider doing something about my level debt, but if my basic level increases, the amount of experience points I gain will decrease. In that case, it makes the most sense to unlock a Soul Sword that can make up for my level deficit with its special ability and keep unlocking more Soul Swords for now.

Speaking in RPG terms, my first run was a righteous playthrough, but this second time, I'll be doing an evil playthrough with some restrictions.

So with that in mind, I suppose my choices are something like this.



#### [[Kidnapping Blade of Adversity]]

The higher the enemy's stats are relative to the wielder, the more powerful this sword is.

However, conversely, if the enemy's stats are lower than the wielder's, this sword's power decreases.

#### [[Needle Sword of Poison Benefit]]

This sword strengthens any poison effect on the enemy by increasing the poison damage depending on the number of times the enemy is damaged by the sword, regardless of the actual damage of each attack.

However, the sword itself does not possess a poisonous effect, so it cannot be used unless through methods such as asking Minnalis to help with applying the poison.

[[Boundary Blade]]

This sword consumes a small amount of mana poured into it to convert the power of long-ranged enemy attacks into power for itself.

However, it does not possess any attack power to begin with, so the above method is the only way to defeat an enemy with it.



Considering my status and MP, my choice is to unlock one of these three.

As I think about this decision, the pocket of my clothing that is supposed to hold an emergency-use potion begins to let out a golden-colored light.

“Master?!” (Minnalis)

“Ah, it’s fine, don’t worry.” (Kaito)

Calming down the panicking Minnalis with a wave of my hand, I pull out the small bottle that I received from Duphein from the potion pocket.

This bottle contains a golden, metallic-looking liquid. As I open the lid and set it on the ground, it sparkles as it crawls out of the bottle like a slime and begins to creep up a nearby wall.

“It took longer than I thought, huh. It would be meaningless if the princess’s burns haven’t healed yet, though. Now let’s see, I wonder what’s going to happen?” (Kaito)

I’ve altered this magic that I showed such unsightly behavior to get my hands on. I took utmost care to make sure its camouflage wouldn’t be seen through with one glance.

Either way, like the very first thing I did to the knights and the princess, this is just harassment. But there would be nothing better than for it to succeed.

It's just a pity that even though I can confirm that it's working, I won't be able to directly see the princess suffering as a result. Because of the effect it has, there's nothing I can do about it, though.

While I was thinking about this, the mysterious slime has climbed up the wall to the height of my chest and spread to become thin and flat against its surface, turning into something like a TV screen.

An image of a certain place is projected on it.

"This is..." (Minnalis)

"It's the royal capital's audience hall, you saw it when you became my accomplice, didn't you?" (Kaito)

The image displayed on the screen is that of the king, queen, their knights and the princess.



# Chapter 26

## The Princess's Sleepless Nights

Ten days have passed since that day, the day of my terrible betrayal.

The day that I conducted the hero-summoning under the divine orders of the Great Spirit. Just as the Great Spirit commanded, I offered the Beast-people that we had kept in stock as live sacrifices and the hero-summoning ritual succeeded.

However, the one who was summoned showed no sign of being able to reason, let alone any refinement.

Even though I would have obeyed the Great Spirit and let the summoned otherworlder\* experience a short dream as a hero.

*<TLN\*: This is written "person from another world" in kanji, but furigana above it emphasizes that people from other world are "non-human beings".>*

"..."

The scars on my back ache.

*I won't obey you people.*

*These pieces of trash are warnings from me.*

*I will definitely treat you to even more than this.*

*I will take everything from you, so be prepared.*

*- from the Second Avenger*

My back, which was once praised by my female attendants as being like white porcelain, still has scars remaining from having these words burned and carved into it.

While healing magic can restore HP, it takes time to erase external wounds. The only ones on this vast continent able to use magic that can instantly heal everything are likely the archbishop-class individuals of the republic.

Even so, the healing magic being cast on me every day is having an effect, and the burns cut into my back are healing, little by little. Only faint marks are left now, and they'll disappear cleanly in a few more days.

Of course, the pain has long since disappeared, but they throb every time I remember that man.

After that man left the room that day, the taut threads were cut and I lost consciousness, as if escaping from the pain. The knights stationed outside rescued us around midnight, and the next time we opened our eyes, we found ourselves in a private room of the royal castle.

Truly strong knights, including the captain of the Knights' Order, have scars on their faces and bodies from that ordeal. There is no time to spare to remove those scars cleanly, and those scarred faces can even be used to intimidate enemies on the battlefield so we are deliberately leaving them like that. But it goes without saying that their appearance is now fiendish.

We had prepared just enough knights to put on airs so that the Hero, who does not know anything, would not feel overwhelmed. But now half of them are currently lying in a treatment facility.

Even though I received healing magic with the highest priority, it took a whole day to heal the burnt, inflamed interior of my mouth enough that I could manage to speak.

The knights had their limbs broken and bent in cruel ways, their faces were smashed and they were left in a state where their bodies barely survived.

The princess's face became swollen from being punched; she had her hair dirtied and spread across the floor and words were burned and carved into her back like brands.

Though nobody knew the exact details of what happened and our behavior was clearly unnatural, the information regarding the criminal circulated too late.

A large number of knights surrounded the castle just in case, but it was concluded that

he likely used a teleportation power rather than slipping out of the building. Not even basic inspections were conducted in the royal capital until I recovered enough to speak about the situation.

What that man took, saying something about it becoming his military funds, is the necklace that proves the wearer's position as the first candidate to succeed the throne.

Since it bears the royal crest, it is not something that he can easily convert into gold. If he tries to sell it normally at a store, it will be possible to track him down. Even if he takes it outside the royal capital, it will not be impossible to chase him.

That necklace is something I inherited from my late Onee-sama. It is not something that a beast like him – no, anyone other than myself, should be touching.

“I will never forgive you...” (Alesia)

I will never forgive him. I will take the necklace back, cause that man so much pain that he begs me for mercy and then I will kill him.

This is what I have decided on, and I have had the knights gather relevant information to achieve this. But we did not find any notable clues for several days, so we had assumed that he might have already taken it outside the royal capital.

It was yesterday when we received a report that the necklace has been found by a certain nobleman.

The necklace will be returned to me in today's first royal audience. There is a family of earls that is disliked in the royal capital because of their overbearing sense of justice, but I heard that they confiscated illegal goods that were being traded in the darker areas of the royal capital and the necklace had been mixed in among them.

“Princess-sama, it is almost time.”

“Yes, I know.” (Alesia)

Replying to the words of my attendant, I adjust my clothing one more time before heading to the audience chamber.



In the audience chamber, my father, the firm-figured King Logia Auraulea sits in the throne. Sitting next to him is my mother, Queen Lecilia Auraulea, whose beauty hasn't faded at all despite being almost forty years of age.

I am sitting in a seat on the opposite side of them.

The nation's Prime Minister, Lawbenz, is standing between Father and Mother while Guidot, the captain of the Knights' Order, is standing between Father and myself.

"I will return this item to the royal family."

A female attendant accepts the necklace from the nobleman in the prime years of his life that is kneeling before us on a pedestal, and then brings the pedestal this way.

Suppressing the urge to rush over and snatch up the necklace right away, I take the necklace from the attendant and place it around my neck.

And then I realize that my body has been overturned by the mana contained within the necklace. At that moment, a faint green light briefly covers my whole body and then disappears without a trace.

"■-■■■■! Are you alright?!" (King)

My father, the king, looks at me as he asks this question. But I was unable to hear the beginning of his sentence.

"Y-yes, Otou-sama, I am fine." (Alesia)

As I check the state of my body, I do not feel any abnormalities to speak of.

"I see, but just what was that light?... ■■■■■, ■■■■■, do you know something about it?" (King)

"■■■■, ■■ is a mere knight; perhaps ■■ or ■■ may know something about it?"

"...No, it cannot be, this is..." (Prime Minister)

The nation's Prime Minister lets out a whisper with a grim expression on his face.

But at this point, even I have realized what is happening to me.

“■■■■, ■ am not a specialist either, so it cannot be said for certain, but... that magic light just now may have been a curse.”

“W-what, but there is nothing strange happening with ■■■■...”

“O-Otou-sama, your voices – no, words that identify people, I cannot hear them.”  
(Alesia)

“W-what? What do you mean?!” (King)

I can hear the words that they are speaking. But people's names and pronouns are disappearing before they reach my ears.

Panicking, I try to remove the necklace, but it will not come undone.

“I-it will not come off; I cannot remove the necklace!” (Princess)

The anxiety at hearing the word “curse” and the feeling of not completely understanding what is happening rush through my mind.

From this point on, time passes in a chaotic fashion.

First, everyone in the castle who is knowledgeable about magic is gathered. However, the soldiers filling the castle have only learned spells for use in combat, so they do not have the ability to explain the theory behind what is happening.

We come to the conclusion that this is not a curse that needs to be purified by a priest, and something needs to be done about the necklace's spell formula instead.

A sophisticated camouflage has been applied to the necklace, and apparently nobody other than those with specialized knowledge can do anything about it.

In the following days, people from the college town are invited here and research on how to deal with the curse continues.

“That is enough for today; I wish to be alone. Please leave.” (Alesia)

As I say this and I am left alone in my own room, I grind my teeth in frustration at this terrible situation.

As I am the heir to the throne, it is necessary for me to form as many connections with others as possible right now. Putting it more simply, I need to build a solid foundation for myself.

As this kingdom was founded by a woman, the nation does not avoid having a queen ruling it, but there is still a need for me to prove that I am worthy.

That is why I have had to participate actively in high society, but not only can I not hear people’s names right now, I cannot even hear the words “he”, “you”, “me” or “myself”.

This does not hinder me from living my normal life around the people that I know well, but it is more than a fatal obstacle for keeping up acquaintances in high society.

Even with exceptional individuals brought to the royal capital from the college town, it will take at least two months to remove this curse. And even if I am able to take this necklace off immediately after that, I cannot even imagine the repercussions of being delayed by two whole months.

“Fuh, this is not good. My thoughts are heading in a bad direction.” (Alesia)

Anyhow, I am tired.

I empty a cup of the warm milk inside, lightly adjust the sleeve of my sleep-wear and stand up from my chair.

As I slip into the bed that is made from the highest-quality monster fur, I immediately let my consciousness fade into the depths of sleep.

...With no knowledge of the sleepless nights that are about to begin.



“UGUAAAAAH!” (Alesia)

“Kuh, this is not working; the healing magic is having no effect at all.” (Healer)

“I see... Damn it, when will the people from the college town get here?!” (King)

Late at night, someone capable of using healing magic has been hastily summoned to my room, and the king, my father, is here as well.

It has been three days since I put on the necklace, and I am suddenly assaulted by the truth that has been creeping up on me slowly.

The burns on my back that were supposed to be healing with each passing day are worsening instead.

As if the healing of the wounds is being reversed.

Pain runs through my back, as if someone is slowly burning me.

It is the exact same pain that I suffered from these burns that have taken multiple days to heal.

“Guuuh, ugh, haah, haaauh!” (Alesia)

The wounds have returned to a state where I can no longer sleep on my back.

It is the sensation of needles stabbing at my wounds.

As the necklace’s mana is covering the wounds on my back, radiating a faint light, it is clear that this is the necklace’s doing. But even if Father were to announce that, there is nobody who can do anything about it, and healing magic has no effect either.

The pain causes my sense of time to gradually become hazy.

Before I know it, Father and the healing-magic-user have disappeared from my room. No, perhaps I earnestly requested for them to leave.

My pride as a princess will not allow me to be seen in such a state by anyone.

“I will never... forgive him...” (Alesia)

Though there is no proof or anything, I have vaguely understand that this is the doing of that man.

That is why I will never say that it hurts; I will never ask for someone to save me. Instead, I bind the dark emotions caused by the pain with burnt chains, dying them blacker and blacker, into a pure black color.

I will definitely plunge the man who corrupted this necklace, the monster from another world pretending to be a human, into the depths despair.

“I will never... forgive... that man. I will definitely have my vengeance!” (Alesia)

The princess will chew on the emotions that have been stained black by the pain and spend the night savoring its flavor, making sure not to spill a single drop of it.

“Guh, kaaaaaah, higyih, ugh, AAAAAH!” (Alesia)

That is why I, the princess, will not sleep.



# Chapter 27

## The Second Hero Laughs As He Walks

### The Path Of Vengeance

“Nice, nice, it’s working properly.” (Kaito)

Seeing the princess wrapped in a faint green light on the screen made by the mysterious slime, I know that the spell formula I rewrote is working.

The only thing she can immediately experience is the [Perception Obstruction] spell formula that I adjusted so that she can’t hear any words that indicate people, but it seems that it’s having an interesting effect on her.

The four enchantments that the necklace had to begin with are [Automatic HP recovery] , [Slightly Increased Healing Effects] , [Illusion Record] and [Self-repair (Small).]

Among these, two of them have had their effects rewritten. I also deleted one and wrote something else to take its place.

The first thing I did was rewrite [Illusion Record] into [Perception Obstruction.]

And then I rewrote [Automatic HP recovery] into [Reverse Healing (Minute).] This causes wounds to heal by returning to their original state. So if there are any almost-healed wounds on the body, they slowly return to their most terrible state before starting to heal again.

But since neither of these would work if the necklace is removed, I deleted [Slightly Increased Healing Effects] and imbued the [Prevent Removal] spell. And then I applied a camouflage that would prevent these changes from being seen by anyone without specialist knowledge.

This is what I have done to the necklace.

The 『Hook-Blade of Magical Repair\*』 has the ability to rewrite the spell formulas of enchantments that have been applied to magical equipment. Of course, its power isn't unlimited; it consumes an incredible amount of MP.

<TLN\*: Previously translated as *Magical Mending Hook Sword*>

It takes a considerable amount just to rewrite one enchantment to another of a similar type, and erasing one to replace it completely is impossible without something like a potion for recovery.

Because the MP cost of using it is calculated as a portion of one's total MP, I can use it even at this low level. But looking at it another way, that means that I can't avoid mana intoxication when using it even after I level up.

The rewriting work itself is difficult, using techniques based on hidden stats and requiring full use of my fast reaction time. It's a very inflexible process, and I can't make it progress any faster no matter how hard I try.

On top of that, the more I rewrite, the more the performance of the original magical equipment decreases; all of its enchantments become inferior. Because of this, I wasn't able to make any further alterations to the necklace.

“Kuhah, look at that, she's panicking so much that you'd never be able to tell that she was all composed just a moment ago. This is plenty of value for my sixty gold coins.”  
(Kaito)

“Watching this kind of reaction is quite enjoyable, isn't it? It serves her right. Ah, I wonder if we can change the angle a little; she is hidden behind the pillar.” (Minnalis)



We spend the next little while laughing at the pieces of trash that are stressing over how to deal with the necklace.

“Ah, it seems that the Guardian has collapsed.” (Minnalis)

It seems that the Guardian has fallen, right around the time that the scene on the screen has stopped.

Minnalis removes her poison and we enter the Guardian’s chamber, we see the Goblin King’s rotten corpse and corroded equipment.

“We have to retrieve the Core quickly and escape the Dungeon. The monsters we thinned out have probably started respawning, so the [Poison Garm] packs have probably gathered up the other monsters as well. If we go back now, we might be able to see the residents and the soldiers looking for me being captured and taken into the forest by the monsters. Since we’re here, let’s go and watch.” (Kaito)

“Yes, let us enjoy some tea with the fruits we found in the forest while we watch the cockroaches that betrayed you cry and scream, Goshujin-sama~♪” (Minnalis)

Garms typically don’t venture far from the trees of the forest, so even if they enter the royal capital, they are likely to drag any prey they kill back to the forest before eating them.

Even average soldiers would be able to deal with normal Garms, but the ones attacking the royal capital would be a pack of mutated [Poison Garms] accompanied by other monsters. When they attacked in my first time through this world, there were around forty of them.

Poison Garms are intelligent. I showed off my battles with other monsters multiple times to the [Poison Garms] that were observing from a distance.

In my first run-through, they didn’t get a chance to do that. They will likely attack the city with even more monsters accompanying them than the first time, and the number of Poison Garms should be larger as well.

Ah, I have to see just how many of those pieces of trash will become food for them.

I enjoyed myself considerably while watching the princess, but she wasn’t really in

pain, so I'm looking forward to this as well.

Because of the dream that I had at the perfect time, my hatred for the guys that sold me out has taken a distinct form again.

And so I feel quite happy as I cut out the Dungeon Core.

〔System Message: You have acquired the [Dungeon Clearer] title.〕

〔System Message: The Sword of Demonic Beast Eggs has been unlocked.〕

“Hmm, I've unlocked a new Soul Sword. Oh, ah, I see. This is the first time that I've directly destroyed a Dungeon Core myself.” (Kaito)

“Really? Congratulations, Goshujin-sama.” (Minnalis)

“I cleared so many Dungeons, but to think that I would only receive that title and unlock this Soul Sword at a time like this.” (Kaito)

In my first time through this world, I continued my adventures in a polite way. It went without saying for regulated Dungeons, but even when we found Dungeons in the wild, investigated them and defeated the Guardians, we simply reported it to the lords of the area or the Guild without breaking the Cores.

And so this is my first time cutting a living Dungeon Core. And I can feel that I've gained a lot of experience points in doing so.

I decide to check the effects of the new Soul Sword later and open my Status Board while gathering up what's left of the Dungeon Core.

“...Hey, hey, 25,000 experience, are you serious?” (Kaito)

I didn't think that I'd get that much experience for cutting a Dungeon Core that didn't even move, let alone resist. What an easy gain.

While thinking of paying back just enough of my experience debt so that I still don't level up, I finish collecting the important items and put the Guardian's chamber and this Dungeon behind me.



“Nnh, the light of the sun feels really good, doesn’t it, Goshujin-sama?” (Minnalis)

It’s taken us five days to return outside from the Guardian’s chamber. The monsters didn’t suddenly disappear after the Dungeon Core was broken, so we took the shortest route possible while cleaning up the monsters along the way, but it took us longer than I thought.

“You’re right, humans need to live in the sun; it’s not good for our bodies to be without it.” (Kaito)

“We are told that the sunlight has always had the stimulating power of the spirit of light. In fact, regions that receive a lot of sunlight produce better crops than other places.” (Minnalis)

“That’s probably because plants need photosynthesis... Wait, do certain regions really possess the divine protection of the spirit of light? This is a fantasy world, after all.” (Kaito)

My first time through this world was mostly very tense because I wanted to return to my original world, so I didn’t have time to think about these things. But starting a farming life might not be so bad once I’ve finished my revenge.

Thought right now, I can only imagine that kind of future as an uncertain dream.

Before I came to this world, I could have imagined that kind of realistic dream easily, but I’m too much of a different person now and I find it difficult to think about.

I probably won’t be able to see such a distant dream properly until I’m finished with my vengeance.

That’s why, yes, I have to take everything from every single one of those guys until I’m satisfied.

I coincidentally re-confirm my need for revenge, and we make idle talk as we approach the side of the capital city’s outer wall.

As expected, the frequency with which we encounter monsters increases as we get

closer to the wall.

Among them, we hear the howling of Garms and the strange voices of Goblins.

“I guess we’ve arrived just a little too late to see the beginning of the show.” (Kaito)

“Let us make haste, Goshujin-sama. At this rate, we may miss all the good parts.” (Minnalis)

“You’re right, I suppose we should hurry a little.” (Kaito)

We use the [Conceal Presence\*] skill to ignore the monsters, and come to a spot where we can see the hole that we made in the wall.

<TLN\*: Previously translated as *Hide Presence*>

We find an appropriate distance where we can observe while not being noticed by the people of the city, climb onto a thick tree branch and look upon the battle from afar.

“Ooh, they’re going at it, they really are. Or rather, haven’t we arrived at the perfect time?” (Kaito)

“It seems that things have only just begun; as far as I can see from here, only two or three people have been hunted down so far.” (Minnalis)

The hole that we made was big enough for two people to fit through side-by-side, but now it’s large enough for three large carriages to pass through at once. Considering it was about the size of a single carriage in my first run-though, it just shows how foolish these residents are.

From what I can see from here, it seems that the attacking group of monsters is about twice as large as it was the first time. And just like that time, the Poison Garms have likely scattered paralyzing venom through the hole and begun hunting the immobilized residents.

Now the monsters are fighting with the soldiers who have heard the commotion. The Poison Garms’ paralyzing venom is their trump card; after they use it once they can’t use it again for a while. So the battle between them and the soldiers is quite even.

Even so, they're being pushed back by the sheer number of monsters and one by one, the residents who have become immobilized by the paralyzing venom are being killed by the claws and fangs of the normal Garms or the wooden sticks wielded by the Goblins. And then they are dragged off into the forest.

If they gather a few capable adventurers, they should be able to repel the monsters easily, but let's see how things turn out.

"Hahah, they've taken control, haven't they? I wonder how many they'll be able to kill before the adventurers come. Want to bet on it?" (Kaito)

"You mustn't, Goshujin-sama. Alcohol, women and gambling will ruin you. Even without indulging in such things, this scene is a sufficient show to enjoy over a meal. Here you are, Goshujin-sama." (Minnalis)

"Oh, *thank you*\*." (Kaito)

<TLN\*: In English.>

I thank her and take the Ricoco fruits that we picked from the forest. They're strange fruits that have the appearance and consistency of blue apples and the flavor of strawberries.

"*Thank you?*" (Minnalis)

"It means "thank you." Oh, another one got killed." (Kaito)

I bite into the fruit with a loud crunch as I watch the battle.

It's not like the soldiers are low in rank, but because of how large the hole in the wall is, they can't keep up with the number of monsters.

" [Gyaah, stop, somebody, GYAAAAH!] "

I'm quite far away, but I can see the man who dragged me into the city and sold me out to the princess in the first time.

" [Help, no, someone help me! Help me, please, AAAAGH!] "



“Hahahah, who’s going to help you? As if I’d save you a second time. Just be eaten by monsters and die.” (Kaito)

The man screams as his leg is bitten to pieces by a Garm and his arm bends the wrong way after being punched by a Goblin. Those screams sound pleasant to my ears.

“Ah, Goshujin-sama, isn’t that the same for that woman over there? I remember seeing her in your memories.” (Minnalis)

“Hmm? Ah, that’s that man’s wife, oh, she’s surrounded by Goblins. She’ll become a seedbed for them rather than food. I feel sorry for her.” (Kaito)

“You are not very good at lying, Goshujin-sama. Your mouth is smiling, you know?” (Minnalis)

“Ah, I’ve been exposed.” (Kaito)

We mess around and ridicule the idiots struggling on the battlefield.

They’re too insignificant for me to kill them myself, but watching like this is enjoyable.

“Hmm... Hey, hey, what are you doing, mister?” (Kaito)

I say this as the old man who owns the weapon store appears. His store is close to the hole in the wall, but it’s in a place that’s pretty much in a safe zone. Why is he here?

“Hey! Hey, hey, stop it, you idiot!” (Kaito)

What is he playing at? As if trying to protect the other residents, he swings a sword that he’s never properly used before at the monsters and pours something from some bottles into the mouths of the residents that have been immobilized by the paralyzing venom.

The residents who receive the contents of those bottles start to become able to move. It’s probably antidote potion.

“There’s no value in saving those guys! And your store can’t afford to be doing this...!” (Kaito)

“Goshujin-sama, you mustn’t, we will be noticed if you go any further.” (Minnalis)

“Ugh, sorry.” (Kaito)

After Minnalis warns me, I calm my emotions that have gone too far and conceal my presence once more.

As I do that, the old man from the weapons store goes around distributing the antidote potion and helping people escape.

Healing tools like antidote potions are considerably expensive. I advised him to stock up on antidote potions because they would increase in value in these circumstances. Not for him to be using them like this.

“...Open your eyes... Those guys aren’t worth going so far to save.” (Kaito)

The amount of antidote potions that he has given out to the people, including the soldiers, is already more than ten bottles’ worth. He might be paid afterwards for the bottles that he has given to the soldiers, but that doesn’t go for the bottles he’s used on the residents.

Those guys are the kind of people that even if you saved them and asked them for gold, they would simply tell you that they never asked to be saved and simply forget about that debt.

The weapons store is barely scraping by; it wouldn’t be unexpected for this to cause the store to enter a crippling debt.

And above all, it’s dangerous to be here. As far as I can see, perhaps because of the non-human blood in him, the old man is using his superior stats to fight against the monsters.

I can see that he’s no trained soldier or adventurer with the experience of countless battles.

That’s why this moment was inevitable.

As the old man tries to help an immobilized girl, a Goblin attacks him from behind.

“Ugh, damn it!” (Kaito)

“Goshujin-sama!” (Minnalis)

This is a mostly reflexive action.

I manipulate my mana to strengthen my legs and use my leveled-up Haste and Sky Walk skills to close the distance using the shortest path possible.

“Gugyah?!”

“Wha-?!”

I kick up a cloud of dust as I charge in and perform a kick with no kind of technique or anything. It snaps the Goblin’s neck, sending it flying.

“L-lad, you’re...” (Old man)

“Why did you come out here? There’s no value in saving these guys.” (Kaito)

I attack the old man who owns the weapon store with my words.

“Antidote potions shouldn’t be cheap, considering the state of your shop. Why would you come all the way out here to throw them down the drain?” (Kaito)

The people who live in the city know the city well. That’s exactly why this old man, who lives close to these residents, should know that these people would think of the antidote potion as something that had been given to them for free.

“...I will thank you for saving me, but aren’t you going too far, saying that there’s no value in saving them?” (Old man)

“The guys who don’t say a single word of thanks to you after being saved, the guys who run away without trying to help those around them?” (Kaito)

“Not all of them are like that. You won’t know whether they’re good people or not if you don’t save them, right?” (Old man)

“I do know! In fact, what these people did to me...” (Kaito)

“So you’re fine with a child like this being killed by the monsters?! Huh?!” (Old man)

The next part of my sentence, that these people actually betrayed me, is drowned out by the old man’s harsh words.

As he says that to me, I see the girl that the old man was protecting for the first time, trembling.

...So what?

The residents here betrayed me.

They called me their savior and said their words of gratitude, and then they sold me out for money.

Yes, they betrayed me.

...They betrayed me? Is that really true?

The girl before my eyes, the one who is trembling as the old man protects her, did she really betray me?

“...No, I... don’t know this girl.” (Kaito)

As these whispered words spill from my mouth, other voices drown them out.

“Tch, the adventurers.” (Kaito)

The adventurers who were staying in the royal capital have gathered. They’ve come as one group, and unlike their soldiers, they are wearing mismatching, different kinds of equipment.

“...Oi, this is my way of apologizing and thanking you. It should be more than enough to make up for the antidote potion that you used.” (Kaito)

As I say that, I fling a single gold coin towards the old man who owns the weapon store.

“But this is the last time I’ll save you. The debt I owed you from my first run-through

is done, we're even now. I won't save you next time." (Kaito)

"Ah, hey, wait, lad!" (Old man)

And then I return to where Minnalis is waiting before people start to gather.

"Goshujin-sama, why did you go out?" (Minnalis)

"...That old man was definitely not one of my targets for revenge. And I owed him for what happened in my first run-through." (Kaito)

"It was dangerous. I do not think that you will be killed so easily, Goshujin-sama, but it might cause difficulties for our upcoming revenge." (Minnalis)

Minnalis's gaze is cold.

Revenge is the one thing that binds us together, which is why Minnalis is anxious about difficulties arising in accomplishing that revenge.

"You are my accomplice in revenge. It is troubling for you to stumble in a place like this. Please stop exposing your own body to danger." (Minnalis)

"...Sorry. But I realized something thanks to that old man. This method, the method we used this time, we can't use it." (Kaito)

There are other people in the royal capital that helped me other than that old man, even if they didn't help me directly.

There are people who gave away my location. But there are also people who knew where I was didn't do that.

Revealing my whereabouts would have earned a lot of money, some people told me to leave because they didn't want to be involved.

A girl I don't know that didn't know anything about me gave me one of her own precious pieces of candy.

There are those in this country who didn't become my enemies, so I can't keep doing things this way. Those people being killed weren't included in my calculations when I

planned this event.

“For revenge, you can’t mistake who you’re taking revenge on. What we did today was no good. There were too many innocent people mixed up with who we were supposed to take revenge on. Too many died that weren’t the people we were supposed to take revenge on. And most importantly, I hadn’t noticed this fact.” (Kaito)

There is a line that I mustn’t forget to draw if I want to retain my sanity.

If it’s absolutely necessary for my revenge, I wouldn’t hesitate to kill some people that I would consider friendly.

But if I don’t even think about it and start killing people just because it’s easier, not a single piece of the person that Leti saved would be left, and I would become a true monster.

Vengeance is an emotion. It’s not an instinct; it’s a piece that someone carries in their heart.

I’m sure it’s impossible for a monster that has lost all sense of reason to achieve that.

I’ll kill the princess, I’ll kill the king, the queen too, the prime minister, the knights. I’ll definitely kill all of them without a single shred of mercy.

I’ll torture them and torture them and as they regret their actions, I’ll crush them with the irrational reality and the power I possess.

I won’t get anyone unnecessary involved; I must achieve vengeance, the greatest vengeance of all time.

That’s why I have to be selective. I have to think of a way to decide and filter those who I really need to take revenge on.

This revenge doesn’t need any impurities.

This revenge must be as pure as possible.

That old man who owns the weapon store, that girl who was trembling. If they’re not targets for my revenge themselves, I can’t cause suffering for those that I do want

revenge on through their deaths.

They are definitely impurities that are unrelated to my revenge.

They aren't people that I can't absolutely avoid getting involved in my revenge. This inefficient method isn't revenge. My objective and my method have gotten mixed up.

I paid it no deep thought and had no real determination. Relying on only my emotions, I acted in a way that only made things worse.

What I did today was definitely a failure.

If I mistake where the line is drawn and step over it, I'm sure I won't live to see my revenge fulfilled.

"Let's go, Minnalis. Let's give things lots and lots of thought, so that we can accomplish a perfect revenge. We're not murderers who take pleasure in killing; we can't continue using these methods that produce so many casualties that aren't related to our revenge. Let's concentrate on planning things more precisely so that we can have high-quality revenge. We still have plenty of people we need to take revenge on." (Kaito)

With these words, I turn my back on the walls of the royal capital.

As I do so –

"What are you deciding on your own? I have not finished lecturing you." (Minnalis)

"It hurts, it hurts, what are you doing?!" (Kaito)

Minnalis pinches my cheeks with her fingers.

I took all this effort to collect my thoughts neatly, but the atmosphere is ruined.

"I am not particularly against you saving that man from the weapon store. What I am angry about is the fact that you exposed yourself to danger to do so, Goshujin-sama. Do you really understand? Goshujin-sama, you are the one who said that we should proceed with caution as we still lack power, am I wrong?" (Minnalis)

"S-sorry, I'll be careful from now on, so forgive me..." (Kaito)

“...Please be really, really careful. I cannot carry this desire for revenge on my own. We are going to achieve a perfect revenge, aren't we? In that case, please do not neglect to keep yourself safe.” (Minnalis)

With those words, Minnalis lets out a sigh and finally releases my cheeks... I thought she'd tear me to pieces. I'm being quite serious.

“So from now, we will move as we discussed before?” (Minnalis)

“Yeah, I suppose we'll head north. Our first destination is the college town, [Ermia] ”

I look at the walls of the royal capital that I likely won't see for a while.

The monsters are already either being killed by the adventurers who have appeared or retreating to lick their wounds.

With the advantage of numbers turned against them, the monsters have no chance of winning. That district will become peaceful again before long.

“Just you wait, king, queen, princess, knights and all you other pieces of trash. I'm definitely going to drag you all to the depths of hell.” (Kaito)

This is my second life that I've been granted through some twist of fate.

You trampled all over me during my first life. So now it's my turn.

Now, I'll depart.

I'll set out on this path of vengeance that nothing will be created from.

I'll walk on while laughing at everything that happened to the me that already met his end.

Even if I can't tell anyone.

So that even though this life is shitty, I haven't lived it in a way that can be called [a life that I threw away halfway through.]



I laugh as I walk on this path of vengeance.

# Side Story

## Minnalis's Great Plan Of Enclosure

– [Who do you want to kill?]

That was the first question I was asked by Goshujin-sama.

Even though I was nearly broken, I could at least understand that these were not the words that were supposed to be said when speaking to a slave for the first time.

That was why I looked not into this [human's] , but this [person's] eyes.

In those eyes, I saw a thick impurity that seemed as if it had been rotting in the depths of some dark mud, and a red-hot fire that might inflict burns that would never heal.

By instinct rather than reason, I thought that he was the same as me.

– [Who do you want to take revenge on?]

And so I answered the second question that he asked me.

I answered that I wanted to take revenge on those directly involved in making my mother and I suffer.

[Isn't it obvious? It might be possible to think of a more enjoyable revenge with two people rather than one, am I wrong? With more people, more effort can be put into making the enemy suffer, breaking them and crushing them, right? If you just want to kill them, you won't be of any use in my revenge and I have no need for you. But you aren't like that, are you? What do you say?]

Though his goal may have been for our interests to align, his words did indeed save me.

As if pouring water onto my desire for revenge that I could barely hold onto, he gave my almost-broken heart strength and nourishment.

In my heart that only had a burning greed for vengeance remaining, one new emotion grew. One more desire was born.

I want him, I want to be near him, I want to be of use to him.

I want to feel him, I want to be together with him, I want to make him mine.

I'm sure I have fallen in love with him.

Ah, I think I understand Lucia's feelings a little now. Of course, I'm sure my feelings are much, much stronger than those of that fucking bitch, so only a little.

Even these feelings become fuel for my revenge.

I'm sure that knowing these feelings will be useful for when I tear that woman's heart to shreds.



Ten days passed since I met Goshujin-sama.

We entered the Dungeon and Goshujin-sama engraved into my mind once more just how amazing he is. Even though he is only level 1, he is definitely stronger than me.

The abilities he displays are clearly beyond what his stats suggest that he is capable of.

According to Goshujin-sama, there are stats that are not displayed on the Status Board in this world and there are differences in those hidden stats.

I have become able to consciously think about how to conduct myself on the battlefield and how I wield my sword, but it is not going well. I have to be more diligent from now on.

"Nnh..." (Kaito)

"Oh dear. I almost let this precious chance go to waste." (Minnalis)

I finish the task of filling the chamber with poison that Goshujin-sama entrusted me with. Goshujin-sama is sleeping with his back against the wall, but I lay him horizontally so that he is using my lap as a pillow.

As I run my fingers through Goshujin-sama's hair, I think about my non-battle-related problem.

The only flaming desire I have other than my desire for revenge.

As regrettable as it is, it seems that it will take some time for Goshujin-sama to become mine.

Fortunately, it seems that he is not completely oblivious to my charm as a woman. On the regular occasions where I pretend to be mana-intoxicated, his gaze shifts to certain places.

My lips, my chest, my bottom, my legs and the area around the base of my legs.

He has come to not be so obvious with his eyes in our everyday interactions, but if I pay attention, I become surprisingly aware of that kind of conscious gaze even when he is being more inconspicuous.

...Every time this happens, I feel like breaking into a smile, so concealing my thoughts has been quite difficult.

With that said, this is a bad time to tell him about my feelings. The shadow of the Demon Lord, a girl named Leticia whom he apparently met during his first time through this world, still resides within Goshujin-sama.

She is someone who held onto Goshujin-sama for his worth as a person, just as Goshujin-sama did for me.

If I put together the pieces of the memories that I received when we signed that contract of vengeance, she is likely Goshujin-sama's loved one.

However, this is his second time through this world and Goshujin-sama has no relation to that girl at all.

I don't have to ask Goshujin-sama to know that he will likely not invite that girl to join

him for his vengeance.

So one day in the near future, Goshujin-sama will lay the illusion of Leticia, the Demon Lord girl, to rest.

When that time comes, it would be troubling if he were to reach some strange enlightenment and decide that he does not need another woman. That is why I cannot approach him conspicuously as a woman right now.

If he rejects another woman once, even after he has settled things with the woman in his past, that woman might end up forcefully rejected forever. I once heard a similar story from some adventurers who were visiting my village.

That is why Goshujin-sama's relationship with the Demon Lord girl must become a thing of the past and he must accept the new reality of this time. And I must slip into his heart the moment that happens. Until then, I must be careful to avoid doing anything that would cause him to reject me.

With the excuse of mana intoxication as my shield, little by little, I will whittle away his resistance to those kinds of behaviors and the walls around his heart while waiting for that moment.

And so I must remain composed in times when nothing is happening, while showing Goshujin-sama my womanly side as if embarrassed by the actions that I carry out under the effects of mana intoxication.

I will pretend that those actions are not my real intentions, so that Goshujin-sama will think that it cannot be helped and be unable to reject me from his heart.

“Goshujin-sama's hair, I have obtained another treasure~♪” (Minnalis)

Carefully the hair that came out when I was running my fingers through it, I place it into the round pouch of the 『Round Squirrel's Pouch Sword.』

Because Goshujin-sama shared this power with me, I am able to gather a collection that is secret even from him.

This is currently the ace of my collection.

“Ah, this is... kufufu, as always, it is delicious.” (Minnalis)

The object I am running my tongue up the side of is a wooden spoon that Goshujin-sama used before.

Ah, it was definitely worth the effort that I took to obtain this~♪

“Oh dear, it seems that I really have used up too much MP.” (Minnalis)

Acts like this in particular must definitely never be seen. This would expose my desires as a woman. If he sees me like this, he will definitely be more cautious around me.

Most importantly, I must not show him this because it would be embarrassing and I cannot deny that it is a little pervert-like. If Goshujin-sama saw this and began to hate me... I feel afraid just thinking about it.

“Nnh...” (Kaito)

I put the wooden spoon away. The time that I spent looking at Goshujin-sama’s face has passed quickly. However, it seems that he was having some kind of nightmare.

I wanted him to experience the softness of my legs a little more, but I shall leave it here for today.

I can blame mana intoxication for letting him use my lap as a pillow, so there will be no problems.

I will hide this fire that is separate from my desire for revenge behind an illusion while slowly planting my roots in the openings of his heart like a poison taking hold of its victim, and then when the time comes, I will have the flower bloom straight away.

I will enclose him so that there is nowhere for him to run. I will close the gate on him the moment Leticia leaves Goshujin-sama’s heart.

Until that day comes, I will comfort myself and endure by gathering things for my collection whenever there is a chance.

I will definitely never allow you to escape, you know? Goshujin-sama.

Not during our journey to achieve revenge or after it.

Not until I can see myself reflected in your eyes.

Kufu, kufufufu~♪

# Volume 1 Ending Character Statuses

Ukei Kaito

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Ukei Kaito | 17 years old | Male

- **HP:** 645/645
- **MP:** 420/420 (442)
- **Level:** 1
- **Strength:** 224
- **Stamina:** 364
- **Endurance:** 545
- **Agility:** 587
- **Magic Power:** 137
- **Magic Resistance:** 547
- **Inherent Abilities:** "Spirit Sword ▽" "Language Comprehension"
- **Skills:**
  - [Punch Lv1]
  - [Tracking Lv2]
  - [Conceal Presence Lv3]
  - [Night Vision Lv3]
  - [Swordsmanship Lv4]
  - [Sky Walk Lv3]
  - [Haste Lv3]
  - [Thought Acceleration Lv2]
  - [Physical Manipulation Lv3]
  - [Magic Manipulation Lv3]
  - [Meditation Lv2]
  - [Magical Overpower Lv2]
  - [Presence Detection Lv2]
  - [Stealing Lv3]
  - [Vision Enhancement Lv2]
- **Status:** Healthy

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## Ukei Kaito

- **Hidden Stats:**
  - Technique: SSS
  - Thought Processing Speed: SS
  - Body Recovery Speed: F
  - Status: Healthy
- **Magic Aptitude:**
  - Fire Aptitude: 0
  - Light Aptitude: 0
  - Water Aptitude: 0
  - Darkness Aptitude: 0
  - Wind Aptitude: 0
  - Non-elemental Aptitude: 0
  - Earth Aptitude: 0
  - Extra-elemental Aptitude: 0
- **Acquired Titles:**
  - Otherworlder
  - Hero
  - Bearer of the Soul Swords
  - Swift Champion
  - Indestructible Guardian
  - Slayer of the Demon Lord
  - Enemy of the World
  - Master of Techniques
  - Fugitive
  - The One who has Sworn Vengeance
  - Lord of Avengers
  - Dungeon Clearer

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## Acquired and Unlocked Soul Swords

- [[Soul Sword of the Beginning]]
- [[Fire Spider's Leg Sword]]
- [[Verdant Green Crystal Sword]]
- [[Hook-Blade of Magical Repair]]
- [[Holy Sword of Vengeance]]

[[Eight-eyed Transparent Tome Sword]]  
[[Water Fairy's Droplet Blade]]  
[[Round Squirrel's Pouch Sword]]  
[[Sword of Demonic Beast Eggs]]  
[[Slave Driver's Whip Sword]]  
[[Herb Insect's Wing Sword]]

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Minnalis

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Minnalis | 16 years old | Female | Rabbit-kin

- **HP:** 816/816
- **MP:** 798/798
- **Level:** 72
- **Strength:** 783
- **Stamina:** 643
- **Endurance:** 544
- **Agility:** 988
- **Magic Power:** 899
- **Magic Resistance:** 612
- **Inherent Abilities:** [Poison Demon of Phantom Flames]
- **Skills:**
  - [Illusion Magic Lv3]
  - [Poison Magic Lv3]
  - [Pain Resistance Lv2]
  - [Harvesting Lv2]
  - [Presence Detection Lv4]
  - [Conceal Presence Lv5]
  - [Stealing Lv3]
  - [Night Vision Lv3]
  - [Swordsmanship Lv2]
  - [Meditation Lv1]
  - [Tracking Lv3]
  - [Audacity Lv1]

- [Vision Enhancement Lv2]
- [Hearing Enhancement Lv2]
- [Smell Enhancement Lv2]
- [Taste Enhancement Lv1]
- **Status:** Healthy

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## Minnalis

- **Hidden Stats:**
  - Technique: E-
  - Thought Processing Speed: E
  - Body Recovery Speed: D+
  - Status: Healthy
- **Magical Aptitude:**
  - Fire Aptitude: 20
  - Light Aptitude: 89
  - Water Aptitude: 61
  - Darkness Aptitude: 85
  - Wind Aptitude: 22
  - Non-elemental Aptitude: 38
  - Earth-elemental Aptitude: 11
  - Extra-elemental Aptitude: 118
- **Acquired Titles:**
  - Subordinate Avenger
  - Owner of the Poison Demon of Phantom Flames
  - One with a New Life

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